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INDEX.

Pages 1-62, Sept.; 63-123, Oct.; 125-188, Nov.; 189-251, Dec.; 253-317, Jan.; 319-381, Feb.; 383-448, Mar.; 449-514, April; 515-578, May; 579-653, June.

Page

About Children Enduring Hardships...*Margaret A. Wroe*..... 114
Address of Welcome.....*Edwin P. Seaver*..... 614
Baby Clarke's "Chupper".....*Minnie L. Upton*..... 155
Bard and Chrysalis. (Verse).....*William Pitt Palmer.* Selected.... 399
Birthday Song (with music adapted from Polish melody) .....*Frances E. Jacobs*..... 492
Blue Prints in the Kindergarten.....*Jane L. Hoxie*..... 87
Bob, the Shepherd Dog.....*Mabel A. Powell*..... 335
Book Reviews 53, 102, 171, 233, 302, 369, 435, 503, 567
Boston Day Nurseries.
The Evolution of the Children's House .....*M. H. Burgess*..... 401
Cottage Place Kindergarten and Day Nursery .....*Lizzie W. Collings*..... 404
North Bennett Street Day Nursery .....*Lavinia I. Dodge* 406
Ruggles Street Neighborhood House .....*C. E. Soper*..... 408
Mothers' Meetings at the Cambridegport Neighborhood House..... 413
Boston Floating Hospital, The.....*Laura E. Poulsson*..... 23
Boston Kindergartners' Opportunities..*Helen S. Dunklee*..... 283
Bridge, The (Verse).....*Mary G. Trask*..... 546
Brownies, The (adapted from Mrs. Ewing) .....*Jane L. Hoxie*..... 526
California May Baskets.....*Nora H. Millspaugh*..... 530
Caterpillar Song (words and music)....*Frances E. Jacobs*..... 424
Chicago Question, The..... 572
Children of Our New National Park....*Margaret W. Morley*..... 253
Children's Reading Rooms.....*Sara E. Wiltse*..... 346
Christmas Cat, The.....*Abbie Farwell Brown*..... 205
Christmas Radiance (Verse).....*C. Jelf-Sharp.* Selected..... 197
Clock, The (with music).....*Frances E. Jacobs*..... 288
Close Communion in the Kindergarten..*Charles B. Gilbert*..... 319
Concerning Mothers' Meetings.....*Charlotte S. Martindell*..... 168
Concerning the Game of the Knights...*Helen M. Drake*..... 13
Constructive Activities in the Kindergarten .....*Anna W. Williams*..... 638
Constructive Work in the Kindergarten *Bertha Payne* 635
Convocation at Buffalo, The..... 56
December Doings in a Los Angeles Kindergarten .....*Florence Lawson* 199
Development Ideal and the Information Ideal in Nature Study, The.....*Frank A. Hill* 300
Disciplinary Device, A..... 27
Drop the Handkerchief (with music by a Kindergarten Student) 542
Earth and Man, The (Verse).....*Stopford A. Brooke.* Selected..... 451
Eastern Kindergarten Association, The 176
Economic Experiment, An.....*Katherine Beebe* 73
Editorial Comment 29, 99, 159, 225, 289, 359, 425, 493, 543, 611
Elizabeth Peabody House.....*Caroline F. Brown* 63
Educational Pioneering in the Southern Mountains .....*George Goodell Frost*..... 573
Educational Readings 55, 104, 174, 240, 306, 371, 438, 504, 569
Experiment with Pictures, An.....*A. Evelyn Ellis*..... 481
Fable of the Year, A.....*Katherine Cowles Wright*..... 267
February (Verse) .....*Nora Hopper.* Selected..... 323

Page

Few Sight-seeing Rambles in Boston, A *Laura E. Poulsson* 452
Florence Nightingale ..... *Florence Gleed Teare* 344
Flower Rhapsody, A ..... *Martha Young* 350
Frau Vogeler (Ida Seele) 312
Froebel, Stanley Hall and Henriette
Schrader ..... *Mary J. Lyschinska* 68
From Generation to Generation ..... *Elsie Dee* 108
Frontispieces.
Hay Making ..... *opp page* 1
The Elizabeth Peabody House
Kindergarten ..... " " 63
Ever Thankful ..... " " 125
Virgin and Child ..... " " 189
A Mountaineer's Home in North
Carolina ..... " " 253
An Aquarium in a Los Angeles
Kindergarten ..... " " 319
Albany Street Day Nursery, " " 383
Boston Common ..... " " 449
The Greeting ..... " " 515
The Pet Lamb ..... " " 579
Future Evolution of the Kindergarten, *James L. Hughes* 541
Game Club, A ..... *Mary E. Burfitt* 563
Games in Detroit Kindergartens ..... *Clara W. Mingins* 218
Going to Grandma's .....
Music, *Eleanor Smith.* Words, *Emilie Poulsson* 158
Good Resolutions (Verse) ..... *Lucy Heald* 258
Grandma's Pet Lamb ..... *E. L. Dorr* 143
Half-Day Classes 442
Hall, Address of Dr. Stanley 43
Hans and His Dog ..... *Maud Lindsay* 269
Happiest Day, The .....
Music, *Mildred J. Hill.* Words, *R. J. Weston* 223
Happy Hearts of Earth, The (Verse) .. *Robert Buchanan.* Selected 76
Harvest of Life, The ..... *Robert Collyer.* Selected 133
Harvest Time. (Verse) ..... *Emilie Poulsson* 125
Hay Makers, The .....
Music, *Helen Sibley.* Words, *Fanny L. Johnson* 28
Healing Stone, The ..... *Mary Eleanor Clark* 490
Henny-Penny's Starlings ..... *Mary Senior Clark* 420
History of the Kindergarten in Boston .. *Fanny L. Johnson* 474
Home Saving vs. "Home Finding" 443
How Shall We Develop Goodness? ..... *Mary G. Trask* 126
Humor of Childhood, The ..... *Samuel L. Crothers* 515
Humpty Dumpty: Another Jimpy Story, *H. Grace Parsons* 275
Hymn. Music by ..... *Belle J. Monahan* 288
Ideal of Nurture, The ..... *Susan E. Blow* 579
I Have Saved the Bird in My Bosom. *Henry Johnstone* 396
I'll Help You ..... *Florence Gleed Teare* 16
In a Kindergarten. (Verse) ..... *Emilie Poulsson* 113
In Memoriam.
Miss Mary J. Garland 33
Mrs. Louise Pollock 35
Mr. Louis H. Allen 35
In November. (Verse) ..... Selected 135
Instrumental Music in the Kindergarten *Calvin B. Cady* 621
Interleaves for the Mother Play.
The Noisy Rhyme. (Verse) ..... *Emilie Poulsson* 89
Jack's House Building. (Verse) .. *Emilie Poulsson* 277
Papa's Birthday. (Verse) ..... *Kate Whiting Patch* 491
International Kindergarten Union.
Program 438, 509
Report 614

Page
Irmgard's Cow ..... *Maud Lindsay* 145
It Must Be Settled Right. (Verse).... *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.* Selected..... 6
Jack and Mrs. Pussy..... *Gertrude A. Horton* 489
Jamie's Invention in Stick-Laying. *Emilie Poulsson* 217
Jimpy and Simple Simon..... *H. Grace Parsons*..... 18
Jolly Wind Sprite. (Verse) ..... *Anna W. DeKay*..... 432
Kindergarten Activities ..... *Katherine Beebe* ..329, 416, 484, 522, 608
Kindergarten Aquarium, A..... *Florence Lawson* 338
Kindergarten Eleven, A..... *H. Grace Parsons*..... 76
Kindergarten Idea, The..... *Arthur Chamberlain* 559
Kindergarten Improvements in Higher
Instruction ..... *Pres. C. W. Eliot*..... 590
Kindergarten in Africa, A..... *R. Emory Beetham*..... 366
Kindergarten Training and General
Principles ..... *Thomas W. Balliet*..... 641
Kindergarten Workbench, The ..... *Jane L. Hoxie*..... 537
Kingsley's Water Babies..... *William Clark, D. C. L.*..... 115
Larks. (Verse) ..... *Katharine Tynan.* Selected..... 607
Lisbeth ..... *Fritz Koch* 197
Little Dorrit's Playground..... *Nora Archibald Smith*..... 449
Little Girl's Visit to the King, The..... 90
Little Girl Went Walking, A (Verse)..*Bertha Klein Leavitt*..... 22
Little Maiden Merryheart. (Verse).... *Edith H. Kinney*..... 517
Little While in the Kindergarten, A.... *Florence Gleed Teare*..228, 293, 362, 429
Lullaby. (Verse) ..... Selected 157
Marching Song. (Verse)..... *Emilie Poulsson* 336
Materials Used in Detroit Kindergartens *Clara W. Mingins*..... 264
Miner, The (words and music)..... *Ernestine Gifford* 358
Miss Buttercup's Party. (Verse)..... *H. Elizabeth Foster*..... 14
Molly's Baking Day. (Verse)..... *Valentine Pritchard* 340
Molly's Christmas ..... *Eliza Orne White* 211
Moral Suasion ..... *Mrs. Robert H. Chapin*..... 630
Moral Suasion ..... *Rabbi Samuel Hirshberg*..... 630
Morningside Acropolis, The..... Selected 112
Mornings in Boston Kindergartens.
I. At the Rice School..... *Mary G. Trask*..... 279
II. Kindergarten for the Blind... *Emilie Poulsson* 352
III. Hillside School, Jamaica Plain *Susan C. Aiken* 432
Mother's May-Day. (Verse) ..... *Margaret J. Stannard*..... 531
My Experience with a Lawless Child.... *Florence Pray* 297
Music 28, 98, 158, 223, 288, 358, 424, 492, 542, 610
National Educational Association.
Report, 1901 ..... *May E. Murray* 36
Program, 1902 649
Nature Study in the Connecting Class.. *N. L. Roethgen*..... 496
New Year, The (Verse)..... *Retta Long.* Selected..... 267
News Departments 59, 119, 184, 246, 312, 377, 444, 509, 574, 649
Notes from the Vacation Schools..... 58
Old Story of Santa Claus Retold, The *Emilie Poulsson* 203
One of Polly's Days..... *Helen P. Haskell*..... 169
Only One Willing to Grow, The (Verse) *Harriet J. McLellan*..... 488
Open Gate, The..... *Maud Lindsay* 105
Opportunity for Am. Kindergartners... *Martha E. Tredick*..... 565
Our Canaries ..... *Laura Richards* 156
Our Four-Winged Visitors, Butterflies.. *Elizabeth Newby* 603
Our Polly ..... *Helen P. Haskell*..... 110
Out of the Nest..... *Maud Lindsay* 532
Parker, Col. Francis W..... *Mrs. Alice H. Putnam*..... 501
Parker, The Late Colonel Francis W... *Michael Anagnos* 547
Pensioning of School Teachers, The..... 569
Perfect Day, The (Verse)..... *Grand Rapids Press*..... 224
Physical and Spiritual Preparation of
the Kindergartner ..... *Mrs. James L. Hughes*..... 644

Page

Picture Prophetic, A (Verse).....*M. R. Libby*..... 189
Playing Caterpillar .....*The Story of a Child*..... 423
Plea for the Better Teaching of Manners *Florence Bell* 258, 323
Poetry for Children.....*Selected* 222
Preliminary Weaving .....*Grace G. Kendall*..... 524
President Pritchett, Address of 619
Progress of the Movement.....55, 119, 179, 241, 306, 372, 439, 504, 571
Raphia in the Kindergarten.....*Jane L. Hoxie* 599
Recent Literature 53, 102, 171, 233, 302, 369, 435, 503, 567
Reports.
International Kindergarten Union..... 614
National Educational Association..... 36
Southern Educational Association..... 310
Requirements for Supervisors.....*Fanniebelle Curtis* 627
Requirements for Training Teachers...*Patty S. Hill*..... 624
Resurrection and the Life, The.....*Margaret W. Morley*..... 397
Rewards and Punishments.....*Earl Barnes* 628
Reynard. (Verse) .....*Alix Thorn* 521
Rhythm in the Kindergarten.....*Ethel Roe Lindgren*..... 7
Riddle for Very Young Guessers, A *Anna W. DeKay*..... 529
Rock Ahead, A.....*Alice Woods* 96
Rowing.
Music, *Constance Morse.* Words, *Ruth Williams* 610
Saluting the Flag.....*The Southern Workman*..... 558
Self-Activity .....*Maria Kraus-Boelte* 643
Sense Training in Detroit Kindergartens *Clara W. Mingins*..... 136
Shepherd, The .....*Florence Gleed Teare*..... 418
Simplicity Again .....*Kate Kincaid* 221
"Skeezicks" .....*Edna Southwick* 209
Snow Frolic in the City, A (Verse)....*Jane L. Hoxie*..... 287
Social Work in North Plymouth, Mass..*Mary S. Bullard* 549
Soldier Speaks, A (Verse).....*L. Winnington.* Selected..... 346
Solidarity. (Verse) .....*William Roscoe Thayer.* Selected.. 590
Some Spring and Summer Guests.....*Harriet L. Grove*..... 535
Some Wastes in the Kindergarten.....*Caroline T. Haven*..... 518
Southern Educational Association..... 310
Sowing Tares—A Home Observation...*Alexis C. Ferm*..... 224
Spartan Song, A (Verse)..... 133
Special Schools as a Field for Observation .....*Mary Adair* 79
Squirrel's Thanksgiving, The.
Music, *Eleanor Smith.* Words, *Frank H. Swett*..... 98
Stormy Petrel, The (Verse).....*Anna Sanford Thompson*..... 328
Summer Bedtime Song, A (Verse)....*Lillian Howard Cort*..... 603
Summer Kinderheim, A.....*H. Grace Parsons*..... 163
Supervisor's Opportunities, The.....*Laura Fisher* 469
Surprises of Experience, The.....*Susan E. Blow*..... 383
Thoughts for Toy Buyers.....*Laura E. Poulsson*..... 190
Through Obedience to Self-Control.....*Caroline H. Paton*..... 552
Timid Little Ground Hogs, The..... 93
To a Lump of Coal. (Verse) .....*Edith H. Kinney*..... 263
Tribute to Louis H. Allen.....*Amalie Hofer* 118
Two Ears .....*Alva Deane* 341
Vacation. (Verse) .....*Henrietta B. Eliot.* Selected..... 599
What is a Good Child?.....*Mary J. Trask*..... 1
What the Study of Kindergarten Effects in Woman's Education.....*Caroline T. Haven*..... 147
Whistler, The—A Wind Song. (Verse) *Clinton Scollard.* Selected..... 154
Wisconsin State Teachers' Association..... 380
Work and Play and Some Consequences *Geraldine O'Grady* 49
Work and Play in the Kindergarten....*Alice H. Putnam*..... 37
Work and Play in the Primary and Grammar Grades .....*Charlotte H. Rowe*..... 40

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Julien Dupre.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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WHAT IS A GOOD CHILD?

A KINDERGARTNER'S TALK TO MOTHERS.

By Mary G. Trask.

WE all agree in wishing that the children should be "good"; but we use the term often very vaguely, and I believe it will be well to try to clear up our ideas a little.

Some time ago I was fortunate enough to attend Professor Palmer's course in Ethics at Radcliffe, and his method of studying what we mean by goodness seemed to me very helpful.

In the first place, he pointed out that in estimating conduct, or anything else, we had to have some *standard,* and if we were to study Ethics together we must agree upon some standard; and then he led us to see what standard is really implied when we call any person or thing *good.* For instance, he would say, What do we mean by *good* bread? To answer we must ask, What is bread *for?* Bread must be *fit to eat,*—digestible, nourishing; that is, is must be good *in relation to us,* otherwise the term has no meaning. But to be good for us it must have a certain inner goodness, must be light, well mixed, well baked. It must conform to a standard we have in mind of what bread should be—an ideal bread,—but this standard depends upon something outside of the bread.

So, in judging a horse, our judgment depends partly upon what we want him to be good *for,*—the saddle, carriage, or farm work; but to be "a good horse" at all he must be sound, well proportioned, with all his limbs and organs in good order. Our judgment depends, in any case, upon our ideal of what a horse should be, and also upon what he is to be used for.

I think we want now to find out what standard we really imply when we speak of a "good child," or tell a child to "be good." "A good baby" usually means a baby that does not cry, that sleeps a great deal, and that eats well. Of course there isn't any idea of *morality* here; the baby knows nothing about right or wrong, and makes no choice. Why, then, do we call it good?

Two ideas seem implied:—

First—the child does not make much trouble, is easy to take care of, does not disturb other people. Here we get an idea of *outer* relations. If there were nobody in the world but this baby, and if it were taken care of by automatons, we should not care (so far as its outer relations are concerned) whether it cried or not, and so we could not call it good in this sense.

But, secondly, I think there is another idea implied in our term. Why does a very little child cry or fret? Almost always, the reason is that it does not feel quite well; for it is natural to a healthy baby who is well cared for to be placid, to sleep much, and to take life easily, like a kitten or a puppy. So, when we call it good I think we imply also an ideal of what a baby ought to be *in itself*, as well as in relation to others. It ought to be healthy, with all its functions well adjusted, and in this sense we could call even a solitary baby *good*.

But what does this use of the term imply? It certainly implies that the baby is a *growing* being, for the aim and object of its being healthy is that it may develop. Should we be satisfied with a baby that remained just the same, however little trouble it might be? We might as well have a doll. We want the baby to sleep and eat and digest, just that it may grow and change and become more active, and reach a stage in which it will probably be a good deal more trouble to take care of. When the baby begins to creep or walk and to investigate everything within reach, we often hear the mother say: "My baby isn't nearly as good as he used to be. He makes me a great deal of trouble now; I have to watch him every minute." But would she be satisfied if the baby did not reach this stage? If it did not, that would mean that something was wrong with the child's limbs or brain, and this would be the greatest grief to the mother.

Let us think a little now about older children. What do we mean by calling *them* "good"? Probably our answers will be: "A good child is obedient, quiet, industrious, persevering, truthful, kind, helpful, affectionate, not mischievous." Why do we call these qualities good?

A good child is obedient, we say. That is constantly emphasized; but why?

1. Because a disobedient child is very troublesome and annoying to others. A child is a member of a family and a member of society, and if he pays no attention to the rights and desires of other members he becomes unbearable. Here we find

the idea of *outer* relationship implied. We are not isolated beings, and we cannot live as if we were. Even in things not morally wrong we must often give up our individual preferences in order not to interfere with others. It is natural for a child to run and jump and shout, and it is right that he should do these things a great deal; but when anyone is ill or very tired, or very busy, we say to the child: "You must be quiet now." If he is disobedient, and persists in jumping and pounding and shouting, he makes a nuisance of himself and perhaps causes a great deal of suffering.

Besides this, we must have law and order if society is to exist, and all members of society must conform to the law or nothing will ever be accomplished.

2. But we say, also, that it is necessary for the child's own good that he should obey. He is ignorant and inexperienced, and he must rely on those who are older and wiser than he is, or he will run into all sorts of danger and will probably be injured, if not killed. Have you ever read "Sonny," and do you remember the accidents that befell him because he was never made to obey? Although he turns out better than a child would be likely to with such training, yet he regrets his irregular education very much, when he is grown up. Among the poor people in the cities I have seen many children whose health was injured because their parents could not make them obey in matters of food, sleep, etc. All this implies another set of relationships—the relations to nature. The child belongs in the world of nature, as well as in the world of humanity, and he can live and develop only as he knows how to conform to natural laws. He does not know them at first, and so he must be taught and guided by those who know more.

But why do we insist that the child should obey for his own good? Why do we *want* him to live and develop? Is it only because the mother has a natural love for the child and takes pleasure in having him with her? If she knew that she would die in a few years, or that the child would have to leave her in a short time, and that she would never see him again, would she not still wish him to grow up strong and well developed in body, mind and spirit? I am sure she would. And what does this imply? Does it not mean that she feels that the child has some worth in himself? — that he is not of value simply because he gives pleasure to her or to any special person, but is of worth as a human being? No human being can be of any worth all alone, or can even be conceived of as existing all alone; yet he is not of worth *only* in his external relations in what he does for others, without regard to what he is in himself. He is a part of the great whole of life, but he is of value in himself, just because he is a part.

Let us take another quality,—truthfulness. Why is this *good*? Does not our calling it so imply rela-

tion? An isolated being could not be truthful or untruthful, for there would be nothing for him to conform to, and truth seems to mean conformity to something outside of the individual, yet related to him. It means, as it were, reflecting the images of things about us unchanged, undistorted; but these things must be in relation to us if they are to be reflected. Truthfulness means *knowledge*, too; for we cannot tell the truth on subjects of which we know nothing, and we cannot know anything that is wholly out of relation to us,—that is, we can only know such things as our senses and our powers of mind make us capable of knowing. No one could tell the truth about anything that can be seen only through a microscope or telescope, unless it had thus been seen. It is out of relation otherwise. Truthfulness implies, also, I think, an ideal of worth in one's self; for we do not urge children to speak the truth simply because it is inconvenient or dangerous not to be able to depend upon what they say, but because we feel that untruthfulness implies something amiss in the child or man himself,—a falling off from our ideal of what he should be.

"Not to get into mischief" is considered very good; but why? Usually because what we call mischief means something disturbing to older people and disturbing to the orderly way in which older people like to have things go on. Here is *relation* again. Sometimes mischief means doing things that do not conform to the laws of nature, with disastrous results naturally attending:—for instance, trying to sail on the door mat (fortunately in very shallow water), as one of my brothers did; trying to fly; or trying to cook something in a basket hung over an open fire, as did some children I heard of—all these things are violations of relationship. But mischief is very often misdirected activity, and means that there has not been sufficient proper outlet provided for a child's activity. This is one reason for sending a child to kindergarten, however good his home may be, for it is difficult for the mother to provide sufficient occupation always, and it is also easier for children to work systematically when there are several together. Work done socially is more interesting, and we all know how much easier it is to work in a class than alone.

We often call a *quiet* child "good"; but in this I think we are apt to consider only the external relations and to forget the individual worth. A quiet child may not disturb others, but is he developing as he ought, so as to be of value in himself?

We have seen that we could not wish the baby to stop growing and developing because he is more trouble as he becomes more active, and it is the same with older children. If a child is *merely* quiet and passive, or is quiet because he is reading stories and not making much effort, he is in great danger of not developing physically or morally, and of not being *good*—either good in himself

or good *for* anything when the time comes for him to depend upon himself. The child who is very active and often in mischief may really be much nearer to moral goodness than the "good, quiet child," because he is developing his powers and learning self-reliance.

So, too, when we say that a good child "does as he is told," we often get hold of only half the truth. Obedience is necessary, law and order are necessary, a great deal of imitation is necessary; but if we emphasize only this side we do not get real development. We do not want children to grow up *only* doing as they are told, unable to choose for themselves, or to rely on themselves; and we certainly do not want them to do as anyone tells them in whose company they may happen to be. There is nothing more unfortunate than the absence of steadfast purpose and self-reliance, and the great object of children's "doing as they are told" is that they may learn to do right without being told, and may grow.

Here comes in the question of perversity, "contrariness," in children, the wanting to do just the opposite of what they are told, which is sometimes so trying and perplexing. An example of this was furnished unexpectedly by a little boy (then about three years old) who is usually very sweet and easily managed. His father was not well, and his mother came to the nursery, where the boy was playing quietly and contentedly, and said to the nurse: "Do not let him go out of the room or make a noise, for his father is asleep." Immediately the child jumped up and ran into the hall, squealing. It was a great surprise, and quite a shock, to the mother. Prof. Royce, in speaking of this trait in children, has drawn attention to the fact that the beginning of originality in children is usually *contrast*, opposition; and he considers that in this we may find the explanation of much that looks at first like sheer perversity. Observing my little nephew, with whom I have been a great deal, I became convinced that there was much truth in this idea. I remember that H. asked me one day for a story. I said: "Shall I tell you about the kitty that ran away?" (a story of which he had been very fond). "No," he replied, promptly, "tell me about a kitty that stayed at home." This seemed to be almost the beginning of what Prof. Royce calls "inventiveness" with him. Imitation comes first with children, but we do not really want that to be all. We enjoy originality in people, and think those very tiresome who just reflect others and "have no mind of their own." But the beginnings of originality are often very trying. I think it is often best not to be too much worried over such manifestations, or to pay very much attention to them. Of course, where there is real disobedience it cannot be passed over; but I think that we should try to make even a little child feel, at this stage of development, that commands are not arbitrary and do not express the merely individual will of the mother.

Is it not evident that in all these ideas of "the good child" there is not really much of what we can call morality? Moral goodness necessitates choice, and the power of choice develops slowly. There must be some knowledge and experience before we can make a choice. But our ideas of the child's goodness do imply relationships, and the idea of an active, growing being, who ought to be developing all the time in strength and knowledge, and in the powers of activity and choice, and who is of worth in himself.

Now I think we can see that the right education for such a being must be an education which makes the ideas of relationship and of the organization of life very clear and prominent, and which, at the same time, tries to develop the child's individual powers, his self-reliance, and his will, to provide healthy outlets for his activity, and to help him to know the world and to do his part in it.

IT MUST BE SETTLED RIGHT.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light:
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning
And keep this motto in sight:
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage
Though the enemy seems to have won;

Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong
The battle is not yet done.
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labor,
O woman young, yet old,
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
And crushed by the power of gold,
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might;—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

—*Selected.*

RHYTHM IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Ethel Roe Lindgren.

AN eminent music educator (not music teacher), with whom I am in entire sympathy, recently said to a class of teachers: "I am not interested in music, not nearly as much so as I was many years ago; I am interested in education, and in music as one means of education."

Such a frank statement reminds us that there is an old and a new attitude toward the entire subject of music, towards its place, its meaning, and its power in life. I remember during my college days overhearing a conversation which made a deep impression on my mind, as it referred to two members of the graduating class, one of whom happened to be myself. (I shall not tell you which one.) One embryo musician said: "I think Em's playing is just lovely!" The other rejoined: "Oh, she plays well enough; but J's playing is just grand. She can knock a piano silly!"

How often we hear, after a possibly sincere attempt to interpret a musical masterpiece, such a remark as this: "Oh, how can you remember all that without your notes!" How little we hear about music, and how much about notes, about piano pyrotechnics and feats of memory! This is maddening to one who *feels, understands*, and would voice the noble content and the high message of a work of art.

We have all had the painful pleas-

ure of seeing children give finger exhibitions on the piano, to their own great satisfaction and to the envy of others, deceiving and being deceived into thinking that they were expressing music .

Being able to play the piano does not necessarily prove one's capacity to grasp a musical idea, any more than being able to say that two times two make four and three times three make nine proves one a mathematician, or any more than the drawing of geometric figures shows one's understanding of the science of geometry.

We turn gladly to the *new attitude*, which asserts that we may and should prove our great principles of development through this art of arts also, thus letting it serve in its high way the good purposes of education. D'Israeli voices this idea well when he says: "The greatest advantage that a writer can derive from music is that it teaches most exquisitely the art of development."

The new era in music education is characterized by statements of a somewhat startling sound:

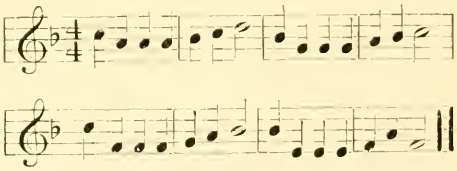
The human being is by nature musical.

Every child is entitled to free musical expression.

Every teacher, certainly every kindergartner, ought to be musical.

And there are those who are proving these claims to be rational and true, by working with so-called hopeless cases among the children of the kindergarten, as well as with those of an older growth in the training classes. Three interesting examples of such work with young children are reported from recent work, both in the East and in the West. One seven-year-old girl was brought to the class as an example of absolute lack of music. After five or six lessons (the course being interrupted by the close of the class term) she sang a simple melody twice in a sweet voice.

An eleven-year-old girl, who talked in almost continuous monotone, varying only from low A to B, after ten lessons of from fifteen to twenty minutes each, sang simple melodies on A and B, above middle C. Again, a seven-year-old in six short terms of fifteen to twenty minute lessons, two or three times a week, sang a long melody, wrote it out and played it, or, as I should prefer to say, sang it on the piano.

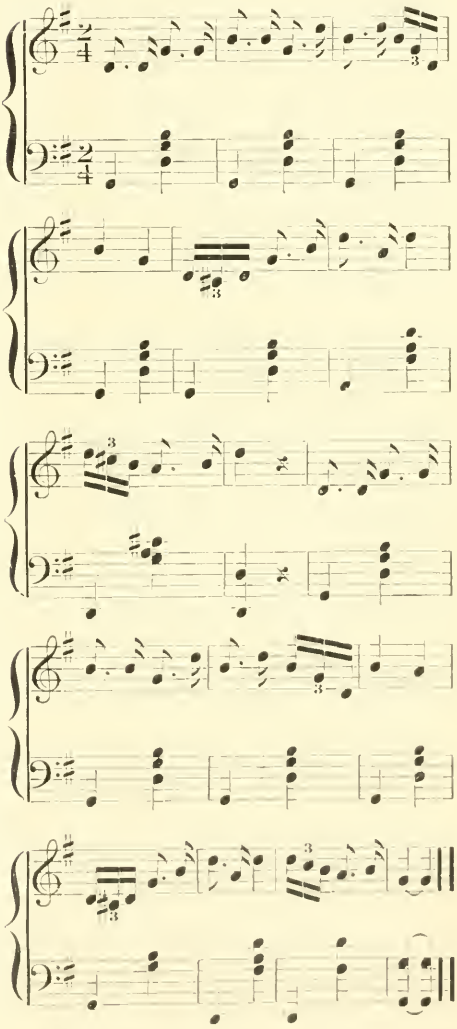


This was early in the history of this line of musical development, otherwise the same results could have been reached in even a shorter time. Several instances taken from my own experience in the kindergarten training school may also be of interest at this point. One young woman of about twenty-five years came to the music class only because it was obligatory, being firmly rooted in the conviction of utter helplessness and hopelessness in the direction of music. She had no ear, no voice; in short, music was to her a sealed book. And

indeed, it seemed so. If one sang A she would—well, growl or grunt would better express the vocal effort than the word sing—she would give back F. If you gave middle C she went into the depths! But there was inexorable conviction on the part of the teacher, and stubborn courage on the part of the student. Result: this kindergartner now sings the simple kindergarten melodies with her children, and I believe even plays a primitive form of accompaniment.

A touching story came to light at the close of the first session of the music class of the year, the students having been greeted as follows: "You know, girls, that I expect you all to sing. It is quite natural to sing, and none of you need be deprived of this divinely given right." An earnest young woman came afterwards, with tears in her eyes, and told of her longing to sing from earliest childhood: how she had been called unmusical and laughed at until she had become quite disheartened. She had many a time gone deep into the neighboring woods and sat down, with only the birds for her hearers, to voice her child heart in song. Who knows but that it rang out sweet and pure, being freed for the time from a verdict as cruel as it was ignorant? This child needed only tactful sympathy and loving help to blossom into freedom in song.

Another student, now a successful kindergartner in New York, sought after for her musical intelligence, among other good qualities, seemed utterly wooden and unrhythmic in her piano work and had long despaired of better things. With persistent, patient work on the part of her teacher, and an earnest taking-hold on her own part, this was overcome. After a term of private work the following creative endeavor bore testimony to increasing rhythmic sense; the music is wholly the work of the student, untouched by the teacher.



Mazzini asserts that "Action is the

embodiment of idea." When Michael Angelo was asked the secret of his power to express so clearly and marvelously his ideas in marbled form, he replied that he thought and kept thinking on a thing until his hand kept time to his thought. (Or, as he no doubt meant, to the rhythm of his thought.)

It certainly appears sane and logical to follow this progress from idea to its expression, from music conception to music expression or technique, as faithfully in this educational channel as in the other relative lines.

It is scarcely necessary for me to state that the work from which I have drawn the above illustrations is based upon that principle which governs modern education—the unfoldment of idea from within outward. * * *

It is in the training class that the student must be inspired and quickened to the larger view of the meaning of music, its relation to the sister arts, to education and to life. One of the means to this end has been the search for quotations on the part of the class members which should adequately express their own thought about or feeling for music; the finding of some passage defining music or its functions; or some lines expressive or prophetic of the largeness of its message to mankind. These are discussed in the class with the teachers and preferences are frankly indicated. The following are some of the memorable statements collected in this way:—

"He who explains music explains the universe."—Schopenhauer.

"All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly and in tune."—Ruskin.

"All deep things are song. See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it."—Carlyle.

"Beethoven! How much is in that word! In the deep tone of the syllables there seems to sound a presentiment of immortality."

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—St. Paul.

Some of the books to which the students are especially referred might form the nucleus of a bibliography on the subject of the higher criticism of music, or the larger concept of music as an art.

"Music and Poetry," by Sidney Lanier, notably the first chapter entitled From Bacon to Beethoven.

"Angels' Wings," by Edward Carpenter: opening essay on Art and Democracy.

"Religion in Recent Art," by Dr. P. T. Forsythe.

"Parsifal, or the Finding of Christ Through Art," by Albert Parsons.

"Music and Morals," by Haweis.

And last, though not least, Browning's Saul, Fra Lippo-Lippi, Abt Vogler, and other poems.

During the year just closed our students were asked to write out what they knew of or about Beethoven or his music. The answers were rather appalling as to meagerness, and the mythical or at least questionable tale about the composition

of the Moonlight Sonata seemed the sum and substance of the average student's knowledge of the great master. We felt distinctly, as often before, that there must be a background of culture in the literature of music, and at once arranged to give fifteen minutes, once a week, to the study of Beethoven, and an introduction, as it were, to his great masterpieces. We had the temerity to take up the symphonies themselves. From these the students heard, sang, and expressed the rhythms of the themes of chief importance. Symphonic form, the relation of the music ideas in certain movements, the different movements and their relation to the whole symphony and orchestration, were all touched upon. This was done through discussion and illustration on the piano. We were specially favored by and deeply grateful to Mr. Theodore Thomas for the cycle of Beethoven music which he presented with his orchestra during the season, which gave the students the opportunity of enlarging their Beethoven experience. On these occasions they expressed themselves understandingly, and showed an appreciation of the deep significance of pure music.

This larger concept of music was directly helpful in the simplest and most practical lines of their music development. It helped them to break loose from the more limited sense of rhythm as confined in a time limit or bounded by bars.

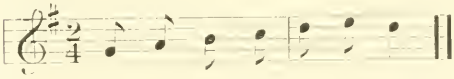
We speak of the rhythm of the spheres, or of rhythm in a picture, or even in a flower. In this large and true sense rhythm defines itself as the proportionate unfoldment of idea. The simplest approach to the study of rhythm would appear to be through verse rhythm. A child is easily led to express its interest in dolly, puss, or bird in some simple form of poetic rhythmic feeling, having already in the verse the *sine qua non* of music rhythm.

With your permission I will give a few illustrations from very recent observations:—

A child of six years, who had not sung (that is, consciously attempted to sing, for I hope it is rare to find the child who does not sing in child-fashion in its unconscious playtime), and who had also said that she did not want to sing, was at once interested in making a story about dolly. Through an intimate and sympathetic talk between teacher and child, this line took form:—

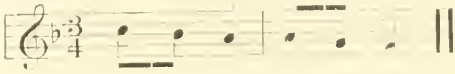
"Dolly dear can shut her eyes."

The child was then asked to bring a melody to fit these words. The next day she brought the following:—



Dol - ly dear can shut her eyes.

This was sung in sweet voice, true intonation, and in perfect rhythmic form. A little seven-year-old girl in the same class, having much less rhythmic feeling, after a week of lessons, was given this melody:—



with the words: "Downward fall, raindrops all." She showed clearly her sense of the proportionate development of the thought in the line by changing it to "Raindrops all downward fall," which, in quality of sound, as well as logic of rhythm, is surely the truer rendering.

The study of rhythm is thus approached through verse. How deeply verse and rhythm, poetry and music are allied, and how far the study of the first is enlightening in the development of the second, is amplified in Sydney Lanier's "Music and Poetry"; while Mr. Moulton, in his "Literary Study of the Bible," has made the greatest and most exhaustive study of this subject, treating it in its broadest significance. * * *

We are all coming to realize that rhythm has its important and indispensable function in that universal history of mankind which Hegel defines as "Progress in the Consciousness of Freedom." Our harking back to rhythmic plays and skips and figures in the kindergarten certainly is a reacting of an element which is conspicuous in the childhood of the race, as seen in the weird and natural rhythmic swayings and dancings of African and Indian. The dance would seem to be also in the child life the most primitive form of rhythmic expression. We give it honorable place for its dower of graceful, unconscious, free bodily expression. The present wave of rhythm work in the kindergarten surely is acknowledged as an advance into the personal actualization of freedom in movement. So far, so good. It is also said to open the child to music impression and feeling, or, more truly expressed, to awaken its responsiveness to music expression.

Opportunity should also be provided for children to experience this law in a more conscious way through melody, and it should go hand in hand with, and be wedded to, its more elemental dance form. I believe that we are only beginning to grasp the possibilities of rhythm in the kindergarten. This is a noble field for fearless and progressive work. We find encouragement in the earnest and thoughtful work of those already so helpfully active in this comparatively new field.

May I again quote Lanier, who says: "The art of an age will be always complementary to the thought of that age"? He further states that this age is characterized by the rise to its highest development of science and of music. He argues that the mighty reach of music into the unknown and the potential, or, as we might say, into the spiritual realities, is the great swing of the pendulum away from the "holy mania for the realities of physical science." In fact, this is the reaching out of the most scientific age after spiritual equilibrium. Beethoven, however, asserts the inherent unity of the two, when he says in the midst of the revolutionary conditions of his own time: "It is art *and* science alone that reveal to us the hope of a loftier life."

If music has such a noble fune-

tion, *if* man is naturally and normally God-made a musical being,—to be a musician should be a noble and consecrated calling. It is not generally so considered. To dub a man a musician is not always a compliment, often the reverse. To dedicate a child to a musical career is, in the thought of many, synonymous with sending him to destruction, and too often this appears substantiated by fact. We find this reluctance on the part of parents and guardians exemplified in the lives of musicians who only through persistent disobedience were able to follow their God-given bent toward musical expression. We remember the little Bach, our great-grandfather of piano composition, patiently copying music by moonlight because of his uncle's prejudices. Where would be our well-tempered clavier, our Passion Music, but for the divine inner necessitude which impelled him into music expression? Handel was kept from school for fear he should learn music, and played a smuggled spinet in the garret late at night for fear of being surprised and robbed of his treasure. Think of the world deprived of his master concept of the story of the Messiah in song? You may have heard the story of a well-known Chicago boy singer: When his voice began to change, some one asked his father whether the boy's musical education was to be continued, and a musician made of him. The father promptly answered: "I hope he'll be good for something better than that!" Although so many musicians have failed to demonstrate the unity of art and life, in both their personal careers and in their interpretations of music, we remember with reverence the great masters—Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, and a goodly following—who lived in harmony with this unity, and subject to law, because of their love for the order and for the *beauty* of holiness. We know that the true artist loves goodness because it is beautiful, and that where truth and beauty are realized as one, inseparable, the unity of life, *there* is serene, triumphant, holy, joy-revealing art. Then the artist becomes the Seer.

CONCERNING THE GAME OF THE KNIGHTS.

By Helen M. Drake.

THE interesting discussions at the I. K. U. convention in Chicago cleared the haze of intuitional thought in many minds on various subjects, and especially in relation to the representation of the ideal experience versus the actual in the games. The evolution of thought in one case regarding the game of The Knights may not prove uninterest-

ing, nor, on the other hand, exceptional.

In the first years of our kindergarten experience this game was not used by us, because we thought it beyond the child's comprehension. (We know now that the true reason for the omission was that we ourselves had not caught the meaning of the game.) Later our opinion changed somewhat. The fascination for the child in the activities of the game and the encouragement given to the good child appealed to us; but the representation of the bad child we could not approve. A larger experience expanded our horizon, and we then saw clearly that the highest value of the game lies in leading the child to recognize the knightly virtues wherever found,—whether in plumed knight, blacksmith, soldier, policeman, or cowboy. While the pictures of glittering armor, prancing steeds, and gay tournaments are to stimulate the imagination, and while the lesson of banishment for the wrongdoer is to be made apparent to even the youngest child, there should come the presentiment of a higher truth, *i. e.*, that the soul may aspire to the highest moral ideals in spite of environment. The recognition of courtesy, gentleness, self-sacrifice, loyalty to duty, the use of power for service, the dedication of strength to protection of the weaker,—the recognition of all these, wherever they exist, must bring a respect for the "knights of labor," and prove a fitting corner stone for the foundation of consistent and true American character. The children may find that ideal in our own Lincoln, a very real and typical hero, who made the ideal of freedom an actual experience for us all.

The knight may never become a policeman, but the policeman can be a true and loyal knight. Certainly, we who visited Chicago could readily imagine that stars were shields and the club a lance.

MISS BUTTERCUP'S PARTY

By H. Elizabeth Foster.

Miss Buttercup gave a party
  One beautiful summer day;
She sent out the invitations
  By Butterflies bright and gay;
She was not at all exclusive,
  But asked everyone she knew.
If I were giving a party,
  I think I should do so, too.
    Would you?

The Daisies looked sweet and dainty,
  In dresses of white and gold;
The hostess wore yellow satin—
  Oh, she was fair to behold!
The two little Clover sisters,
  In gowns of crimson and white,
Did as I'd do at a party—
  Be *very* kind and polite.
    Would you?

The Bees, in striped velvet jackets,
  Were ever so neat and trim;
The Robins wore scarlet waistcoats;
  And though the Grasses looked prim,
Yet all were nodding and smiling
  In just the pleasantest way;
And I'd do so at a party,
  If I should be asked some day.
    Would you?

The Sunbeams danced fancy dances,
  The Meadow-lark sang a song;
The gay Grasshoppers and Crickets
  Ran races the whole day long;
And all were ready and willing
  To play any kind of game.
And if I were asked to a party,
  I'd want to do just the same.
    Would you?

They feasted on dew and honey;
  (It was delicious, I know!)
The Bees served them all very nicely,
  Out in the field in a row.
Not one was selfish or greedy,
  But just as polite as could be;
And when I go to a party,
  I hope they'll say that of me.
    Don't you?

The happiest one at that party
  Was little Miss Raggedy Weed.
She was poor, her clothes were not pretty,
  But that did not matter. Indeed,
They were all so kind and so thoughtful
  She forgot she was ragged and poor;
And the next time I give a party,
  I'll do *just* as they did, I'm sure.
    Will you?

I'LL HELP YOU.

By Florence Gleed Teare.

DO you like stories about fairies? If so, I will tell you about a fairy who lived long ago, is living now, and will live forever!

This is her name: "I'll-help-you." She works and works, and plays and plays, and still she is never tired. I will tell you a few of the things which she has done, and then you will love her.

One day a little bird left his nice warm nest to take a flying journey. At first birds go out with their mothers, but after they grow strong enough they fly off on short trips all alone.

"Be careful," said the mother of this little bird, as he left the nest; "use your bright eyes and see where you are flying to."

At first he was very careful; but after a while, when not looking, he flew right up against a gate post.

Poor little creature! his wing was sorely hurt, and there he lay on the grass, peeping pitifully.

A boy came down the street, whistling. Now the fairy "I'll-help-you" had seen the little bird's accident, and she also saw the boy, Jim, coming along. She waited until Jim was very close to the bird,—so close that he heard its sad little cry; then she whispered to him: "Take the poor little thing home, mend its wing, and when it is well let it return to its mother!" Jim stooped down and picked the poor little bird up very tenderly, saying: "Poor little birdie! You have hurt yourself. I'll take you home and mother will tell me what to do to make you well."

Another day, long after the bird had gone home, and, in fact, long after he and the rest of the family had gone South for the winter, Jim was going to school, and Jack Frost was out, capering about in the best of spirits. He tried to creep under Jim's hat; but he could not, for it fitted snugly. So he next thought that he would get at Jim's fingers;

but no, he could not do that either, for Jim's mittens were thick and warm. When Jim had nearly reached the school, he met a little girl, who was very, very cold. Her little hands were nearly frozen; and she was crying, too.

Jim felt very sorry for her, for he had a kind heart. He thought that he would not like to see his little sister so cold as that, so he said to the little girl very kindly: "Why don't you wear your mittens?" She looked up and answered: "'Cos I haven't any." And then she told him that her father had been sick, and that even now he could only earn enough money to buy food for the family, as there were so many brothers and sisters. Just at this very moment the the fairy "I'll-help-you" whispered: "Give her your mittens; you are such a great, strong boy, and she is such a little girl." Off came Jim's mittens, and almost before the little girl knew what he was doing, he had put them on her hands!

All that morning in school things seemed so pleasant and easy; and once or twice Jim thought of the little girl, and wondered if her hands were warm. When he went home his mother said: "Why, Jim, where are your mittens? Why don't you wear them?" And then he told her all about the little girl.

When he had finished, his mother kissed him and called him *noble,* and said: "Jim, I believe the fairy, little 'I'll-help-you,' lives in your heart!"

Well! Upon still another day Jim was going home from school (did I tell you before that he lived on a hill? Well, he did;) and there, just a little way in front of him, was an old grandmother, carrying a heavy bundle. At first Jim thought: "Oh well! it's such a hot day I think I won't carry it for her." Then the fairy whispered: "How would you like to see your mother carrying a heavy load when she is an old woman?" And at once Jim ran ahead and said to the old grandmother: "If you will carry my book and slate, I'll carry your bundle." The old woman very gladly did so; and when she reached her gate, she thanked Jim and told him that he was a good, kind boy, just as his father had been. Now there was nothing in the world that Jim wanted quite so much as to be like his father.

Jim was nearly home when he saw an old man carrying coal in.

Jim walked past the pile of coal, but had only gone a few steps when little "I'll-help-you" said quickly to him: "Did you notice how that poor old man's back was bent?" Jim turned around, and going up to the old man, said: "I should like to help you with your work." The old man was very glad to have him do so, and together they very soon had all the coal caried in. Then after a good, hearty "Thank you" from the old man, Jim ran home.

His face and hands were nearly as black as the coal itself, but that would all wash off! And his mother said:

"Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is noble, good, and true."

JIMPY AND SIMPLE SIMON.

By H. Grace Parsons.

The philosophy which is contained in the simple jingles of Mother Goose is not understood by many people who enjoy the rhymes, and sing them to their children, as their mothers did before them. By others, these jingles are condemned as nonsense. The mere facts, however, of the love of all children for them and of their existence for so many years, would seem to indicate that there is something in them, some underlying truth which the children cannot explain but which appeals very strongly to them.

The ballad of Simple Simon is full of suggestions, but to me it seems to have had a wrong interpretation given to it. I do not think of Simple Simon as a gawk or a booby, but as a little boy who gains his life's experience through many mistakes; who, like all children, is constantly experimenting; who will not accept as final the decision of others, but must learn the nature of things through personal experience with things. The child sees in Simple Simon a picture of himself, and herein lies the fascination. I have tried to show how the song might first have been sung, by recounting the simple events of one day in a child's life, showing how children learn through actual experience. For mothers and kindergartners who are familiar with the Mother Play Book of Froebel, this old jingle contains some interesting parallels to the Falling, Falling game, the Toy Shop, and the Target.

This very simple Simon
By telling ne'er could learn;
But had to hurt his fingers so
To find that fire would burn.

One morning Jimpy awoke and called out "Good morning everybody!" and then he sat up in his little crib in surprise, for his mamma did not answer, and his papa did not answer, and, in short, no one replied "Good morning," unless it was a bird on the window sill, or maybe the sun that came creeping across the floor, or the wind that was gently waving the white curtains, or the roses that kept nodding their heads in at the window and sending their sweet breath across the room. It seemed as if the sun, and the wind, and the roses, were gently calling to Jimpy to come out and play with them, although they said never a word.

Jimpy could hear his mamma and papa talking downstairs, and someone was laughing and singing, and Jimpy suddenly made up his mind to see what it was all about. He put one little bare foot over the side of his crib, and then another, and that was all, because he had but two. Just as the first pink toe touched the floor, the door opened and Nursie came in.

"Good morning, Jimpy," she said, "I am glad you are awake, for now I can dress you in time for the early breakfast you are to have this morning."

"Why?" said Jimpy.

"Because," said Nurse, "you and your father and mother are going to the fair to-day."

"Hurrah!" shouted Jimpy.

Nurse went to fetch the water and the little tub for Jimpy's bath. She then began to dip the water up out

of the pails to pour it into the tub. Jimpy wanted to help, so he took the little wire sponge basket and began to dip too. But as fast as he dipped it up it ran away through the little holes. This annoyed Jimpy very much, and he began to pout.

"I can't do it!" he cried. "I can't do anything with it!"

How Nursie laughed when she saw what he was doing! "Of course the water will run out wherever there is a hole," she said. "Take the little pitcher, Jimpy; there are no holes in that."

When Jimpy came down to breakfast, all clean and sweet, there were the horses at the door, and the baskets and pails for the lunch were on the table, and everybody was flying about to get ready for an early start.

"Here is the little man we were waiting for," said Papa; and he whisked Jimpy up in his high chair. Then every one sat down and Jimpy folded his hands and asked a blessing on the breakfast, as he always did.

Oh! how happy Jimpy was when, a little later, they were rolling away in the carriage. He looked back to wave good-bye to Nursie, and to Betty, who stood in the doorway. The big white clouds were floating in the blue sky, and the wind made the grass and leaves dance merrily. The horses kept pricking up their ears and tossing their manes as if they were glad to be out, and Jimpy saw a bluebird and a robin and a bobolink. By and by other carriages came rolling along, and people called: "Good morning! And are you going to the fair too?"

So they all went on and on and on, until they saw the fair grounds, the gay tents and the people; and Jimpy was the first to see the dancing bear. Papa tied the horses under a tree and gave them some water, then Papa and Mamma and Jimpy walked about to see the sights. Jimpy walked between Papa and Mamma, holding tightly to their hands, for he was a wee bit afraid in the big crowd.

They visited the cows and the pigs and the chickens and the horses. They saw the big pumpkins and other fine vegetables, and lots of lace and fancy quilts, and everything one could think of that could be grown or made on a farm. Jimpy's mamma was bowing and smiling to every one she met, and so was Jimpy's papa; and Jimpy was so pleased with everything that he smiled too—so much that a big man, seeing him, laughed and said: "Who is this so smiling?" and picked Jimpy up and set him on a big round yellow pumpkin. Jimpy looked very funny up there, in his pinafore and big shade hat, and with his fat legs in white socks sticking straight out in front of him.

Such a beautiful place as they found for lunch under some big trees where they could hear the music! And what fun to spread a tablecloth on the grass, and put stones on the corners to keep it from blowing away.

While they were getting ready, up came Uncle John, Aunt Mary, and little Cousin Nellie. How glad they all were to see each other!

Nellie and Jimpy got some sticks

and played fishing out of the big pail; while Father and Uncle John made a little fire of sticks so as to have some hot tea, and Mother and Aunt Mary put the good things on the table on the grass.

"What are you going to catch?" said Jimpy to Nellie.

"I don't know," said Nellie.

"Well, I am going to catch a great big whale," said Jimpy, "and we can have it for dinner."

Mother looked at Jimpy and sang:

> "A pretty small pail
> For a very big whale!"

but Jimpy did not hear her, for he was now looking at the bright crackling fire over which Uncle John was hanging a pail of water.

"Be careful!" he said, as Jimpy came near, "you may get burned." But Jimpy was like many other little boys; he thought he knew best about some things; and by and by he picked up a little stick and held it over the fire. How pretty the fire was, as it crackled and blazed! It looked like a bright red eye on the end of the stick; and when Jimpy blew on it, it flamed up like a torch. It was such fun! But all of a sudden Jimpy dropped the stick and cried "Oh! Oh!" and ran to his mother, for he had burned his finger.

"Now, Jimpy!" said Uncle John, reproachfully, "you were told to let the fire alone."

Papa found some cool mud and put it on the burned finger. Soon Jimpy felt better and was so hungry they decided to have dinner at once.

While they were sitting on the grass chairs, eating off of the grass table, in the house whose walls were trees and whose roof was the sky, Jimpy saw a man coming toward them. The man had a basket slung about his neck, and it was full of little pies. Jimpy liked pies very much, and, jumping up, he ran to get one.

"Will you give me a pie?" he said.

"Certainly," replied the man, and handed Jimpy a nice brown pie.

"Thank you," said Jimpy, and started to run back; but the man said: "Where is your money, my little man?"

"Money?" said Jimpy. He was very much surprised. At home when he wanted anything to eat he just asked Nursie, or Mother, or Betty for it, and he always got something nice,—some bread and butter, or a cookie, or an apple.

Jimpy stared at the man very seriously, and held on to the pie. "What do you want money for?" he demanded.

The man smiled and said: "Why, little boy, it takes lots of work to make a pie; and would you not pay me for my trouble? Besides, where can I get any more flour and plums to make more pies if people do not pay me for these?"

"Oh," said Jimpy, "but I haven't any money." His lip quivered, and he looked sadly at the man as he put the pie back into the basket.

Jimpy walked slowly to his father and mother. When he reached them he pointed to the man and said: "There goes a man with some nice

pies; but you can't have any unless you pay him, for it takes a good deal of trouble to make a pie."

"That is so," said his father. "This man takes the money home for his wife and children, and with the money buys the things he needs. He cannot give them away."

"Ah!" said Jimpy; and he sat down.

"Would you like a pie, Jimpy?" asked his father.

"Yes," said Jimpy, "but you see I haven't a penny."

"Here is some money of mine," said his father, "and you can call the man and get a pie; and when you are a man you will earn money too, as I do, and then you can give money to your little boys when they want pies."

"Thank you, Papa," said Jimpy; and, running after the man, he soon returned in triumph with a pie.

Jimpy was very thoughtful while he ate his piece.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Nellie, who sat next to him.

"I am thinking about the pie," said Jimpy.

Mamma heard him and began to tell them both how the wheat grew and was ground into flour, about the plums being gathered, and about the baker and how he made the pie. It was the first time Jimpy had thought of all the people who were busy for him, and how his dear father worked too, that he might have these things. He grew quite excited, and went about touching the different articles on the table,—the lunch baskets, the forks, the glasses,—and he asked: "Where did this come from?" and "How was this made?" until his mother laughed and said: "Wait, Jimpy, I cannot tell you all this at once; but we will have a good time, you and I together, learning about all of these things. Each day we will learn something new, won't we, dear?"

As they were going over to the wagon, late in the afternoon, to go home, Jimpy saw something purple on a bush, and crying "Here are some purple plums!" he ran to pick one of them, but suddenly found out that it was a very prickly thistle.

"Everything that is purple is not a plum," said Uncle John, teasingly.

Jimpy looked longingly back over his shoulder at all the pretty and wonderful things they were leaving. He dallied behind his father and mother and stumbled along, hoping to catch one last glimpse of the dancing bear.

"Watch where you are going, Jimpy!" called his father.

But even as he was warned, Jimpy stumbled once too often, and fell forward on his face. He cried a little when his father picked him up, and then walked between his father and mother once more, so that he might not stumble again.

Jimpy was oh! so tired with all his running and playing, and all the new things he had seen; and when he was in the carriage and had said good-bye to Uncle John, Aunt Mary, and Nellie, he nestled up close to his mother and begged her to sing. For,

as he explained, when mother sang it made his legs better, and his back better, and everything got good again. So, as the carriage rolled merrily homeward, mother, who could remember everything, sang:—

Simple Simon went to fetch
Some water in a sieve.
But when the water all ran out
It made poor Simon grieve.

Simple Simon went a-fishing,
For to catch a whale;
But all the water he could find,
Was in his mother's pail.

This little Simple Simon
By telling ne'er could learn,
But had to hurt his fingers so,
To find that fire would burn.

Simple Simon met a pie-man
Going to the fair.
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man:
"Let me taste your ware."

Said the pie-man to Simple Simon:
"Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man:
"Indeed, I haven't any."

Simple Simon went to see
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

One day he went a-walking,
But never once looked out;
And so he quickly tumbled down
And hurt himself, no doubt.

Mother was laughing before she had finished, and father was laughing too, and Jimpy was sitting up and crying: "That's me, isn't it, mamma? You're singing a song about me!"

"Yes," replied his mother, "those are some of the things you did to-day."

"Ah!" said Jimpy, as he put his head on his mother's shoulder again and gave a sigh of wisdom and experience: "I guess I was a Simple Simon!"

A LITTLE GIRL WENT WALKING.

A LISTENING SONG.

By Bertha Klein Leavitt.

A little girl went walking,
One pleasant day in May;
She heard a lambkin bleating
In a field not far away.

She heard the old hen clucking
To call her feathered brood;
"Peep, peep!" the chickens answered
While running for their food.

She heard the farmer whistling
While plowing up the ground;
She heard the harsh caw-cawing
Of crows that flew around.
She heard the breezes whisper,
The crickets' piping shrill;
And yonder in the distance
She heard a whip-poor-will.

She heard the big frogs croaking,
The brooklet rippling clear;
She heard the cow's faint lowing,
For milking time was near.
She heard the good-night chirpings
Of many a sleepy bird;
And said: "I'll go tell mother!
So many things I've heard!"

THE BOSTON FLOATING HOSPITAL.

By Laura E. Poulsson.

At nine o'clock every week-day morning during the midsummer season, a little tug tows the "Floating Hospital" barge up to a North-End wharf, where for the previous half hour a company of passengers has been assembling. In this company are scores of mothers with sick babies in their arms and with older children hanging to their skirts or racing after each other on the wharf; for it is the kindly policy of the officers to allow the mothers to bring with them their well children under six years of age who cannot be left at home. A few fathers, too, are there, poor fellows! walking up and down the wharf, trying their tender and not always awkward best to care for the wailing bits of humanity in their charge. Nurses flit around, greeting, encouraging, and helping. Doctors (one of them a woman) arrive and pass about, looking at the babies and glancing occasionally at the ticket which accompanies each "case." Some of the venturesome "Under-sixes" get excited and race so wildly that they are roughly hauled back by their mothers to the group of chairs under the awning or to the long row of benches on the opposite side of

the wharf. There they are set down hard, with, often, a few hard words in the bargain, although the mothers are faithful and tender in the main. One day a little toddler of fourteen months struggled down from its half share of mother's lap, made a few uncertain steps, and then fell down on the grimy boards of the wharf, to the sad detriment of its clean white dress and fairly clean hands. The mother, leaning over, dragged the child to her by the arm, saying loudly: "There, you sloven! That's just like you! A sloven you are and a sloven you'll always be!" and she brushed the blackened dress with such vigorous whacks as made the poor child stagger. Just think! A confirmed sloven at the age of fourteen months!

When the loads of ice have been put aboard the barge and all is ready, the people are summoned and the embarking begins. At the gang plank, a physician examines each child to see that it has no contagious disease; the superintendent compares each child's ticket with his own records received from private physicians, hospitals, and dispensaries; an assistant examines bags and bundles, confiscates all food and takes charge of all nursing bottles; and then the coveted entrance is made.

The bringing of home food is strictly forbidden, and warning is given of this fact in good season. Nevertheless, such things as sausages, cold fat pork, green fruit, and beer are apt to be among the confiscated articles. The nursing bottles are thoroughly washed and are returned to the mothers at night, filled with such food as has been prescribed for the babies.

The assigning of the babies to the cots is the next step. The little ones are then undressed, refreshed with a bath, and laid to rest in gowns and outing cloth wrappers belonging to the hospital. These baby clothes are supplied chiefly by King's Daughters' circles, the young girls making also the soft, cotton-filled bed coverings of pink cheese cloth, which are so comfortable and pretty for the babies.

As soon as feasible, the physicians make their rounds. They examine the patients carefully, give orders for the day's medicine and diet, and furnish each mother with a printed card of directions regarding the food suitable for her child when at home.

Of course, the babies' first feeding time is soon at hand, these occurring at intervals of three hours, approximately. The food is carefully suited to each case and is scientifically prepared. In addition, the mothers are shown, later in the day, how to sterilize milk, and are also instructed as to the best methods of caring for their babies at home. At midday the mothers and well children are served on the lower deck with hot soup, bread, fancy biscuits, and coffee, tea, or milk. The doctors, nurses, and visitors, a few at a time, enjoy a simple luncheon in a tiny dining room on the upper deck.

The Boston Floating Hospital can now care for two hundred children. Its equipment has been provided by degrees, as needed. There is a

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

On the Boston Floating Hospital, holding "One of These Little Ones."

surgical ward, wards for the very sick and for lighter cases, and mattresses to be laid upon the upper deck when required. To save life, it was found in the early days of the undertaking that some babies must be kept on board for more than the daytime merely; so that a permanent ward was soon established. Now, fifty-two permanent patients can be accommodated. Expense of night service is thus added to that of the day; but, so far, what the hospital has needed it has obtained. It has bath rooms where salt water baths of any temperature can be given; facilities are provided for extinguishing fire and caring for the hospital company in case of danger from the sea; and, as the latest improvement, an atmospheric plant has been introduced. By means of this apparatus, the air in the permanent wards, where the most desperate cases are, can be so cooled and modified during the extremely muggy and wasting heat of August that much saving of life is effected.

When the project of installing this plant was brought forward, two lions stood in the way. The mechanical difficulties were great, and the expense formidable. The mechanical

difficulties could be overcome, however; and, as Dr. Breck says in his part of the last report, in regard to the expense, "we felt that if Lowney & Co. could spend $20,000 for a plant of similar character, in order to cool their chocolates, we were justified in spending a fraction of that amount in the effort to save life."

A trip down the harbor and an anchorage of several hours in some desirable spot is the general day's plan for the barge and tug. By having the motive power entirely outside of the boat, the unpleasant motion, noise, bad odor, and dirt, entailed by machinery, are avoided, and much room is saved for the use of the sick,—a most important consideration.

The entire expense of the Floating Hospital is met by voluntary gifts. The donor of a hundred dollars has the privilege of naming a bed or of naming a day's trip in honor of some special person. Private individuals quite frequently avail themselves of the latter privilege, and the memory of loved ones, young or old, here or gone before, is made sweetly fragrant in the community by this tribute. Sometimes people of a certain town, village, or club, combine in giving the hundred dollars, and name the day's trip accordingly. But the great bulk of what is needed comes from general contributions, large and small.

Founded by Rufus B. Tobey, a Boston minister who still bestows his devoted care, the Boston Floating Hospital was adopted in 1896 as a department of the Lend a Hand Society, of which the Rev. Edward Everett Hale is president. The benefits from this adoption are gratefully acknowledged by the Floating Hospital, and concerning the president himself the management says: "The encouraging words and practical assistance given by Dr. Hale at the outset have developed into continual parental care." We can all easily imagine how such a charity would appeal to Dr. Hale's tender heart and common sense. When he was on the barge one day a little photograph of him was taken, with one of the hospital babies in his arms. It is Dr. Hale to the life (may the reproduction turn out well!) and the calmly sleeping baby pictures one out of the many who here find sweet rest from pain.

"Can a single day's treatment do much good to these sick children?" asked a guest on one of the trips. "Select some child who looks particularly ill at starting," responded a doctor, "and note him again as we near the city on the home trip. You will thus answer your own question." "Not far away, in a tiny hammock," says the guest, "lay one of the most forlorn bits of babyhood I have ever seen,—torpid, haggard, pinched,—an inert mass, silent but for its feeble moans. When we were within fifteen minutes' sail from Boston at night, I again looked attentively at this baby. He was sitting up in his hammock, catching at a ball tossed between him and his mother. His eyes sparkled, and a faint rose color was in his cheeks, which actually seemed to have filled out since morning!"

A DISCIPLINARY DEVICE.

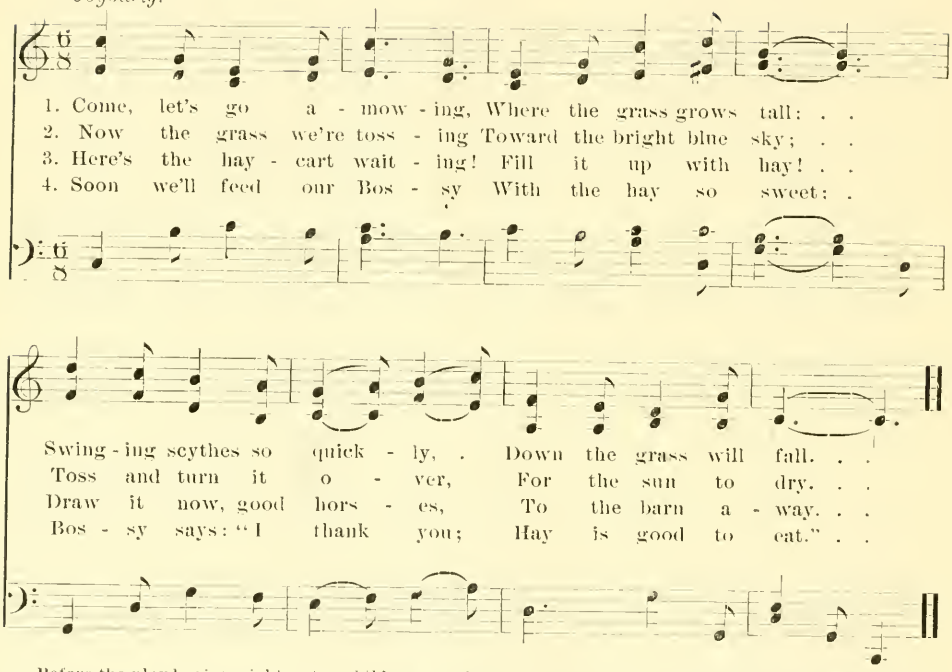
The most unruly boy in the playground becomes the director's strongest ally if his energies can be enlisted on the side of law and order. This picture of a playground group, taken soon after the first opening of the gates, shows just such a boy immediately after the turning of his stream of influence into its new channel. He had been the most obstreperous boy of the noisy, excited company; but when the photographer requested his services in quieting the crowd and getting it into some sort of military order, he jumped at the opportunity. "Thus deputized," says his photographer, "the bad boy became a despot, ordering the smaller urchins about sternly." See him as he stands at the left of the picture, with his arms spread out to secure an alignment of his troops. His most devoted myrmidons have perched themselves in a prominent place and are giving a military salute. Where chaos reigned, a fair degree of order now rules. In dealing with such a boy, the playground director will probably be content with this sort of aid in the beginning. To turn the burly "despot" into a wiser and more conscientious leader will be her summer's task and his blessing.

COURTESY OF THE NEWARK CALL.

THE HAYMAKERS.

FANNY L. JOHNSON. HELEN SIBLEY.

Joyously.



Before the play begins, eight or ten children are chosen from the ring. Two represent horses, one the driver, another a cow, and the rest the hay-cart. They go to one corner of the room, which is supposed to be the barn. While the first verse is being sung, the driver is busy getting his cart out of the barn and harnessing his horses. The cow remains in the barn. The children in the circle represent the fence around the hay-field, a wide gate being left open.

In the first verse, about six children go in and cut down the grass with their scythes. In the second, all the children toss and turn the hay, and rake it up into hayecocks. When the third verse begins, the hay-cart comes into the field through the gate, and all join in pitching the hay into the cart. When the cart is filled, the horses take it to the barn, two haymakers following to help unload. In the last verse, one of these haymakers feeds the cow with fresh hay, and Bossy lows her thanks.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE FRESH AIR FUND, Country Week, the public playgrounds, baths, and vacation schools are boons indeed to the boys and girls of our crowded districts during the hot summer; and some of these agencies are of striking benefit to the babies also. For the sake of the baby, mothers are sent on visits to the country; they are given tickets for electric car rides; and who has not noticed the invariable presence of the babe-in-arms and the carriage-baby in summer playgrounds everywhere?

The summer playground is the little mothers' paradise. Staggering around with their moist and burning burdens, they watch the other children play. They show you "my baby" with happy pride. Sometimes one little princeling of poverty will have two or three devoted attendants in his train; then the "little mother," by casting her experienced eye upon the baby between-times, can have spells of play herself. Oh! how she enjoys it!

All of the playground baby tenders are not girls, however. The "little father" often takes his share, too, with credit to himself and without taunting from his fellows. He will bound a ball tamely by the hour, hovering near the baby-carriage, picking up the baby's blocks and giving baby himself a cheerful reinstating when the latter has worked down to an uncomfortable horizontal on the lumpy pillow.

Yes, the baby is heir to quite a large proportion of the playground benefits. When the daily closing time came at one playground this summer, two almost equally long lines were drawn up, converging at the gate; one of the unincumbered children, and the other of children carrying babies, or propelling them in carriages. The maimed condition of several of the older children was pitiable; but the babies, whatever their fate might be later, were now lavishly loved. Almost none of these babies, although they came from a very low Irish neighborhood, was in a positively dirty condition; and most of them did credit to the love, pride, and wash-tub ability of their mothers.

When the gate of this playground opened, out went *first* the babes-in-arms; then followed the babes in carriages; and, last of all, the boys and girls who had been waiting their turn lined up against the fence.

THE KINDERGARTNERS who attended the Kindergarten and Child Study meetings of the National Educational Association at Detroit felt that the kindergarten section was not doing all it should do for the kindergarten cause, or being all it should be to the kindergartners themselves.

The creation of such a section in the National Educational Association was counted as a sign of notable advancement of the kindergarten in the favor of schoolmen. Have not we kindergartners been a little lax in our care for this department? Ought we not to feel more responsible with regard to sustaining it? The general feeling among those attending the Detroit meetings was decidedly affirmative on these points, and resolutions were passed that the attention of the International Kindergarten Union should be called to this matter. Various expedients were spoken of which might result in larger numbers and more enthusiasm in the kindergarten section, but to the collective wisdom of the International Kindergarten Union is entrusted the selection of the most efficacious means to the desired end. The hope and mainstay of the kindergarten is in its establishment in the public school system of the land as the necessary first link in the chain of school education. How shortsighted, then, is any neglect of the opportunity to work in connection with and as an individual department of the National Educational Association.

THE EXPERIMENT of having "joint sessions" of the Kindergarten and Child Study departments of the National Educational Association was tried this year in order that the kindergartners who wished to attend the child study meetings need not be obliged to miss their own, and also because the interests of the two departments are so closely allied.

In the absence of Professor Bailey, the president, and of other officers of the child study department, and also of Professor M. V. O'Shea, the chief speaker, the meeting suffered serious loss and seemed likely to be a disappointing one; but through the efforts of Miss Holmes, president of the kindergarten department, Dr. G. Stanley Hall was secured as presiding officer of the Wednesday session, and the result was (as it was bound to be under this fortunate arrangement) a well-attended and successful meeting.

Curiously enough, although the subject given out by Profesor Bailey for the two sessions was The Rhythm of Work and Play, only one of the papers can be said to have been strictly upon this theme. One dealt with rhythm, musical rhythm, purely; and the others were largely concerned with the distinction between work and play. Certainly, before the *rhythm* of work and play can be investigated, the distinction between the two must be known. This distinction not being as yet definitely declared, it is not surprising that much of the time should have been consumed in the effort to get at it and state it. For a clear reasoning out of this distinction, and practical deductions concerning the rhythm of work and play, we commend the extracts from Miss O'Grady's paper, given in our report.

Of the many beautiful kindergarten rooms which the traveling kindergartner is sure to see, few would delight the eye and satisfy all desire better than a certain free kindergarten in Detroit of which Miss Grace Fletcher is the fairy godmother. A slight word sketch of this room is given in our report of the National Educational Association, but the kindergarten is mentioned here for the sake of a wise suggestion from the fairy godmother aforesaid.

"Although we had accumulated a good many beautiful things since the establishment of the kindergarten," said Miss Fletcher, "we began with the room stripped of them last September; and pictures, casts, interesting natural objects, all these things have been added only as the children were ready for them. Now, therefore, they know everything in the room. By means of this careful individual introduction, each thing has had a chance to make its impression upon the children, and their environment is full of meaning and associations to them."

At the beginning of the year, the room is new enough and interesting enough to the little people with just its ordinary furnishings and all the new doings; and the kindergartner will carefully introduce each plant, picture, etc., before putting it in its appointed place.

Difficulty is experienced in keeping a kindergarten from having too many things in it, and Miss Fletcher's plan is certainly in the interest of a more beautiful, because less crowded, environment, and of an environment far better calculated to influence the child than one in which there are too many unknown and unappreciated elements at first.

Child Life is an English quarterly, which, in its new series (beginning Jan. 1, 1899), became the organ of the Froebel Society of Great

Britain and Ireland. It is a periodical which not only does honor to the kindergarten cause in the field represented, but one which would be of value to American kindergartners on account of the broad outlook which it would give them over the best kindergarten thought and activity in the mother country. This value to the American kindergartner has been especially impressed upon us by the admirable contents of the last two numbers (April and July, 1901), which have presented with most satisfying completeness the stirring transactions of the great conference held in London last January. Mr. Graham Wallas, of the London School Board, who has long been expressing adverse criticisms of Froebelian philosophy and kindergarten procedure, had consented to appear before the Froebel Society at this conference, and make a categorical statement of his views. The leaders of the kindergarten movement felt him to be no mean foe, and expressed themselves as grateful to him for giving them the opportunity of knowing clearly where the kindergarten was assailed by him, and of presenting, in return, their defense at those points.

The "Criticism of Froebelian Pedagogy" brought forth valiant defenders, and all the papers are of more than local interest. As a collection they represent in an exceptional way the power of some of the ablest leaders of the kindergarten cause in Great Britain, and American kindergartners ought to avail themselves of the means which *Child Life* offers of gaining a better acquaintance with these leaders.

In the group of papers on games, presented at this conference, the distinction between work and play was sought after, just as it was diligently sought after at our recent meeting in connection with the National Educational Association. The subject of Ideal Kindergarten Normal Training was also treated at the English Conference, as it has been at our own International Kindergarten Union. The whole conference was finely planned. In the case of Mr. Wallas and those responding to him there was no haphazard, unpremeditated, waste discussion. The respondents knew in good season the arguments which they were to combat, and Mr. Wallas had seen and had time to digest the written responses, so that when he was called upon to close the discussion he was not put to any preventable disadvantage.

Besides the excellent general articles which *Child Life* furnishes, each number contains child stories, music, a program for three months, book reviews, and items of progress and news. It may be obtained through booksellers from George

Philip and Son, 32 Fleet street, London, E. C. Thus, for one dollar and sixteen cents, annually, an American kindergartner can enlarge her horizon and prepare herself to judge understandingly of English kindergarten work when she takes that trip abroad, which is becoming more and more the happy lot of American teachers.

IN MEMORIAM.

WE record with deep sorrow this month the death of two of our pioneer kindergartners, and also of the founder of *Kindergarten News* (now KINDERGARTEN REVIEW).

MISS MARY J. GARLAND, beloved teacher and inspiring guide to hundreds of little children, and to the teachers of hundreds more, died suddenly, but during peaceful sleep, at the sanitarium of Dr. Patch, Framingham, Mass., July 28, 1901. She died on a Sunday morning as the church bells were ringing; and she was born on a Sunday morning,—March 16, 1834. An illness of the late spring did much to shatter her already frail health, and although she sought rest and recovery at a favorite place in the country, where relatives and friends were at hand to minister to her, she steadily failed. The end was not thought near, however, until the very last, and she had only been at the sanitarium one night when it came. Even her intimate friends felt a shock of surprise, as well as sorrow, when they received the announcement of her death.

Miss Garland was born at Machias, Me., but her parents moved to Calais, of the same state, when she was only a year and a half old, and it was there that she was brought up. Her education was obtained in private schools mostly. After going for some time to the academy at Calais, she attended another at Gorham, Me., and then established a private school in her home town. Later, having taught in an academy at Holton, Me., she went to Montreal, where she first held a position under the principalship of Miss Lyman (afterward lady-principal of Vassar College); and then, for five or six years, another position in a French and English school of which Mrs. Simpson, a lady whom Miss Garland always held in great honor, was principal. From Montreal Miss Garland went to Vassar College, where she spent a year as president's secretary, going next, in 1871, to Boston, where the rest of her life was spent. Through the acquaintance made here with Mrs. Mann and Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Miss Garland's interest in the kindergarten was aroused. She began at once to study with Mme.

Kriege, a German lady of fine, strong character, who had studied with the Baroness von Marenholz Bülow in Berlin. A short sketch of Mme. Kriege, to be read with special interest now, was given by Miss Garland in KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, June, 1899.

The kindergarten and school carried on by Miss Garland and Miss Weston for twenty years was one of the early strongholds of the new education. Their training class has always represented the highest ideals, both in regard to the students received and the quality of the teaching given. The influence which emanated from these two noble, faithful women cannot be estimated, and it has gone forth not only into the kindergarten through the kindergartners trained by them, but into business, society, and home, through the noble men and women in whom high ideals were nurtured by them in childhood.

After the death of Miss Weston, six years ago, Mrs. Margaret J. Stannard became associate principal with Miss Garland, her varied capability and sympathy in aim making her a strong reliance in the work.

One of the published tributes to Miss Garland's memory speaks of the great courage and mighty will housed in her always fragile frame, and of the strong sense of justice which, although tempered with mercy, could nevertheless be depended upon when occasion demanded. Few could match her in brilliant yet delicate wit, and great have been the jollities connected with her hospitality. Her loving friendships were very many, as was testified to by the number of close friends who, in spite of the suddenness of the summons and of the distances to be covered, were present at the funeral services. These were held at the Forest Hills crematory, and were conducted by the Rev. James De Normandie. The music was furnished by students and graduates of Miss Garland's training classes. Notwithstanding the inevitable sense of bereavement felt by all, the occasion was entirely free from funereal pomp and gloom. It was bright with sunshine and flowers, and pervaded by a spirit of faith and hope.

A TRIBUTE FROM MME. KRAUS.

HOTEL SAN REMO, NEW YORK,
JULY 30th, 1901.

My Dear Miss Poulsson:—

Dear Friend in the Cause of Childhood:—Just now I am in receipt of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, July 29th, containing the announcement of our beloved Mary Garland's death. I feel deeply grieved at her loss; and I do not know whom to address in particular, if not you, her friend and former pupil. I also feel that my expression of sympathy should go to the Boston kindergartners,—nay, to the kindergartners of the United States, for we all have lost a friend in her, a co-worker; and, besides, she was one of the early pioneers of this great kindergarten movement, now so well established in our country. In my own words I express perhaps the feelings of other friends, namely: that I always held Miss Garland in highest esteem because of her sterling qualities, as also of her true, staunch spirit and lovable character.

She began her mission the same year (1872) when I entered upon my work in America. Miss Garland not only was finely adapted for her important sphere of work, but she used her heaven-endowed gifts so truly in a noble spirit, wielding a broad influence. We may mourn her as dead in the body, but in the spirit she surely liveth,—and will continue to live and bless.

I wish I might have been able to do her honor to-morrow at the services held at 3 P. M. My thoughts and my prayers will be with the assembled friends, and with the loved departed.

Sincerely,

MARIA KRAUS-BOELTE.

MRS. LOUISE POLLOCK, well known as one of the pioneers of the kindergarten in America, died July 24, at Stony Man Camp, Va. Mrs. Pollock, who was born in Prussia, came to America about forty years ago. She was a graduate of the Froebel Institute, Berlin. Shortly after arriving in America she established kindergartens in Newton and Weston, Mass. Going to Washington, D. C., in 1876, she established kindergartens there, and also a normal school for kindergarten teachers, which she, in conjunction with her daughter, Susan P. Pollock, has conducted since that time. Mrs. Pollock was the author of many works on kindergarten teaching, and also author and translator of song books used in many of the public schools. In conjunction with Supt. Powell, she advocated for many years the introduction of kindergartens in the District public schools until, finally, their introduction was accomplished.

LOUIS H. ALLEN, founder and for two years editor and publisher of *Kindergarten News*, died at his home in New York city, July 23. Mr. Allen and his wife, during their residence in Buffalo, were very active in the establishment of free kindergartens, which have now become part of the public school system. The *Kindergarten News* was first started for the purpose of recording the work and progress of the Buffalo Free Kindergarten Association. It afterwards undertook general departments, and little by little broadened into a kindergarten magazine for general circulation. After two years of earnest effort, Mr. Allen found that it was impracticable for him to give the magazine the necessary time and attention required, and it was sold to Milton Bradley Company.

Mr. Allen always kept his interest in the kindergarten movement, and did much to aid in its growth.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, DETROIT, MICH., JULY 8 TO 12, 1901.

Detroit, the Convention City, welcomed the N. E. A. with the courtesy and hospitality always extended to the Association at its annual convention, and for nearly a week the city was thronged with visitors. It is claimed that ten thousand people were in attendance, this estimate not including teachers from the immediate vicinity.

The local committee had high school and upper grade boys at the different stations to meet the incoming trains and give visitors all the information they required. These boys were conspicuous in their white caps with black bands, and they were invaluable to strangers who did not know the city. They would answer courteously all questions, pilot strangers to the information bureau, get them registered, take them to the boarding house they were allotted to, and give them all kinds of information.

The general sessions were largely attended, and the topics for discussion were of unusual interest. The Association made a broad declaration of principles this year, and expressed its belief that the sphere of public education should be enlarged when it adopted resolutions which, among other things, said:

"Our system of education will not be wholly free until every grade of school, from the kindergarten to and including the university, shall be open to every boy and girl of our country."

The exhibits of educational material are gaining each year in importance, and those held at the Central High School building this year were said to be the most extensive and most expensive ever shown at an N. E. A. Convention. All of the delegates pronounced the convention a decided success, and have nothing but praise for the manner in which Detroit conducted itself throughout. The situation of the city, with its river and lakes, makes it an ideal convention city, and the many side trips by boat and trolley were well patronized, one department even holding a session on board a steamer. Belle Isle, Bois Blanc, "The Flats," Put-in Bay, and Mackinac Island, will always suggest pleasant memories to many who attended the N. E. A. in 1901.

KINDERGARTEN AND CHILD STUDY DEPARTMENTS.

General topic for both sessions: Rhythm of Work and Play.

A new departure this year was the combining of the Kindergarten and Child Study departments, and joint sessions were held in the Woodward Avenue Baptist Church.

The headquarters were prettily decorated and otherwise prepared for visitors. The spacious parlors and Sunday school rooms, in the rear of the auditorium of the church, were abundantly decked with daisies, palms, and cut flowers, which were supplied daily. Electric fans kept the temperature down and the air fresh. Lemonade was served for all who came. The young ladies who were in charge of the headquarters worked hard and long to make them attractive and comfortable, and they certainly succeeded.

Wednesday's Session.

In the absence of President Bailey, of the Child Study Department, the opening session was presided over by Professor G. Stanley Hall. After the appointment of committees on resolutions and nominations for both departments, the first address of the afternoon was given by Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, superintendent of Chicago Froebel Association, on Work and Play for the Kindergarten Child. We give this address in a slightly curtailed form.

WORK AND PLAY IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Alice H. Putnam.

It has been said that "that which is the truest sign of a thing is also its chief ornament and blessedness." So we may rightly open up the topic for this afternoon with a few words on the general activity of little children, for surely that is one of the fascinating phases of childhood, and it is one of the essentials for the well-being of the child himself.

The interests of a child are continually changing, and consequently the forms in which these interests manifest themselves, in play or work, are contingent upon each other, and it is not so much the one deed that enables us to determine the form, as what the child continues to do, for that gives the action its essential characteristic. This brings us at once to the first suggestion of Dr. Bailey's *questionnaire,* and we feel that there *is* a rhythm, a recurrence of certain stimuli in the secret domain of a child's life, which results in the repetition of its effects with more or less regularity. These recurrences follow each other very rapidly, and the alternations from work to play and play to work, are often so sudden that one needs to observe closely to determine which is the dominating impulse. A few weeks ago I had the care of a three-year-old boy who was playing horse with a rocking chair. It was not easy for him to adjust the trunk strap which he was using for traces, for it was too long and heavy. All at once the child dropped the "make believe," and said, "Wait a minute, I'll get a hammer and a sharp nail and make some other holes." This he did, and after a few moments of earnest conscious effort at leather work, he at once went back to the play, and said, "Now, Miss Ginger" (the horse's name), "you're hitched up; now let's see you go," taking up the play just exactly where he had left off. This interruption of work by play, or play by work, is very noticeable in the kindergarten, and with little children everywhere.

It often seems that the child's activity is like a crystal with many facets which reflect the light differently, according to one's point of view. Now it is a purely individual thing, very transitory; then again, when one comes to take into account the stages of growth,—when we get, as it were, a perspective of what the child *has done,* as well as what he is now doing,—we can feel that there is more or less of a rhythmical beat in it all.

Any scheme of education which recognizes the *life* of children, must in some way be able to meet the *law* of that life. Psychology is teaching us that there is a physical basis for this ebb and flow of interests. There are certain physical wants first that must be met. These, in the beginning, are iron necessities, and are not to be overlooked. I do not mean only the desire and need for food, shelter, clothing, but also the equally important nourishment and protection and scope for the child's feeling and thought. There must be food for the sense perceptions that can be easily assimilated; shelter and protection for right instincts and impulses, that out of them can come a self-determining rational power; there must be garments woven out of the truths of nature and life and spirit; and yet, in the beginning, the child has to clothe himself with the appearances of things.

But all these conditions for activity the parent and teacher must consider. And we need a warning just here. The child plays *his* part in many and varying "tempos." There are often discords, when the parent or teacher fails to recognize the child's part, or if he does estimate the worth of the child's part, it is too much from an adult standpoint. On the other hand, a little child is constantly coming upon what he might call, were he able to name them, contradictions or oppositions. How shall he interpret them? —for whether they are understood or not, he must *act.* And the difficult thing for *us* is the fact that the action itself cannot always be relied on as a clew to the inner motive, and we write the child down as dull or lazy, because he has not responded to what we *supposed* was the motive force. This makes for a necessity of great scope in planning for the work and play of our children; and while one would not want to call a child's attention to the rocks over which he must climb, yet difficulties are there, and children know it. I think it was this that led Froebel to try to help the child solve these riddles with a few things which always behave the same way—for if in simple and concrete ways the child could solve some of his problems, when the more abstract propositions of life loomed up, he would be more ready to feel that these too could be mastered,

In his questions, Dr. Bailey next takes up the effect of work and play on the child as an individual.

I find it hard to separate to my own satisfaction the social and individual results of these two factors on the life of the children.

There are so many threads binding man to man that it is not easy to see the warp and woof of the fabric, especially in this very early stage of growth. Just as a healthy body is built up out of the harmonious work of all the organs, so I think there comes into the kindergarten and the home with every bit of good individual work a translation of it into an "*esprit du corps*," which touches all in the little community. So, also, the benefits of the social game, the play of the kindergarten, affect the individual. Without this action and reaction on the one and the many, the spirit of the kindergarten is lost. * * * *

In regard to the self-compelling "must," or "have to," which Dr. Bailey refers to as being in evidence in play as well as in work, it seems to be true that children feel the need of it there, within certain limits. The game has its laws, and the children, individually and collectively, yield to them, but no farther than, to their minds, the situation requires; and woe betide the playmate who undertakes to construe the law too arbitrarily or in too lax a fashion from that prescribed by custom and tradition. Without certain restrictions, the form and spirit of the play, like that of the kindergarten, would be lost. An interesting experience which illustrates this came to me some time ago. A group of boys were playing with one of the large toy patrol wagons, and one of them suggested that they should play that they were a "fire company." They made a "run" or two with the wagon as it was; but very soon, almost at once, they felt that the "machine" was not telling the story they wanted it to tell. It had to be wholly reconstructed. A boiler was added; a part of an old gas stove was made to serve for the furnace; the whole thing was repainted; officers were chosen and uniforms made. The whole scheme originated in what I think Dr. Bailey would call the adaptive "must." It was work —for these definite purposes and results were consciously attained. The boys went day after day to the engine of the nearest fire company to study its details of construction. It was play, in the sense that they had of *freedom* in the carrying out of their designs, and in that it was all a "make believe"; and the boys knew this, just as the kindergarten child knows that the ball is not a bird, nor the doll a baby; but inasmuch as the ball and doll serve as an ultimate form for their ideas of the bird or baby, they *are* such for the time being.

When the "must" comes from within, one finds it easier to bow before it; and if, with an obedience, one feels a growth, if one can see satisfactory results, any amount of courage and hope is conserved. And children feel this.

In the kindergarten there are two conditions to be met. The material for work and play should not only be such that the child can express his own images, but if the medium is worth anything, either from an artistic or a scientific standpoint, it, too, is subject to law; and the sooner a child *obeys* the suggestions of the material the sooner he will *know* the law back of it, and this is a means to a larger *use* and greater freedom. When one sees how readily a child conforms to what he himself feels to be reasonable, it seems inconsistent and inartistic for us to fail to find, as Froebel says, "ways and means thereto."

If *work* products do make for a greater sense of individual force, and probably they do, it seems to me that a child should have the right to accumulate for a time, those things which stand to him as an embodiment of that to which he can refer—as one would to a working capital. It is a good thing to have his experiences in such form that he can get at them. To illustrate what I mean, I would refer to a custom of the past in some kindergartens of putting the children's work—sewing, weaving, etc.—into scrapbooks, preserving in its placing a certain logical and successive arrangement. This has been discarded by many; first, because it was feared that the child placed undue value on the result rather than on the effort, and that we were forcing him to see logical arrangements; secondly, because the work itself changed in character and became bulkier, and could not be so placed; and thirdly, because it was thought that a certain spirit of unselfishness could be fostered, if the child knew from the outset that the work was *not for self*.

I am beginning to wonder if the plan had not something to recommend it. The first objection surely was not quite just.

We all need rewards, more or less, to hold us to our true work. To the child these must be in the beginning more or less external—that is, the work itself must, in his eyes, be a thing of value or beauty. These rhythms in arrangement (if I may use the word in that way) recall the effort he made in producing them more or less vividly. The second objection has little weight, for in the construction work there could be a plan of arrangement that would teach lessons of order and development just as well, and perhaps go more directly to primitive industrial experiences. Nor do I think the third criticism valid. For in trying to hasten the development of an altruistic spirit we are apt to miss its truth and vital strength—it is strained, as through premature use the nerve or muscle can be strained. The child may or may not be interested in reviewing the order of his work. I am not at all sure that the logic of it always has a claim on him; but I am not willing that you should say that he does not feel something of it. If we believe in rhythms, there is no reason for shutting them off anywhere that they might naturally appear; and I know from the interest children took in reviewing what they had done, that in spite of the fact that their work products are diffusive, and often quite superficial, there are germs of those qualities which are also intensive and permanent and which need to be nourished. The soil in which they are to grow has to hold in itself, in a homogeneous form, the constituent elements which later the child may be able to analyze and classify; but they *must be present*.

Many of the criticisms of the kindergarten have had a reasonable foundation in the isolations which have come into it through too much analysis and too much classification in its means of growth. Its directed work has been separated from its free work and play; its freedom from its obedience; the laws of impression have been considered without a well-defined and full realization of the need for fuller expression. The kindergartner and the critic have both wearied themselves in trying to reconcile isolations, when, if there had been a fuller grasp of the *whole* idea, less exploiting of fragmentary matters, fewer claims as to what the kindergarten might, could, would, or should do, if we had simply seen to it that the conditions for the work and play of these children were the best that we could make, it would not have taken so long for the kindergarten to become an integral part and parcel of the accepted plan for elementary education. Froebel says that "even the eternal ideal is following, passive, in its requirements concerning the form of being." Kindergartners have not behaved as if they believed that; and the sooner they school themselves to take a more scientific attitude, suspending judgment until larger educational truths are verified, the better for us all. On the other hand, where these *have* been demonstrated, we have a right to act, we must act in obedience to them. Yet methods in dealing with little children—indeed, it is true of all applied methods—so easily become "prescriptive" and "categorical" and "interfering"! Or, when we would avoid this, it is so easy to fancy that we have given the child freedom when in reality he has nothing but license!

Unquestionably the sense of real freedom which a kindergarten child feels does make for individuality; but unless this is balanced by what I understand by Dr. Bailey's adaptive "must," in both play and work, the child's social consciousness cannot increase, and consequently he will be only half developed. * * *

I think in what he calls adaptive and necessary play, Dr. Bailey means that which gives children something of an insight into the laws which govern the object and the playmate. This seems to be both necessary and cultural. The child fancies that he acts purely from his own initiative, when the truth is that the environment and the situation has made just this course of action, and no other, a necessity. The activity changes its form, and is carried on quite on other lines than that in which it began; but he is led by these very conditions to do the best that he can under the limitations imposed by circumstance and material. * *

The stage of growth and the character of the child will determine whether he needs most the limitations of the idea of work, or more of the freedom that comes in play. Nor dare we lose sight of the fact that the child is to be considered as a prime factor in his own education, and that each truth or experience, as it comes to him, bears within itself that which appeals to his dual nature,—his mind and his heart, his understanding and his will.

No method which divorces this unity will ever succeed. If we have committed this fatal error, atonement can only be made by a thorough study of the child's affections, of his will, his desires, as well as of his rationality.

This is the great problem now before our psychologists. When we have learned this, then we shall know the true relation of Work and Play to Life.

The general subject of Work and Play was next carried into the grade schools in a paper by Miss Charlotte H. Powe, supervisor of primary grades, Columbia, S. C.

WORK AND PLAY IN THE PRIMARY AND GRAMMAR GRADES.

By Charlotte H. Powe.

I watched a young mocking-bird on its first descent from the nest. It repeatedly stretched its wings and fanned the air, then hopped briskly for some yards. This it continued for some time until, wearied with the exertion, it sought the low branches of a shrub, where it sat resting and being fed by the mother-bird. A dog after a long hunt spends the rest of the day in sleeping off his fatigue. After reading steadily for some time the boy throws down his book and has a romp with his brother or a run with his dog. The young business man leaves his office after a hard day's work and seeks recreation in a social evening with friends. Through all nature runs the rhythmic arsis and thesis of rest and recuperation, work and play—each setting off the other, each necessary to the other. Even the plants leave, blossom, and make fruit, then lie dormant until the season for fruit making recurs. This rhythmic balance is natural to physical and mental life, and if the play in either is thwarted or unduly emphasized the harmony will be destroyed, and the result will be physical or mental weakness, perhaps deformity.

The child-trainer then must yield to this natural law and take it into account in the development of her pupils. But how? By a careful study of each child to determine (1) the kinds of work and play necessary to his growth, (2) the amount of work and play to which he has been accustomed, (3) when and where to make him work, make him play, allow work and allow play. Each individual must be treated according to his needs. The farmer's lad of nine, whose life has been one of labor, and whose almost only companions have been his hard-worked parents, who makes mature comments on the animals in Æsop's Fables, but in whose mind Mother Goose awakes no glimmer of response, needs much tactful coercion in the matter of play. Quite different the treatment of the street urchin in the same class, who has played games of all kinds and whose mind revolts from the drudgery of learning to read. These, however, are extremes. The average very young child makes no conscious effort for growth. Most of his physical and mental expansion is through the medium of spontaneous play. In the kindergarten this natural spontaneous play spirit is made use of in the training of the child. On entering the primary school he must learn to work with a conscious effort after thought-getting. Frequent periods of recuperation are necessary and it is often possible to introduce the play element into his work, as the work element was brought into his play while in the kindergarten. Above the primary grades, where the work requires more application and time, the play is represented by such employment as gives æsthetic pleasure as well as by the recess period of physical relaxation.

As a child advances in years he becomes taller, and by reason of constant employment attains to quite a "lump of muscle." He stores up for himself knowledge which he can call his own—which he can use as he pleases. There are words, dates, facts—his to keep. All this is the result of his work, but not the only result. The very use of the muscles makes them more powerful and capable of doing harder things after each effort. Every effort, also, of the mind makes it more powerful and capable of more difficult performances. This power is one of the chief results of work. No one, however hard he work, can develop muscle or faculty power for another. Each must do his own work. Work then makes for the cultivation of the individual life. Play is the balance. In it we want companions. We learn to know others, to see their weaknesses, appreciate their suffering, admire their strength, and emulate their example. We enjoy intercourse with them and in turn strive to make ourselves agreeable to them. The

individual is merged into the social being, and we have gained in sympathy and social adaptiveness.

Some work is a necessity. The physical man needs sustenance, and food must be obtained or the body will die. The intellect, as well, weakens if it does not have its proper food and exercise. He who lives must work; he who grows physically and intellectually must work. In the same way there is a strenuous "must" phase of play. After work, recuperation is a necessity, or body and mind are soon incapable of further work. So this phase of play—eating, resting, sleeping—is just as essential as food-getting; and a neglect of either would result in deterioration and, ultimately, in the extinction of the individual, and so of the race.

But all of life is not made up of the strenuous "must." When the problem of the means of existence has been solved, the mind and body have acquired a habit of work and play, so that the exercise of each is a pleasure, a gratifying, purifying, and enlarging of individual tastes and inclinations. One's work, for instance, may be along the lines of scientific research, and play the gratification of the æsthetic nature. In this state, instead of working and playing to preserve life from extinction, the individual lives for the satisfying pleasure given by his work and play. He stands out among his fellows as unique. He works to make the work of others as easy as may be, and in his play he becomes able to express for himself and others what the lack of skill and cultivation makes it impossible for those others to express. The necessary work and play then tend to the preservation of life, and the expressive work and play make for individuality and talent.

The very young child is little more than an animal, and his actions are instinctive merely. Little by little his mind awakens with the growth of his body, and he gradually learns to know, recognize, and judge of his environments. Most of his knowledge, as before stated, is gained through the play instinct, and through this medium he can best be trained. Instinct has already taught him the necessity of nourishment, and in his games he gains the necessary exercise. He is at first a law unto himself, self-centered, not recognizing the rights of others. Through games his social nature must be developed. The organized game of the kindergarten teaches him to recognize the rights of others, teaches him sympathy with them, and for the dumb animals, and the necessity of law and order. When he has learned these things, his games are a pure delight. He plays because he can do it well, because he loves it and his companions, and the first required play has become the more æsthetic expressive play. Now is the time to develop his individual mind —to teach him to work. Along with and through this spontaneous play he may be taught to reason and to make research for himself; to discern and admire in others high characteristics, and to wish to emulate them. At this stage the thoughtful teacher will at first divide her attention equally between the play and work, and hereafter gradually emphasize the work until the child's developed mind recognizes that he must work or he will sink into the desuetude abhorrent to awakened thought. The strenuous work, the expressive work, and the strenuous and the expressive play continue as elements in man's life until the day of his death; but the logical order of their emphasis in the development of the child seems to be in this wise:—Essential play, expressive play, expressive work, essential work.

It is not only necessary for the child-trainer to recognize the existence of these elements, and the order in which they must receive the predominance of attention, but he must also recognize that they are ever present, and that the neglect of one may retard the proper growth of mind and body. For instance, at the time when a habit of work is being formed it is indispensable that exercise, nourishment, and rest should be taken at regular times of necessary lengths. If this is neglected the body becomes sickly and the mind is worn out from over work. Conversely, if, during the age when the observance of exercise, rest, games, etc., is most necessary, some individual mental work is not required, the result will be a sickly mind and an over developed animalism. So it is seen that a proper distribution of work and play is indispensable to the best hygienic development of mind and body.

Such are the problems with which every teacher is met. Some children have had a certain kind of training,

others another. Each one calls for a different sort of management and must be assigned a course of study which will strengthen his weaknesses and tend to his natural growth. Here is a child spontaneous, simple, sincere, it may be, but whose animal spirits are as yet ungoverned; he needs much help in solving problems which require consecutive reasoning, and he lacks the ability to use what knowledge he has. Such a child has evidently learned much of the "law of the jungle" in his play, has had his social side well developed. He needs predominantly to form habits, to be taught to work. He wants the reasoning power which a knowledge of number gives; the proper use of words in language; the study, in stories, of incidents and lives as a unit, showing cause and effect; a study of nature and the results of breaking her laws. The work given this child must be the primary studies in number, reading, language, relations of things in size, direction and distance, deeds of great men, many maxims and memory gems. Much of the work of this department, especially of the first year, is expressive work nearly akin to play; and the little conscious work demands recreation in singing, physical culture, and class recitations, as well as the care-free play period. There are other children evincing the same traits in varying degrees of strength. These belong to the same department. Their knowledge and faculty power in relation to the amount of recuperation needed must determine the extent to which these primary studies may be taught—in other words, determine the grade. These years of primary work are essentially habit-forming years.

Another boy presents himself who has attained to good habits of study and other things to be learned in what we have termed the primary grades. But he can reason only in the simple relations of numbers: a study of arithmetic will help this. He needs to know the problems of life and character; so we give him a knowledge of typical people in history and literature. He wants a working knowledge of his own language—grammar. He must study more closely cause and effect—the influence of the environments and racial peculiarities of men—which a knowledge of geography will supply. This is the age in which habit becomes conscious duty, and work begins to take on the aspect of the necessary. The play feature is by no means excluded in this gradation. The artistic in music, literature, drawing, etc., is becoming a delight to the student. In organized games—baseball, basket ball, class drills, etc.—he finds vent for his natural animal spirits and learns how to organize, to lead, to live in both unison and friendly competition with his fellows.

The grading, therefore, of a pupil will depend on the work which he has done and is able to do in relation to the amount of play necessary. In the first year of the primary school, work should hold sway about equally with play. During each succeeding year work should become a more conscious effort with a gradually growing distinctness of separation from the play, until in the grammar grades the strenuous work finds its true and dominant place.

Upon the work and play instincts depend not only the course of study and gradation of the pupil, but the success or otherwise of the methods of a teacher. In the primary grades, for instance, language and reading may be taught in social conversational style. This is one reason why I prefer the sentence and word methods in teaching reading to the old alphabetic method, which necessitates too much of the unimaginative "must" work, inadvisable, in my opinion, at this stage. In number lessons the objective method puts objects, by which the children are to learn relations of numbers, into their hands almost as if they were toys, and the practical application of the use of numbers is made in examples which cultivate the imagination as well as the reasoning powers. The work and play aspect gives also an argument for the predominance of concrete number work during the first two years.

In the grammar grades the mind recognizes work as work, and the teacher of modern methods leads her pupils to make their own rules in arithmetic. In history they must not only memorize facts, but be made to see the relation of an event to preceding ones, to read the signs of present times, and to prophesy of the future. In literature they are led by the teacher to make character-analysis and criticism and (and in this is the expressive play evinced) to take pleasure in finding ethical beauty and following moral purpose.

An original teacher is one who appreciates the proper relations of work and play and is quick in adapting herself to them. Many are her devices, all born of this appreciation. Here is such a teacher of primary work. Her class has just completed a short brisk lesson in number and are mentally tired. In another moment nature will assert itself in a wriggle, mayhap a fist-i-cuff. Before this can happen she makes use of the instinct of recuperation and calls for a song or some physical exercise. The next lesson is one in phonics. She writes a letter on the board—say "f"—and catches the attention of the class by likening the sound it represents to that of an engine letting off steam. In delight they make the sound and are easily taught the position of the vocal organs. After a recess period her children come into the room with excited animal spirits running high. They are soon quieted by the telling of a story which must be reproduced. So every instinct is directed into proper channels, every irregularity forethought for and provided against, and the result is a well disciplined class. The same principle holds true in the management of the older children. Play and work indulged in along the lines of law and order, each in its proper place, time, and duration, result in good discipline.

Again, in many cases, if a child inclined to be unruly finds that his teacher can play well, he is often willing to submit to her authority in the matter of work. There came once into one of my classes a girl who was restless, meddlesome, inclined to think me a natural enemy. I invited her to a spin on our wheels, we exchanged duplicate foreign stamps, and played tennis together. Gradually she felt my interest in her and respected it. I now think of her as one of the best pupils I ever had. A high-toned young Harvard graduate accepted a position as teacher in a school in which I taught. He was well made, but small, and some of the larger boys who had won the epithet of "bad fellows" were inclined to regard him with contempt. Soon he had organized his class into a baseball club, and was training them to play according to the methods of the Harvard diamonds. Before the end of the year the "tone" of his class was unimpeachable and his pupils were as good workers (and players, too) as any in the school.

Thus I contend that the proper relation of "work and play," in determining course of study, gradation, method, device and discipline is an all important question; a question the correct solution of which will make for the highest development of manhood in our pupils.

Before the discussion of the papers was thrown open, Dr. Hall spoke as folows:

ADDRESS OF DR. HALL.

There has been a vast amount of discussion within the last few years as to what play really is and means. Just at present most of us in the psychological field are rather dominated by the theory of a German writer, named Groos, who has written two books, one on play and work in animals, and one on play and work in men, which are based upon the theory that all kinds of play are anticipatory of the industry of later years; that the kittens play catching mice, that children preferably play certain occupations, and that all the activities which can be called play are really getting up the drill and nervous discipline that is necessary to perform the chief functions that make for the life of the animal or man. That was a very important contribution, and there is a great deal that sustains it; but I think the view is very generally gaining ground that it is inadequate as a basis for educational work. Play is much more than this. A great deal of play might be defined as just exactly what this is not. It is doing things that never will be of any kind of practical use in the world. Play for the body is something like the imagination for the mind. No one would attempt to say that using the fancy in all its multifarious forms is getting ready to think severely. So I think it is a partial view that play is simply fore-activities that later will become work. Play is really universalizing. Froebel understood that. The child does everything by play, and the real object of a good deal of play is not anticipatory of work. We have a long list of plays which we cannot explain in any other wise than as the necessary activity of rudimentary organs of the mind and body. What are the rudimentary organs, so called? They are organs both of mind and body that pass away or disappear, that are absorbed be-

fore maturity is attained. Hence, of course, the activity of these cannot be work, cannot be anticipatory of work. But it is very important to exercise these rudimentary organs and functions. Children have to live over, in a great many respects, the activities of the race, as every one knows. They have to be savages and fetich worshipers, and that sort of thing, in miniature; and it is necessary that these rudimentary organs, which are going to vanish out of sight, some of which are to be subordinated by the development of higher organs, shall be exercised. It is a very curious thing that the vermiform appendix, and certain muscles of the body,—for instance, certain points about the hips,—have to be exercised at certain periods, in order that they may vanish; and if they are not exercised at certain periods, they do not vanish when the time comes, but remain as pensioners, as they may be termed, on the body.

With rudimentary organs, use means disappearance. It tends to make them vanish, and it is therefore very necessary as a part of Nature's economy in cleaning house, so to speak,—in getting rid of superfluities. This is just as true of the mind as it is of the body. There is abundant reason (and if there were time, I think I could convince the most reluctant) why children need to lie; abundant reason why children need to practice certain things, which, if adults did them, would be criminal. The critical point is this: If children are not allowed to do these things when they are children or babies, when these activities are not criminal, then they do not reduce these rudimentary organs. These grow, and the criminality, or vice, or whatever it may be, is liable to break out in later years. Hence, the functions of some things which we rather too strict pedagogues call vice and crime,—at any rate, we call them very different things,—the functions of some of these are most beneficial, and we need to give childhood large latitude in what it does and thinks and feels, in order that we shall clear the soul of the *débris* of the past stage of evolution and make a platform for the development of humanity,—that we shall lay the basis strong and deep.

If the child does not have a chance to give vent to these faculties at the time when they are plastic and can be vanquished, then they are liable to grow with the child's growth, and we find abnormalities creeping out in a few years. This is a function of play which Dr. Groos and his school have not recognized, but it is so well established that it has become almost a commonplace with those who have given the subject attention. This does not mean, as anyone who happens to be hot for controversy might say, that we shall put the children through a course of vice, barbarism, or immorality in order to cleanse and purgate their souls; but it is simply the development of the good Aristotelian doctrine, that if a man goes to a theater and sees a man choking another, that man goes home from the theater less likely to choke a man himself; that if he sees vice on the stage, it unloads the tendency to vice in himself. That theory has not quite developed, and it is an extreme theory of æsthetic or dramatic art; but there is, no doubt, some truth in it. When we control the fancy of the child, we are laying down paths or establishing lines of cleavage over which conduct is to run its main traffic in later years. That is the doctrine and theory of play. That will be my first point. It requires a great deal of latitude and liberty, and a good deal of diminution, in some quarters, of our severity in judging the conduct of children. We forget that their souls and bodies come into the world freighted with the promise of all that is best, and also freighted with a great deal of what is worst in the world; that their bodies and minds send roots deep down into the animal kingdom, since we have not a single organ of our body or a single cell that we have not inherited from an animal ancestry,—the same being true, to some extent at least, of some of the basal qualities of the soul's instincts and feelings. Hence, one of the functions of play is to vent all these bad activities and to do in play form what constituted the lives of savages and, if you want to be evolutionists, the lives of animals. It is necessary to exercise these things so that the organs which they represent may be reduced; because these lower activities call into action higher powers that reduce them. That is the way it works. Sometimes it is a good thing for children to rouse their consciences through some such exercise; then, later, they are much less likely to do that same thing again. I remember hearing a very shocking thing said by the minister in the Presbyterian church of the village where I was raised,—a man who was con-

sidered somewhat erratic: "Oh, to the Lord that some deacon in this church would commit some full, fat sin!" He wanted something that would stir his congregation up. His idea was that his congregation were living on the same plane of morality, there was not very much life; he thought there needed to be a reaction that the Lord would utilize for his benefit.

I do not uphold any such doctrine as that. I do not think that would be a fair inference of this doctrine of play. I only advocate that children be allowed to be little fetich worshipers. They are then exercising instincts which are growing,—the same faculties which turn and go to make them Christians.

And so, in regard to playing and reading "blood and thunder stories." I know a lovely little girl, seven years old. She had been through the kindergarten and had been very carefully protected from every kind of bloody stories. Her father, who is a teacher in Boston, and a rather prominent man, bought an English book which came out about a year ago, Jack the Giant Killer. (By the way, I want to say that that is a unique product. It does not conform to the ideas of art teachers in its coloring and illustrations. The chief feature is the use of red,—blood, there is no end of blood. Jack cuts off the heads of all kinds of creatures.) This Boston gentleman told me how that lovely little girl sat down, rocking in her chair, with a beatific expression on her face, and said: "Oh! I do think that book is the most beautifullest book I ever read in all my life." There, you see, she got her rights.

You have all read, I presume, a preface to a recent book which I am rather fond of citing, which illustrates my point. It was about the biggest liar I ever heard of. The little girl had been trained by a German mother, a very excellently trained woman, although in rather humble conditions in New York life. This little girl had been brought up on literal truth; she never told a lie, even a lie of the imagination or fancy, but the exact, literal truth every time. I dare say you have read this; it is in the preface of a recent book, although I heard it long before the book was written. President McKinley came to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and this little girl was all excited over it. She came home and said she saw President McKinley and he bowed to her, and Mrs. McKinley bowed to her; that Mrs. McKinley beckoned to her, and she followed and went into the Fifth Avenue Hotel and had a visit with Mrs. McKinley; that Mr. McKinley was suddenly called to Washington, leaving Mrs. McKinley to follow the next day. Mr. McKinley had taken all the money, and Mrs. McKinley said she was left without any and wanted ten dollars. The little girl's mother thought it was a great opportunity, and gave the money to the child. Three months later Mr. and Mrs. McKinley came again to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. According to the child's story, she again visited Mrs. McKinley, and received an invitation to go to Washington. Again the president's wife found herself without money, and wanted to borrow several hundred dollars. The child's parents had about twelve hundred dollars in the bank, and they drew the money. The last time Mr. McKinley came, the father began to get suspicious of his little girl who never told a lie, and he went to investigate. Mr. and Mrs. McKinley had been there and the child had seen them from her place in the crowd; but with the money given her for Mrs. McKinley she had fitted up a little room for little children. She had spent about eight hundred dollars fitting up the room. What was the matter? Was the child perverse or was it because she had been brought up on facts, facts, nothing but facts? I venture to say that that escapade of the child was a safety valve which will save her in the future. She got an experience there. I do not know what happened to her when she was found out, but I venture to say that she got an experience that will safeguard her against immorality.

Of course, we must not apply our adult standards of morality to little children. Let them be wild. Let them play with their lies of fancy and imagination. The soul is larger than fact; the soul needs to be the instigator of all faculties and the seat of all dreams; and childhood will have its rights in spite of us pedagogues,—which is a good thing. This is necessary to order to relieve that hunger for something that is larger. If you do not give children the gracious lies of poetry or imagination, they make them. That is play—the play of the mind.

Now there is one other aspect which I ought to mention, I think, and that is

this: Another of the recent lines of investigation which, in my estimation, has been very fruitful, has been directed toward the laws of fatigue, as you all know. We have had everywhere studies of fatigue. How long is the normal period of study for this child? For that age? How does it affect blood pressure? How does it affect sleep? How does it affect reaction? and so on. . . . The great trouble with fatigue is this: When children are asked to work after they are fatigued, you are cultivating not scholarship but nervousness. That is the point, —not scholarship, but nervousness; and that is an awful thing. The American nerves are in danger. The American child is the most nervous child in the world. It has more automatism than any other child, according to the child studies that have been made. It is more easily upset; its mind is quick and alert, it matures younger than with most children. The American child is liable to get over-nervous; to have that dreadful twilight fever when the candles are first lighted; to be unable to stop play, unable to go to sleep readily; to have jumps and twitches, when it does go to sleep. That is the sad aspect in these incipient choreas, and many other kinds of nervous disorganization. Those are the things we want to prevent. They are a product of fatigue. If we could only find a way of getting children when their minds are at the top of their condition, we would get results so much superior to what we do get that I am almost afraid to state them lest you think I am extravagant in the matter. But the mind which is really fresh can do several-fold more work than the mind which is fatigued. That is why it is good to give lunch in the kindergarten, as is done in some. The practice of allowing naps, in the middle of the day, as they do in some kindergartens, is good. It is one way of systematically restoring and saving the child from one of the great enemies of the human race,—fatigue. How many tempers have been spoiled simply by fatigue? It is so hard to be good-natured when you are tired, and so very easy to be good-tempered when you are in good condition. When well rested, and with a healthy stomach filled with good food, it is wonderful what one can do. How quickly the mind acts! And in the reverse condition, how badly the mind acts! The trouble with work that the schools administer is this: It brings on fatigue, which tends not only to neurasthenia but also to degeneration and arrest; and that is something that the little girl is very much more prone to than the little boy. We see that difference in the sexes away down. It is a very impressive and significant fact that the female organism has the power to draw upon its reserves much more readily than the male organism. That is true of the body and of the mind. That is true all the way through. It is very much easier for a woman to overdo and not know it; very much easier for her to draw upon those reserves which are meant by nature to go to posterity, or to go to future life, or to go to longevity, and not know it; and when the crises come, incidental to motherhood, change of life, and old age, then these troubles come back. That is a thing we need to bear in mind. The trouble with work is that it means worry. Work is all right. You can do a great amount of work, just so long as you keep well-nourished, sleep well, and keep from anxiety; but the anxious child, the hard-worked child, the child that has to do too much, is in danger. We see this also in athletics. There is, indeed, a great danger that boys who train in college will draw upon their vital organism so lavishly that in cases of heart or lung trouble the athletes break down when the easy living students do not.

A lively discussion as to what constitutes work and play followed Dr. Hall's remarks.

SUMMARY OF DISCUSSION.

Being asked about habit in connection with the story of the child's lying, Dr. Hall said that the age of habit formation had not yet dawned with the child, the period of habitation being from about eight or nine to twelve. Asked as to whether the curtailing of imaginative lying should begin during this period, Dr. Hall replied that imaginative lying should come very early in life and should be gradually restricted as the mind expanded and received more pabulum for the imagination to feed upon. The question was then put: "Would you make a distinction between imaginative lies and lies to escape punishment?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Dr. Hall. "Imaginative lies are, as Plato called them, 'gracious lies,' the lies that make poetry, that are lies only to Gradgrinds.

The meanest and most censurable lies are those told to escape the natural consequences of acts. The two are totally different, and it is unfortunate that they have the same name."

Referring to Dr. Hall's statement that by promoting the use of organs which eventually disappear, or are intended to disappear, higher organs are developed,—the question was asked whether the organs which are to disappear would not remain, even if exercised, if the higher organ, the higher life, did not develop. To this Dr. Hall replied: "No." He then spoke of the development of the tadpole into the frog, the growth and power of the frog's legs depending upon the exercise and absorption of the tadpole's tail. He also used the illustration of the gill slits which exist in the human body before birth, and are occasionally apparent after birth,—indubitable signs of the aquatic origin of life. As the embryo develops, these gill slits are slowly transformed into the muscles of the eye, the vocal chords, part of the larynx, the eustachian tubes, and the thyroid glands. If the gill slits were eliminated in the embryo, the higher organs which grow out of them would be eliminated. Transformation of the lower into the higher organs is stimulated by their use.

Applying this principle to mind development, Dr. Hall said in answer to a question, that "if the higher organ were developed excessively and the lower one stunted (if that could be), in that case you would have, for instance, the precocious Christian." John Stuart Mill, speaking of child revivalists, says that it is a bad thing for children to get converted too early,—at seven or eight; that children who are pious early are like early risers,—very good in the forenoon of life and very stupid and dull in the afternoon or later period. Nature seems to have decreed that religion should begin its great and sacred work of transformation at a certain season. The conversion curves rise up at sixteen or seventeen, and then fall much lower.

Since the use of an organ develops that organ, said a member, how can the use of the pollywog's tail eliminate it? Must we not say that the pollywog's tail disappears because the energy goes to the working of some other part of the organism,—that this development elsewhere results from the action of the tail, and that the working of the tail does not cause the disappearance of the tail?

The general theory of Lamarck, which every biologist holds, replied Dr. Hall, is that, in general, use strengthens and disuse weakens. But in the case of the rudimentary organs, after they have reached their acme of development, this law is reversed. When the rudimentary has reached its maximum, the more you use it the faster it degenerates. We see this in many forms of degeneration and disease. Excessive use, when an organ is on the way down, accelerates the process of deterioration.

The special topic of work and play was then brought to the fore. It was stated that Dr. Hall believed in giving the play instinct the freest scope in little children, and that the kindergarten would utilize this play instinct in work. With regard to this Dr. Hall said: "Play is the primeval paradise from which the child gradually emerges. Very slowly and as late as practicable this varying with different children comes in the necessity for work. I want the children in the kindergarten not to be worked. I do not believe in much work. I believe in a great deal of play. It is a singular fact that the period of greatest activity, of the most varied play, is from eight or nine to twelve or thirteen. This seems to indicate that there should be a large amount of play even as late as that. I do not like to see the kindergarten made into a factory for paper work, or any other kind of work, even at Christmas time. I should like to have nothing made there but toys. I do not believe in this principle of the children's making things to take home, unless these things are toys or games. I would have every activity of children of kindergarten age, the making of toys that are to be used.

The remark was then made that the children's work in the kindergarten comes from what they see about them. They see their mothers making bread, and they want to make bread. If one wished to call this work on the children's part, it could be called so. (Dr. Hall said he called it play.) The children see their mothers dressing and undressing the baby, which is work for the mothers but play for the children. They want to make wagons and such things, which can be called toys, of course. In the kindergarten age a distinction between work and play cannot be truly made. One lapses into the other. Where kindergartners undertake to drill children into doing things, into folding certain

geometrical forms, etc., then they may be criticised; but where children's play takes on the form of work, why should it not be carried on whether it result in toys or something else?

My father, said another speaker, used to tell a story of a farmer who got the stones picked up in his field by putting a large stone in the middle and letting the boys pitch other stones at it. He called it work. The boys called it play. I should like to get a definition of what work really is.

Dr. Hall defined work as doing something you don't want to do, because some one else makes you do it.

If that is work, then what is drudgery?

"Drudgery," said Dr. Hall, "is doing what you hate to do because you are forced to do it with still greater earnestness. It is an intense form of work."

Isn't it worry, anxiety, that kills, and not work? Is this true with children as with adults?

Dr. Hall, referring to the declared fusion of work and play in the kindergarten and the distinction between them not being clearly traceable, likened it to the obliteration of a wall between the "primeval paradise" of play and the world of work. "I would build this paradise wall up again," said he, "and keep the children inside. I want little work to come into the kindergarten in any form."

Dr. Hall was then asked to harmonize his very high approval, recently expressed in print, of the kindergarten of the Pestalozzi-Froebel House in Berlin, with his idea of no work in kindergarten. This was not definitely done; but, in response to a remark accompanying this query, Dr. Hall went on to say that play is, essentially, what the children love to do. To call a doll a baby does not make it a baby. It does not change the child's delight in handling the doll into the mother's work of handling her baby. They remain essentially different. He said that he liked to have children play all the industries any one might desire, but that the play should be *play; i.e.*, the children should have freedom to play when they want to play, and stop when they want to stop. "Playing work," said he, "is just as much and as purely play as any play that ever was."

A mother brought up the question of home tasks. Ought not children to be made to feel that they have such tasks to do as sharers in the home? If they can be turned into play, so much the better; but if not, will it not be the parents' duty, and make the children better men and women, if the tasks are performed as tasks rather than not at all?

Dr. Hall answered that to the degree that parents had the ingenuity to make children consider their work as play, the parents were pedagogical.

What is the parent to *do* when this ingenuity has run out?

"I believe in Dr. Spankster's tonic," replied Dr. Hall. Owing to the infirmities and limitations of human nature we must have recourse to this quite often. If we were angels we could find a better way; but we are not.

Going back to Dr. Hall's definition of work previously given, a member felt that Dr. Hall could scarcely have meant exactly what he said. Work is not necessarily distasteful, as Dr. Hall's own work in Child Study would prove. Work is not done for the pleasure it gives, but for a purpose higher than that. Play may be defined as that which is done for the pleasure it gives us; work, although it may be accompanied by pleasure, is done for a purpose. Dr. Hall's definition would apply to drudgery only; it is not a fitting definition of work.

A question having been asked as to the sense of right and wrong in children who made such moral lapses as had been mentioned, and its existence having been acknowledged by Dr. Hall, the further inquiry was made: Why must not this sense of right and wrong be recognized and dealt with, as well as the rudimentary tendency?

The field of this sense is very narrow, said Dr. Hall, and the sense very weak. I do not think that we ought, if we could, insure the child from ever arousing its own conscience. I am a little afraid that its conscience would be weak if it were not exercised.

Several specific cases of children's lying having been brought forward, and advice asked as to the particular course to be pursued under the different circumstances, it was declared impossible to give such advice without knowledge of each child, and then one could only advise trying first one method and then another.

Thursday's Session.

Miss Evelyn Holmes, president of the

Kindergarten Department, presided at the second session. In her president's address she dwelt upon the need for more free kindergartens in the South and asserted that, in the solution of the negro problem, nothing can be more helpful than good kindergarten training which affects the young negro in his earliest and most formative period of life. The movement begun by the owners of the great cotton mills in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, she declared to be the beginning of the most salutary influence in this direction.

Illustrations of the effect of musical rhythm upon child activities were given by Mrs. Ethel Roe Lindgren, of the Chicago Kindergarten Institute. She played several melodies composed by children under seven, and one completely harmonized by a little girl of eight, and set to one of Eugene Field's poems, drew forth generous applause. Her paper on Rhythm in the Kindergarten appears elsewhere in this number.

Miss Geraldine O'Grady, of Teachers College, Columbia University, read a paper entitled Necessary Elements in Work and Play and Some Practical Consequences. A part of her paper is here presented:—

RHYTHM IN WORK AND PLAY.

By Geraldine O'Grady.

As our subject is Rhythm in Work and Play, I shall only attempt to discuss other necessary elements in work and play, such as activity, coöperation, and progression, where they relate to it. I shall speak briefly of how it underlies or governs activity, and then try to suggest a few practical possibilities.

Activity is, of course, the condition of all work and play; but activity, either of live or inanimate things, cannot be maintained under the same form without cessation. It must either alternate with what we call rest or with other phases of itself, or must come to an end. If we want proofs of this alternation in all things we have only to look at Nature, to see in the seasons, in light and darkness, in tides and trade winds, and many other natural manifestations of force, such a regular alternative movement as may be called rhythmic. Following, and sometimes growing out of these, come the changes in growth and decay, in birth and death, throughout plant and animal life as heat stimulates them, and its excess or lack checks or wastes their forces again; and at last we come to observe regular change and orderly arrangement or balance, even in the forms of plants and living creatures, and consequently in the movements depending on form. From the expansion and contraction of protozoa, up to the flying of birds and the walking, running, or dancing of men, this is so common that we rarely think of it, except when some deformity, some lack of completeness in the form, breaks the rhythm and makes irregular movements instead.

Turning to the arts and productions of men,—the cradle, the swing, the rocker, the bicycle, the sewing machine, to everything, indeed, that has treadles; to the steam engine, the printing press, the saw, the loom, even to the rubbing of clothes on the washboard,—all have rhythmic movement and sound, and bear testimony to its necessity and naturalness, both in force and form. The form of our music and musical instruments, the sound rhythms and measure rhythms, and, still further, the contrast and comparison of ideas and the recurrent alternation of certain ideas in our poetry and literature, make us wonder whether the intellect, too, is not built upon a law of rhythm. And it would puzzle us to say exactly how much of this is natural and how much artificial; how much of it is because we like and choose it, and how much because it fits our natural ways of acting and our physical make-up; how much because the balance of applied force and material acted upon can come out in no other way. Two of Dr. Bailey's interesting questions which were suggested as a basis for to-day's discussion are these:—

Is there a necessary "must," "have-to" element in both work and play, and also a spontaneous (or "may," "want-to") element?

Should the "may," "want-to" element predominate in the first years of childhood?

Surely the principle or law of rhythm in both form and force, if we took no other, proves that there is a "must," "have-to," or necessary element in both work and play, even if but the physical one. Any arm or leg movement, or even finger or tongue movement, must depend for its swiftness and strength partly upon the length and proportion of parts in the body which govern movement (as in the case of a pendulum), and also upon the force and good condition of the vital

organs (*e.g.*, the regularity of movement of the heart and lungs), and must be subject with them to the alternative phases of activity, without which the movement could not continue. Again, the rhythm, or regular alternation, of breaking-down and building-up processes in the body, while variable, does result from the fact that activity of any kind, maintained for a certain time, requires a certain amount of rest and sleep; that a certain quantity of waste of tissue and nerve-material necessitates a certain amount of nutrition for its repair, even though we are not yet sure of the exact measure of either.

The same story is told, in another way, when we consider education; for the one difficulty to which we are always trying to find the clew is the need of harmony between spontaneity and control, between personal rights and wishes and the good of the greatest number, or, in other words, the individual and the social whole. We have to find out how to balance taking in and giving out, the acting from our own initiative or because of pressure from others.

In physiology and psychology we see it as the balance that is struck between humanity and its heredity and environment; between what you, as a human being, possess irrespective of your surroundings, and what you get from them, —what you absorb and are nourished upon, whether physical or psychical. Each child possesses—from species, from race, from sex, from ancestral inheritance,—such and so much endowment of body and limbs, sight, hearing, and other senses; such and so much activity and quickness or delicacy of brain; each child is limited and influenced in such and such directions by certain other phases of natural endowment or lack of it; is also limited and influenced in other ways and degrees by the food, experiences, general stimuli and general nutrition from environment, whether good or bad; and the complex result is apparent in all his work and play.

All this rhythm, or balance of forces, is, to a great extent, natural and inevitable. But the most important balance is that between work and play; and it is just here that our power of selection for the children affects the matter. I will try to show the distinction between work and play,—that is, between *true* work and play, for we have grown to have a false ideal of work as mere drudgery.

I believe that play begins with activity for the sake of pure joy in it, as a kitten plays or a little child moves its limbs and shouts for the mere joy in moving and shouting. Gradually some purpose creeps in, and the use of intelligence to guide it; but joy in the activity remains always the most prominent element: the child continues to play for the sake of that joy. In other words, play is its own end.

The ideal of work seems to me just the opposite of this. It is the realization of a purpose, an end outside of the activity. It may be, and often is, accompanied by joy in the activity, even among adults. Such work, we say, is congenial. I believe children's work ought always to be accompanied by this joy in the activity.

* * * *

Now I admit that it is often difficult to distinguish work which has this joy in it from play, especially such play as shows some purpose, with the activity as an end, too. But it is different, as we see when we remember for how short a time a child can hold to a definite purpose, and for how long a time he can play. Here, I think, we have the true clew to educational work and play: the alternation of activity with a purpose, with activity for pure delight in the activity. And this alternation, I believe, is the true rhythm of work and play.

The basis for this alternation is very simple. It is the length of time a child can healthily and happily hold to and carry out a purpose. Of course, this varies with his age, his growth in intelligence and concentration, and his range of power and choice among possible ends and activities. * * * *

I believe the change in rhythm, as the child grows older, is simply the shortening of the periods of impulsive activity and lengthening those of purposive effort; for I believe that the conscious effort to an end is the difference between work and play. Some students of children and their ways protest against any work at all in childhood. I am sure that their notion proceeds from the false ideal of work as mere drudgery, of which I have spoken: for how could anyone urge that a child should make no effort, and should have no purpose that he was conscious of as a reason for effort? * *

It has been foolishly claimed for the kindergarten occupations that they produce the virtues of patience, perseverance, industry, etc.: the truth is merely that

they furnish an opportunity for the practice of these—an opportunity which is very valuable, if rightly used. Any hand work would do this; but all hand work is not so much planned to provide for progressive effort, new occasions opening out of old ones, with results in pleasure as well. But it does seem to me that we cannot claim a real educational value for anything which does not train in intelligent and persistent effort; effort which, though small at first, if continued day by day, may be applied to greater and greater things. * * *

The practical consequences, for all kindergartners, of understanding the value of rhythm in activity should be simply that they would provide not effortless occupations, but occupations so short and simple, and with each new step so founded on previous steps, that the period of effort should be but a few minutes at a time, and this period of effort followed by an equal or longer time of pure play with the material. * * *

These papers were discussed by Supt. Charles H. Keyes, of Hartford, Conn., who spoke also of the relation of kindergartner and primary school teacher. Miss Mary Adair read a paper which the REVIEW will publish in its next issue.

The nominations of the committee were then presented and unanimously accepted. The following officers of the Kindergarten Department were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Geraldine O'Grady, Teachers College; vice-president, Miss C. W. Mingins, supervisor of kindergartens, Detroit; secretary, Miss Mary May, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

The committee on resolutions, through their chairman, Miss Florence Lawson, reported as follows:—

Resolved, That the kindergartners attending the convention express their gratitude to the local committee (Miss Clara Mingins, chairman) which has so carefully provided for their comfort and pleasure. To the board of trustees of the Baptist Church, for the use of the beautiful auditorium, and airy, restful parlors. To the press of the city, for the report of the meetings. To Mr. Breitmeyer, for his generous provision of flowers. To Miss Grace Fletcher, Miss Irene Farquhar, and the other hostesses, for the charming reception and other hospitalities, and to the musicians who added so much to the pleasure of the meetings.

Friday's Sessions.

At an informal meeting called by Miss Holmes, on Friday morning, to discuss the question of how the Kindergarten Department of the N. E. A. could be strengthened, and thus become more valuable to the other departments, the following resolutions were passed:—

Resolved, That the members assembled at the Kindergarten Department of the N. E. A. recommend to the executive committee of the International Kindergarten Union that a great effort be made to strengthen the department of this body. They urge discussion of the question of changing the time of meeting of the I. K. U., or of the sending of delegates from that body to the N. E. A. meeting, feeling that the strength of the N. E. A. Kindergarten Department is a great force for the development of the kindergarten in America, and that this department must depend for that strength on the interest and attendance of I. K. U. members.

Resolved, That the matter of holding a Parents' Conference at the meeting of the kindergarten section of the N. E. A. be left to the discretion of the president and local chairman of the Kindergarten Department of the N. E. A.

The Parents' Conference was held on Friday afternoon in the parlors of the church. A larger number than was expected attended, considering that papers especially interesting to parents were being read in the meetings of other departments. Miss Evelyn Holmes presided and questions concerning love and law in child life were brought up for discussion, and various experiences were related.

SUMMARY OF DISCUSSION.

Mrs. Putnam spoke jokingly of the way the kindergartners flocked to her mothers' meetings, and of their saying in response to her amused challenge: "But I have fifty children, and I have the same problems to meet that the mothers have!" Admitting this, Mrs. Putnam went on to say, that while parents and kindergartners had many child problems in common, the parents had many in addition. In the kindergarten, all is arranged with reference to the kindergarten child; in the family, children of other ages must be considered at the same time. Kindergartners can be released from their care of the children at a certain

hour; mothers have the responsibility for them all the time. The parents' great problem is how to lead the child to live right. The kindergarten does much toward this, and parents and kindergartners can help each other in this tenderest period of the child's existence, when, if he is not reached through love, it is difficult to get at him later. Earnest mothers feel a sense of their own ignorance and insufficiency, and have a right to the comfort of feeling that, whatever their own shortcomings or the untoward conditions of home life there are "angels which always behold the face of the Father" who are watching over the children, protecting them from themselves and from harm from without. No matter how hard a child is in heart, there is always a way open from above to meet its needs. Parents take heart of grace through the knowledge that this higher way can never be closed.

Rev. Eugene J. E. Shreck, a father, thought that parents needed to know more of the principles on which the kindergarten is conducted, especially the very important one that the early life of the child is not chiefly for the conveying of instruction, but for the planting of the seeds of loves. There are many loves, but two are universal: Love to God and love to one's neighbor. The seeds of these two are to be implanted in the period between five and seven, when, as we all know, the child is in an altogether different state from what it is afterward.

Miss Holmes brought forward the question as to how far law should be brought into the kindergarten, how much should be brought in even if a little unhappiness came with it, for the sake of the greater love, the greater respect. Parents have this same difficulty in mingling love and law in the home.

Miss Farquhar thought that the children themselves helped in the answering of many of our questions, giving an experience in a recently opened playground as an exemplification. Said she: We opened this playground down in Franklin street (Detroit). It was an experiment. We had to work slowly. We planned for a garden as well as we knew how, and got as many wagons and wheelbarrows as our money would permit, but the supply was ridiculously inadequate. After the second day, nine o'clock in the morning found about two hundred and fifty children clamoring to get into the playground. When admitted, "Missis, may I have a wheelbarrow?" was the cry, and we had to look into those little faces and at our scant supply of toys and wonder how we could possibly distribute the toys to the children's satisfaction. I found myself utterly overcome by the storming, and finally decided to let the children make the laws about the distribution. Calling them together and showing them the toys, I said: This is *our* playground, not *mine*. It will not do at all to be angry if we do not get the toys we want. We must make some laws that are fair for all of us, and then keep them, and see how we like that way. This being decided upon, I chose two boys as keepers of the toys, gave them the key to the closet, told them that they must take care of the toys,—giving them out and remembering to whom they were given,—and then at the end of the day we could see how it had worked. Then I went away and left them. Really, I did not know what would happen, but I watched them out of the tail of my eye. Those boys got the children into a long line and then said: "Now, if any of you want toys, stay in line! If you don't want toys get out of the line!" All the children stayed in the line, the doors were opened, and one by one the children came up, as long as the stock of toys lasted. "I want a wheelbarrow," one would say. "A wheelbarrow, J. B.," would be called out and written down in a book, and the wheelbarrow then given out. Finally came the dictum: "There ain't no more wheelbarrows. Will you have something else or will you go without?" No one felt imposed upon, even when nothing was received; although if I had distributed the things in the ordinary way there would surely have been some dissatisfaction. This plan is still being carried out, and is working more and more smoothly. The general atmosphere is law-abiding, and the children understand the state of affairs. I believe a good "must" is a great rock for a child to lean on. The big boys realized there must be a "must," and they made the "must" for the other children. There is no sentiment in the average treatment of the street child. If they get on the back of a wagon and the man says, "Get off there!" if they don't get off they get the whip. The policeman is a great big "must." The boys recognize authority.

Miss Holmes asked with regard to the "must" with children of the better classes.

Mrs. Putnam said that one trouble with these children is that they are left

with all sorts of people, who make just as much of unimportant things as of the important, and who thus lose power and consequently have to back up their "must" by some sort of a bribe or threat. The control of children by ignorant people brings about great difficulties.

Miss Farquhar thought that the great thing for adults was to keep in mind the universal "must." Children feel it very keenly, and they can obey more easily, if they see that their fathers and mothers subject themselves to the law of right.

After some consideration of the age at which children should enter kindergarten, the meeting was adjourned.

The social life of the Kindergarten Department is one of its most interesting features, and the evening reception, always attractive, was made especially so this year. The beautiful grounds about the residence of Miss Grace Fletcher, on Jefferson avenue, were gayly decorated with Chinese lanterns, and an orchestra seated on the lawn added to the enjoyment with its music. Refreshments in the form of fruit punch and cakes were served by Detroit kindergartners from small tables under picturesque canopies. After the guests were received by the hostesses of the evening they were directed to a building at one end of the grounds, where they found a model kindergarten room, in which is conducted a free kindergarten for the benefit of the children of a neighboring poor district. The kindergarten is supported by Miss Fletcher and is splendidly equipped. The crowning feature is the kindergarten cow, whose home is just outside the building, with a window of her own opening into the room through which she makes friends with the children. "Bessie" is the great attraction of the kindergarten. The children sing "Good morning" to her. They go out to see her milked. They drink her milk and make it into butter. In every possible way Bessie enters into the kindergarten life. The kindergarten is in charge of Miss Doane. Miss Hemenway, the assistant, took pleasure in explaining to visitors the beautiful work done by Miss Fletcher, and the kindergarten proved one of the most interesting features of the reception.

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Elementary Inductive Geography. By Mary R. Davis and Charles W. Deane. Potter & Putnam Co., New York. $1.00.

Recognizing that children are interested in living things, the earth is first treated of as the home of animal and plant life; the forms of land and water are then studied in relation to men, animals, and plants; and lastly the political divisions are taken up and much that has been given before is reviewed. The text is interesting and nothing has been spared in illustration, there being over four hundred of excellent quality. Besides the tables of population, area, etc., at the back of the book, there is one of inter-related reading, prepared by Euphrosyne Brown, which teachers will like to refer to when providing supplementary reading for their pupils.

Construction Form Work. An Introduction to Geometry for Grammar Grades. By William N. Hailmann. C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston.

This presentation of rudimentary constructive geometry "grew in the schoolroom, and is based on an experience of many years with children between the ages of ten and fourteen. The purpose throughout is to develop clear geometrical notions, to give skill in accurate construction, to cultivate a healthy æsthetic feeling, the power of visualizing creatively in geometrical design, and thus, incidentally, to stimulate genuine vital interest in the study of geometry." If Dr. Hailmann's suggestions as to the method of using this book be carried out, allowing as he does for much variation and multiplication of exercises, for the pupil's lingering at certain stages where love of the work tempts him to linger, and for the pupil's not being restrained

when in his free designs he anticipates the prescribed course, a love of geometry will be engendered and a good basis for its further study laid.

Children's Singing Games, Old and New, for Vacation Schools, Playgrounds, School Yards, Kindergartens, and Primary Grades. Revised and Compiled by Mari Ruef Hofer. Kindergarten Magazine Co., Chicago. $0.50.

As Miss Hofer says in her preface, "Practical contact with vacation schools and playground work reveals the need of a connecting link between the strictly educational game of the kindergarten and school, and the later gymnastic and athletic games. This place the singing game seems most naturally to supply." The present collection "is an effort to bring into convenient form many of the favorites which find place in child play." It includes the words and music of thirty-nine games, with directions for playing. The games are chiefly, if not all, traditional, and are English, French, German, and American, with two Swedish and one Bohemian. They will be enjoyed in use on account of their life and the rhythm of the music. But one is forced to regret that the printing and proof-reading of the book have not been better done and that more care was not taken as to the rhyme and rhythm of the words. The main use for the book would seem to be in playgrounds, etc., where the games would supplant poorer ones, rather than in the kindergarten, where they might displace games of more worth and better form, and more suitable for young children. If there are kindergartners, however, who do not know the game of Soldier Boy, they should at once possess themselves of Miss Hofer's book for the sake of this stirring game.

Children's Sayings. Edited with a Digression on the Small People. By William Canton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.00.

Some easy, agreeable philosophizing by a lover of children accompanies this collection of children's sayings. Many of the sayings show the logic and sense of the children, and the bungling of their elders, in dealing with spiritual subjects. Some, of course, are very droll.

The Second School Year. A Course of Study with Detailed Selection of Lesson Material Arranged by Months and Correlated. By Henrietta M. Lilley. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y. $1.00.

The School Year Series is to cover the work of eight school years or grades. The volumes are to be written by different teachers of the State Normal School of California, Pa., under the general editorship of the able principal, Theodore B. Noss. Two volumes only are finished, the rest being in preparation.

While each of these books will have a distinct value of its own, the best about them is that they are to fit into a well-planned scheme of teaching, in which nothing from the beginning is valueless or lost. The work of the Second Year is shown in a well-arranged conspectus placed at the beginning of the book. Its main divisions are Nature Study, History and Literature, Number, Language, and the Arts. Under these headings are suggestions for well-balanced, inter-related, and progressive school work based on children's interests and sure to contribute to their development. Teachers of Second Year classes are advised to treat themselves to the help which this book will give them, either in making a vital plan for the year's work, or through its stories, songs, and fresh ideas.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Among the Pond People. By Clara Dillingham Pierson. $1.25.

Librairie Hachette et cie., Paris, France. Nouveau Livre de Morale Practique. Par G. Manuel. 1 franc.

C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston. The Story of a Child. Translated from the French of Pierre Loti by Caroline F. Smith. $1.25.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Eyes and No Eyes, and Other Stories. By various authors. The Siege of Leyden, From Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. Each, in paper, $0.10; cloth, $0.20.

Kindergarten Literature Co., Chicago. Children's Singing Games, Old and New. Compiled and arranged by Mari R. Hofer. $0.50.

University Publishing Co., New York. The Courtship of Miles Standish and Other Poems. By H. W. Longfellow. Paper covers, $0.20; cloth, $0.30.

C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y. The Second School Year. By Henrietta M. Lilley. $1.00. The New Era. By E. O. Butterfield. $0.75.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Liberty Documents. Selected by Mabel Hill and edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. Longmans' Pictorial Geographical Readers. Book I. $0.36.

Press of Pierre W. Danforth, Middleburg, N. Y. The Iroquois. By S. C. McKim.

Globe School Book Co., New York. The Hawthorne Readers. Story Land. A Second Reader. By Mary F. Hall and Mary L. Gilman.

B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va. The Education of Teachers. By W. H. Payne. $1.50.

Public School Publishing Co., Bloomington, Ill. Lolami, the Little Cliff Dweller. By Clara Kern Bayliss. $0.50 and $0.70.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

The Cardinal Virtues. By William De Witt Hyde. Atlantic Monthly, July.

A Democratic Philosopher and His Work. By Charles M. Bakewell. International Journal of Ethics, July.

The Founder of the Peoples' Palace. By Elbert F. Baldwin. Outlook, July 6.

G. Stanley Hall. By W. B. Forbush. The Congregationalist, Aug. 3.

Certain Failures in School Hygiene. By R. Clark. Forum, July.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Savannah, Georgia.

The Kate Baldwin Free Kindergarten of Savannah, Ga., has more than doubled its scope of work during the past year.

In May, 1900, there was one kindergarten, one training teacher, seven students, and a roll call of seventy children in the kindergarten in Yamacraw, one of the poorest districts of Savannah.

In May, 1901, there were two free and one pay kindergarten in the system, three training teachers, seventeen students, and a roll call of one hundred and eighty children.

One free kindergarten is under the direction of Miss Harriet B. Hardee, who has eight assistants from the training school. The other is in charge of Miss Mattie L. Palmer, who has six assistants. The directors of these kindergartens also give part of the training work, assisting Miss Martha G. Backus, who is supervisor of kindergartens and training school.

The year just closing has been one of real activity, growth, and life. The children have visited trades and parks, have had walks and drives, and have had the experience of raising flowers and vegetables, and of caring for pets. Three doll houses, painted, papered, carpeted, and furnished with cigar-box furniture, testify to the hand work done in outside material. Mothers' meetings have been held each month in the two free kindergartens. The work of the training school has also been most satisfactory and seven students were given diplomas this year. Besides the regular work of the training class, lectures have been given on special subjects, and a course of Delsarte and physical training has been given the class.

In October the system of kindergartens will be enlarged by at least one new kindergarten, which will be located in one of the rooms in the new Chatham Academy building, reserved for the purpose by the board of education.

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The annual meeting of the Grand Rapids Kindergarten Association was one of more than usual interest, since it was the close of the first decade of the association, and the reports contained not only a record of this year, but interesting items of the past ten years' work.

The kindergartens of the city now number thirty-two. Those in the public schools number twenty-six, including the Waterloo free kindergarten, recently adopted by the city school board. There are five private kindergartens and one kindergarten at Bissell House Settlement.

Many points of interest were given of the kindergarten training school, which is conducted under the auspices of the association.

In July, 1891, Mrs. Lucretia Willard Treat of Chicago was called to the city by the association and throughout the entire ten years she has remained the honored leader and principal. Associated with her in the definite kindergarten branches of the work are Miss Frances Louise Clark and Mrs. Eugenia B. Clapp.

During the summer of 1901, a course of lectures was given by Denton J. Snider of the Chicago Kindergarten College, also several addresses by George S. Waite, superintendent of manual training, and Miss Anna W. Williams, superintendent of the city kindergartens of Philadelphia.

The Froebel Child Study Club, which meets every week at the association headquarters, is the outgrowth of the mothers' meetings, established ten years ago. Excellent programs are provided. For 1901-2 a story or song, suitable for children, will be told at every meeting of the club. Interesting book reviews, a series of mother plays, with helpful commentaries on the same, will be given; also special lectures on "Toys," "Baby's First Gifts," etc., will be given.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

At the annual meeting of the Cincinnati Kindergarten Association the reports showed an encouraging condition of the entire work. A number of the kindergartens have been closed from lack of funds, but it is hoped that their speedy adoption by the board of education into the public school system will aid in reconciling mothers and friends to this necessary closing of the schools.

The item of especial interest reported by the secretary was the engagement of Miss Mina B. Colburn as principal of the Linton Street Training School. Miss Colburn comes thoroughly equipped for her work. She has been supervisor of the public kindergartens of Jamestown for over seven years. She has studied in the Teachers College of New York, which is connected with Columbia University. She has passed her examinations this summer after a three years' course and obtained her B. S. degree. She has been teaching a training class in New York, and has assisted Miss Page in her summer kindergarten work at Chautauqua. All with whom she has worked give highest recommendations of her ability for her vocation. The Cincinnati Training School is looking forward to the coming year as one which will be happy and successful.

THE CONVOCATION AT BUFFALO.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are many good people in and out of Buffalo who still class the kindergartners among those who ride hobbies, large numbers of "outsiders," as well as interested kindergartners from near and far, greeted the talented speakers who kindly responded to the united call for helpful talks of the Buffalo Free Kindergarten Association, the Kindergarten Union of Buffalo, and the Training School Alumnæ.

The first session was held on July 1, Miss Elder, president of the convocation, in the chair. She introduced Mr. John G. Milburn, president of the Free Kindergarten Association, and also president of the Pan-American Exposition. Mr.

Milburn welcomed the visitors to the city and to its present great attraction. He then succinctly gave the history of the Buffalo free kindergartens during his presidency from nine years ago up to the present time, when they are a part of the public school system. He was justly proud of those kindergartens and liked to be congratulated on their success; but he wished to say that their success was due to the untiring industry and efficiency of Miss Elder in her varied duties. Miss Elder then introduced the speaker for the evening, Dr. William N. Hailmann, the distinguished educator and author. Dr. Hailmann's lecture was on Leading Problems in Elementary Education. It was a masterly, philosophical article to which no report can do justice.

After Dr. Hailmann's address a reception was held. The receiving party included Mrs. John Clarke Glenny, the first president of the Buffalo Free Kindergarten Association, and Superintendent Emerson. The second session was presided over by Miss Caroline T. Haven of New York, whose natural tactful leadership may have been helped by her official duties while president of the kindergarten department of the N. E. A. and of the I. K. U.

Miss Virginia Graeff of Cleveland, in her inimitable way, gave an address on Art in the Kindergarten. She urged that the child be led to find art in the kindergarten through music, pictures, language, motion, handwork, and manners.

Miss Rosemary Baum of Utica next spoke on the program. She is a fluent speaker, and her talk evoked discussion. One of the pleasant things of the convocation was the free, earnest conversational discussions on the subjects brought forward.

Mrs. Mary Boomer Page of Chicago was the third speaker for the day. Her subject was The Kindergartner's Executive and Pedagogical Functions. The executive function includes good housekeeping, wise financiering, sanitation, hygiene, and many kindred requirements which are means to a higher end,—the development of the individual for the social whole.

The pedagogical function is made effective through strong administrative work. It demonstrates the relation of subject matter to method, insight into the principle of correlation, and its practical results in the every-day life of the pupil.

On Wednesday, the closing day of the convocation, Miss Haven presided.

Mrs. Ada Marean Hughes of Toronto, a popular speaker and educator, gave an enthusiastic address on The Home. She pleaded for the teaching of all domestic economy subjects to girls in the public schools, not only because our girls need such instruction, but for the purpose of training in definiteness. Manual training, cookery, and other domestic work should be taught because they cultivate the moral sense by doing something perfectly. The kindergartner should organize the mothers of her district, and start mothers' meetings, where those who need it may be taught how to take good care of the home and families. In this way the kindergarten can help to secure the adjustment of the home to the new conditions of society.

Miss Bertha Payne of Chicago, one of the younger expositors of the kindergarten, who has a brilliant future ahead, was the next speaker. Her subject was The Kindergarten. She reviewed the history of the kindergarten for the past twenty years, pointing out that ideas which were at one time considered as distinctly "kindergarten," were now adopted in higher classes of the public schools, and also in industrial and commercial life. She referred to the great ameliorating possibilities in the future by means of the kindergarten.

Mr. Percival Chubb of New York, who made friends of his hearers, gave an able and scholarly address on The School.

Miss Haven then closed the convocation in a few words which left the impression of a benison.

Miss Ada Gates and Miss Griffith, two popular vocalists, sang several solos during the sessions.

The Women's Board of Managers for the Pan-American Exposition entertained the kindergartners and their friends at the Women's Building in the Exposition grounds.

An attractive exhibit composed of work by the children of the free kindergartens caused much enjoyment. It was the result of impressions of the children from a visit to the Pan-American.

—*Mary J. B. Wylie.*

NOTES FROM THE VACATION SCHOOLS.

At Haverhill, Mass., more than four hundred children were enrolled at the two playgrounds.

In the afternoon the children of the Des Moines, Ia., vacation school were taken to the woods, to the river, to the parks, or to some other pleasant out-door place, where games were played and some time devoted to nature study.

Philadelphia maintained five summer schools and twenty-six summer playgrounds during July and August.

One vacation school at Rochester, N. Y., was maintained solely by the private subscription of Mrs. William S. Kimball, in memory of her son. The other was supported by the Women's Union.

At Milwaukee more attention to the excursion feature of the school was given this year than ever before, and five excursions were planned for the children attending the school. In addition to the vacation school there was a garden kindergarten, where each one of the children in attendance was given a certain portion of ground to cultivate, and the children obtaining the best results from their flower beds were given prizes.

The Cantabrigia kindergarten, sewing school and sand garden has had a successful season at Cambridge, Mass.

At Waltham, Mass., there was an overflow in the kindergarten department of the vacation schools.

The equipment of the Civic Club kindergarten playgrounds on Riverside Park, Hartford, Conn., comprised three large sand boxes for modeling and play, five swings and four hammocks. Every forenoon a cracker lunch was served.

The funds for the maintenance of the Chicago vacation schools are raised by the women's clubs from private contributions. This year 2,335 children were enrolled, and a large number were turned away for lack of room and funds.

The children of the Beaver Park playground, Albany, N. Y., had the pleasure of entertaining the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum one afternoon. The playground children readily yielded the very best—toys, games, places in the swing or on the seesaw—and played and visited as courteously as though the orphans were their special guests.

Quincy, Mass, supported three kindergarten vacation schools and a manual training class for older children.

Fifty children attended the kindergarten department at Karnes School, Kansas City, Mo.

The Pine Tree Kindergarten Association, Portland, Me., were able to carry on two summer schools through the aid of Mrs. Hunt. They are known as the George S. Hunt Memorial Kindergartens.

The expense of the Washington, D. C., vacation school was met from the appropriation for schools, the board of education having recognized the great value of the institution as an adjunct to the regular school system.

The city of Lowell, Mass., appropriated $1,500 this year to be expended, under the direction of the superintendent of schools, "in establishing a system of vacation schools."

The school committee of Providence, R. I., ordered the summer schools opened, even though the expense to be incurred might leave a deficit.

Forty-nine homes were frequently visited by the kindergartners of the summer kindergartens at Elmira, N. Y.

In one New York city summer school the smallest pupils were given the regular kindergarten work—emphasis being laid on the various sorts of housekeeping which this can introduce. Little tin kitchens there were to be set in order; little tables, with toy dishes, to be carefully laid with order and snowy linen and a flower in a vase, and tiny beds to be made. All that is taught the older pupils on a large scale was attempted for the little ones, excepting the cooking.

The New York board of education provided fifty-five places to be used as playgrounds this summer, forty in public schools opened for the purpose, and fifteen in parks, vacant lots, on roofs, and recreation piers. Each place was fully equipped with gymnastic apparatus, and games and amusements of many kinds were carried on under the care of teachers and kindergartners. Besides, forty-five free kindergartens were open half of each day, three in each of the vacant schools, eight open-air kindergartens, and twelve evening play centers in public school buildings are also furnished.

NEWS ITEMS AND PLANS FOR THE COMING YEAR IN THE KINDERGARTENS.

Miss A. Archer Hunt is to be the director of the new kindergarten which is to be opened on William street, Springfield, Mass., this fall.

Miss Georgianna Ayers, who has been teaching in Northfield, will succeed Miss Hunt in Chicopee.

The children of the free kindergartens of Buffalo were entertained at the Pan-American Exposition and at all its various attractions and amusement places by and through the courtesy of Hon. John G. Milburn, president of the Exposition. Two days after their visit they were given pencil, scissors, and paper, and requested to draw and cut out buildings, people, or animals that impressed them the most. In other words, to reproduce with pencil, scissors, and paper what they considered greatest and best at the Pan-American Exposition. The children reproduced the Electric Tower, Government Building, and Indians, and the tents they live in at the Indian Congress.

The Pittsburg and Allegheny Free Kindergarten Association will begin work in the fall with a new general secretary at the head of affairs. Mrs. James I. Buchanan, formerly Miss Eliza Macfarlane, resigned on account of her marriage, and Mrs. J. Cameron O'Neil has been elected to the position. Only a few changes have so far been announced in the faculty of the Kindergarten College, the most important being the resignation of Miss Jean MacLachlan, who has been instructor in sciences for a number of years. Miss MacLachlan has been identified with the Pittsburg kindergarten work since its inception. She is to be married this fall to Farrand Pierson of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Colonel Parker gave a talk to the kindergartners and their friends on the occasion of his visit to Buffalo to address the Manual Training Convention, which was held in that city the end of June.

The officers of the London Froebel Socity for the present year are: Mrs. Walter Ward, president; Mr. H. Keatley Moore, treasurer; and Mr. Claude G. Montefiore, secretary. Mrs. Ward (formerly Miss Emily Lord), will be remembered as having made an English translation of the Mother Play Book, in collaboration with her sister, Frances Lord. Mr. Moore, together with Mme. Michaelis, translated and edited a volume of Froebel's letters. Mr. Montefiore is a worthy nephew of the beloved philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore.

Mrs. H. Elizabeth Foster, the author of the childlike yet ethical little poem called Miss Buttercup's Party, in this month's REVIEW, was one of the chief workers in the School of Religious Pedagogy at Chautauqua this summer. She conducted the section relating to primary methods.

The question as to whether Salem, Mass., should reëstablish its kindergartens was thoroughly threshed out last June. It was voted that six kindergartens were to be opened this September. The people claim that inefficient kindergartners were the real cause of the abolition of former kindergartens.

Norfolk, Va., is to have a free kindergarten under the direction of the Norfolk Kindergarten Asssociation, which has been chartered and authorized to establish free kindergartens throughout Virginia. In connection with the meetings to be held by the association there will be a series of lectures, delivered by Norfolk's most prominent physicians, on the Hygienic Care of Young Children.

Chinatown in Philadelphia is to have a kindergarten exclusively for the benefit of the tiny residents of Race street. It will be opened within a few weeks by the Rev. Frederic Poole, under the auspices of the Christian League at the mission house, at 929 Race street. A complete outfit is to be purchased, the services of a trained teacher are to be secured and a room has been set apart. In addition to the children who have American mothers and Chinese fathers, there are now about fifteen children of

pure Chinese blood in Chinatown. From fifteen to twenty of them assemble regularly at the mission. All lessons will be given in English.

The school board of Malden, Mass., has voted to establish a kindergarten at the Center School in September. Miss Theresa F. Long, formerly of the Emerson School, will have charge of it.

Columbia University students preparing to be teachers will soon have the benefit of practical work during their course. A bequest of $100,000 is to be used to build and equip a school for kindergarten and elementary grades. Free tuition will be given to about three hundred children.

The Pacolet Manufacturing Company of Gaffney (S. C.), in addition to the school building which they now have at their mills, will erect and equip a comfortable building for kindergarten purposes. The Pacolet Company has shown great liberality and interest in the cause of education in that community.

The ladies of the Free Kindergarten Association of Rock Island, Ill., are to erect a building at an expense of $3000 in which to carry on their work in the First Ward.

At the annual meeting of the Pittsfield (Mass.) Kindergarten Association the report of the treasurer showed that the organization is now in the most prosperous condition in its history. The Fall term of the kindergarten will open in September with Miss Louise Gardner and Miss Elizabeth Bridges as kindergartners.

At the seventeenth annual meeting of the Mission Kindergarten Association, Milwaukee (Wis.), the report of the secretary, Miss Dore, stated that arrangements had been made with the Milwaukee Normal School whereby the Fourth street and Galena street kindergartens were made auxiliaries, thus placing them on the same lines with the city kindergartens and receiving like benefits. This new arrangement goes into effect in September. The report of the superintendent, Mrs. L. A. Truesdale, showed that 492 had been enrolled during the year from kindergartens, with an average attendance of 191.

Miss Annie Bucknam, a kindergartner in Lewiston (Me.), has been holding a summer kindergarten at Saco.

Social settlement work is planned by the ladies' guild of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, which has already established a girls' clubhouse, soon to become a girls' home, at 319 Superior street, Chicago. A three-story residence building has been loaned until October. Miss Mary Ellen Burroughs, superintendent, hopes to have a kindergarten in operation by fall, and the women of the church say they intend to make such a success of the venture that means will be forthcoming for the branching out of the work into a social settlement.

At New Haven (Ct.), a free kindergarten on Lloyd street has been maintained for several years by the City Kindergarten Association. This has recently been discontinued. A petition has been received from many residents of the locality and forwarded to the board of education, in favor of establishing a kindergarten in the neighborhood, and sixty-nine have signed the petition. The committee on school buildings has been instructed to ascertain if a suitable place can be found for locating the new kindergarten.

The Child Study Club of Ithaca, N. Y., has an interesting list of books for home reading, which may be obtained by addressing the secretary, Mrs. Virgil D. Morse.

Miss Harriet Rees, who has for several years been at the head of the kindergarten work at the Illinois School for the Blind at Jacksonville, Ill., has tendered her resignation. She has been appointed principal teacher at the State School for the Blind in St. Louis and will enter upon her duties in September.

Mrs. E. O. Reynolds is organizing a kindergarten in Central City, Neb. It will open September 1.

The school board of Rutland, Vt., has voted unanimously to have three kindergartens this year, employing one more teacher than heretofore and an additional assistant.

The board of education of Grand Rapids, Mich., has appropriated $1,500 for the equipment of the four new kindergartens to be opened this fall.

St. James' Episcopal Church, Pittsburg, Pa., has taken up the settlement work formerly carried on in that neighborhood by the Kingsley House. The parish rooms of the church will be fitted up as a home for the new institution. Among the features contemplated are a sewing school, a kindergarten, a kitchen and cooking school, reading rooms for boys and men, a day nursery, and a

mothers' meeting. The work will be non-sectarian and the privileges free to all.

At the triennial meeting of the Dominion Educational Association, held at the Normal School, Ottawa, in August, the program of the Kindergarten Department included the following addresses: Educational Value of Music, Mrs. F. M. S. Jenkins, organist St. George's Church, Ottawa; discussion and illustration of method; Some Phases of Infant Mind, From a Mother's Point of View, by Mrs. (Rev.) C. E. Bolton; The Parents' Responsibility to the State, by Hon. Justice Burbidge, Ottawa; Art of the Kindergarten, by A. F. Newlands, Buffalo; The Play Method of Teaching Music, by Miss Jean Stocks, of Ottawa, an illustration of her original system of teaching notation, staff, time, etc., to beginners.

Miss Marie Ebert has opened a kindergarten at Millville, N. J.

The work of the Social Settlement of Rochester, N. Y., which was incorporated last May, is under the supervision of Mrs. Stewart. The morning is devoted to kindergarten work, in the main, none of the little ones being allowed to come in the afternoon. There are about sixty children in the kindergarten.

Miss Edith M. Barber has accepted a position as teacher of a kindergarten and first primary department in the school at Plymouth, Conn., for the coming year.

With the election of Miss Margaret Leonard to the principalship of the New Orleans Free Kindergarten Association Training School for Teachers, the Palmer Kindergarten was deprived of its principal. The position has been filled by the election of Miss Elizabeth Woods.

The Hyde Park kindergarten and the Tampa Heights kindergarten, at Tampa, Fla., have been combined under the direction of Miss Downs, principal of the Tampa Bay private school. This arrangement, it is thought, will be for the advancement of kindergarten work, as by combining the patronage of the two kindergartens it will be possible to have one large kindergarten, where heretofore there have been two small ones.

At the Pennsylvania State Educational Convention, held in Philadelphia in July, the program of the kindergarten conference included Greetings to the Kindergartners of Pennsylvania, by Anna W. Williams, supervisor of Philadelphia kindergartens, paper on Educational Value of the Kindergarten, read by Mrs. Letitia Wilson of Johnstown, chairman; Nature Work in the Kindergarten, by Mary Schnarburg of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Kindergarten Association, and Literature for Mother and Child, by Mrs. Herman H. Birney, vice-president of the National Congress of Mothers. The State Kindergarten Association was admitted to membership as a part of the association.

Two hundred and fifty Chicago teachers attended the N. E. A. at Detroit.

At the Jewish Summer Assembly, held at Atlantic City, N. J., in July, a model kindergarten class was conducted in the open air by Miss Addie Rosenberg of Cleveland, Ohio.

At Franklin, Mass., Miss Belle W. Gordon will reopen her kindergarten in September, taking the same room as heretofore, over Hosford's dry goods store. She has had a most successful opening year, having had ten pupils.

At Bucyrus, O., Miss Gertrude Kerr, assisted by Miss Lola Andrews, opened a kindergarten for a term of six weeks in the Presbyterian Sunday-school room.

The public kindergarten at Exeter, N. H., will be abolished with the beginning of the next school year. The teacher, Miss Cora B. Pierson, will be given a position in one of the primary grades.

The city property committee of Springfield, Mass., have recommended that a four-room addition be built to the Central street school building. It is to be constructed partly to accommodate a kindergarten, which is needed in that part of the city.

The kindergarten work undertaken and heretofore carried on by the King's Daughters in the mill district of Columbia, S. C., will be enlarged in its scope this year. A committee consisting of Mrs. FitzSimons, Miss MacFeat, Miss Lula Shand and Miss Bonham will have the work in charge.

The opening of the Chicago commons in the new quarters at Grand avenue and Morgan street was made July 1. Kindergarten mothers' club and a small residence will be maintained near the old home, 140 North Union street.

Miss Mary S. Huse, a graduate of the St. Paul, Minn., kindergarten class of '85, and a primary teacher of many years experience, will organize a connecting class in Huntsville, Ala., September 1.

An association has been formed at Memphis, Tenn., to be known as the Memphis Free Kindergarten Association of Colored Women, with the following as officers: Mrs. William Hemingway, president; Mrs. W. J. Harvey, vice-president; Mrs. P. L. Murchison, secretary; Mrs. D. E. Ausbury, treasurer; Mrs. E. A. Whitlow, chairman of ways and means committee; Julia Flagg, chairman of the executive committee, and Dr. Kneeland as corresponding secretary. The association was formed under the direction of Alice Carey of Atlanta, the originator of the movement to establish kindergartens for the colored children in Georgia.

Miss Fannie E. Burrage of Cesarea, Turkey, in an address on The Influence of the Kindergarten on Missionary Work, says: "There is a Turkish school across the street from our missionary house in Cesarea. This is for the youngest children. They sit on the floor, while their green-turbaned teacher repeats a portion of the Koran, their sacred book, to them. They all shout the same after him—the louder the better. Over and over again this is done, the voices increasing in volume toward the close of the session, the teacher adding his voice to theirs. The mind of the child is filled with, to him, meaningless words, but which he will understand later. Miss Nellie Bartlett opened the first kindergarten in Turkey, in Smyrna, in 1885. Girls were later sent for training from other parts of Turkey, one going from Talas, a town about five miles from Cesarea. On finishing her course she returned to teach there. During the first months she trained another girl who took her place when she was married. Mrs. Fowle interested a society of girls in this school, and they raised enough money to start a similar one in Cesarea in January, 1891. Since my return to Turkey after my first furlough in this country, four classes of girls have been trained in the Cesarea kindergarten. Six of these girls came from other stations, returning to them to work. Twelve were from our own field, and most of them have done good service as teachers."

Art Study Pictures is a publication which gives monthly to its subscribers a portfolio of ten pictures reproduced from those of famous artists. The portfolios are made up in two ways: some include choice pictures all from one artist's works; others give pictures related to certain subjects and representing a variety of artists. Ancient and modern masters appear on the list,—among the latter, Sargent, Whistler, Burne Jones, Rossetti, Knaus, and Kaulbach. One portfolio contains pictures of Greek sculpture, another of French architecture, another of farm yard scenes. Our frontispiece for this month, Hay Making, by Julien Dupré, is from a plate kindly loaned by the Art Study Company, and belongs in a portfolio of French pictures, all on rural subjects.

Many of the pictures are of interest for children, and persons wishing to select for themselves can do so, paying the same price as when buying the sets made up by the firm. Two volumes (480 pictures) of this series have already been issued, and the third volume, beginning July 15, is now begun. Subscriptions, $1.00 a year. Single portfolios, ten cents. For catalogue containing list of pictures send to the Art Study Company, 315 Dearborn street, Chicago.

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Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

ELIZABETH PEABODY HOUSE KINDERGARTEN.

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ELIZABETH PEABODY HOUSE.

THE KINDERGARTEN SETTLEMENT OF BOSTON.

By Caroline F. Brown.

SOMETHING over a year ago the Elizabeth Peabody House Association decided to remove from the cramped and unsanitary building on Chambers street, and selected for a new home the two houses, 85 and 87 Poplar street. These two old, but originally fine, well-built houses

were put into thorough repair and remodeled within to suit present needs. The corner which they occupy bears an evil reputation in the old West End. The street is narrow and crooked. The buildings are almost all many-storied tenement houses. The children, who seem to fill houses and street, are, as in the old neighborhood, mostly of Hebrew emigrant parentage; but there is still a collection of miserable wooden buildings, filling Poplar avenue, Poplar court, Porcelain place, and even running into Charles street, occupied by Irish families. From a financial standpoint, the new neighborhood is much poorer than the old; incidentally it is also more interesting.

April 30th, 1901, the day of the moving, will be long remembered by the inmates and friends of the Elizabeth Peabody House. It was a gala occasion for the whole community, with the exception of the settlement workers. The first of the "events" was a procession which might be described thus: Item, resident with bird cage; item, resident with goldfish; item, resident with parlor clock; item, resident with medicine chest,—and so on; the list including all the members of the household and all its treasures too precious or too fragile to be intrusted to the hands of strangers. The day closed also in a public manner with a "collation." Among many other unobtrusive domestic articles more conspicuous when absent than present, we lacked curtains; and when the weary family, seated about the kitchen table, began to partake of its first meal under the new roof, the window blinds were quietly folded back from the outside, and a row of eyes appeared, forming a border along the lower sash. The night was pitchy dark, the kitchen illuminated by only one small lamp, and outside the eyes alone were visible, glittering strangely in the rain. A few muffled whispers and a gentle scuffling now and then were borne to our ears. Evidently no rudeness was intended, nor was any further demonstration made. But every motion was watched, and, for all that we knew, every mouthful counted. From that moment to this the household of the Elizabeth Peabody House has lived literally in the public eye.

The next day our fine, shiny doorplate was screwed on to the front door and shortly afterwards we were waited upon by a delegation of small girls. A young resident answered the prolonged ring at the bell, a housemaid following in her steps.

"Are you Miss Peabody?" demanded the spokeswoman.

"No," replied the astonished resident.

"Is *she* Miss Peabody?" indicating the maid.

"No," again.

"Well," in a tone of deep disgust, "where are the Peabodys, anyway?"

When one realizes how little there is that is pleasant to see in the two and three roomed tenements of our neighbors, and how very little in dirty, crowded Poplar street itself, one can sympathize more fully with the curiosity these active, wide-awake children display toward the

Elizabeth Peabody House. Their powers of observation are most often exercised upon vicious sights and sounds!

When the children come into the Elizabeth Peabody House this is what they see: The little old-fashioned hall is largely filled up by the staircase. Opening on the left is truly the "great room" of the house, upon whose arrangement much thought and care has been lavished. This is the kindergarten, the central point to which all the interests of the house converge. It is a large, low-ceiled room, widening irregularly toward the front. Its lack of height, disadvantageous in some respects, is more than compensated for by the seven windows and two deep fireplaces. The aspect is south and west, and when the sun shines the room is flooded with light. Our little ones can now sing with a feeling of reality their "Good morning, glorious sun." In the old house the great light that rules the day was seldom visible except to the eye of faith. In the center of the southern wall has been placed the memorial window to Miss Rebecca J. Weston, one of Boston's early kindergarten training teachers, and her portrait hangs beside it. One thing the kindergarten has always had,—beautiful pictures. The green tinted walls make a fine background for these. The heavy old woodwork (as elsewhere throughout the house) has been painted creamy white. This soft green and white, touched by the sunlight, gives a feeling of brightness, and yet restfulness, most desirable in a room used by little children.

Back of the kindergarten, and opening from it by folding doors, is the dining room. This is a fine, large room, also all green and white (even to the china), and with three windows and a fireplace. The kindergarten and dining-rooms, thrown into one, make a fair-sized hall, and are frequently so used in the evening, the dining-room having been fitted with a small portable stage. Together, they cover the whole ground floor of the larger house.

The residents' parlor opens from the right of the hall. Behind it are the kindergarten dressing room (well furnished with closets, set bowls, etc.), the kitchen, and the two large china closets.

The second floor is entirely taken up by four large rooms, used for club and class work. One is fitted with four bookcases (two of them, alas, are empty!) containing the children's library. This room and the adjoining one are used every Saturday afternoon as reading rooms by a large number of young children, who are carefully helped and guided in their choice of books. In these rooms during the winter afternoons (winter with us is a technical term signifying October to June) the sewing and embroidery classes meet, and also the clubs for the little boys and girls. One room is "the bank," where the children deposit their pennies and occasional dimes under the rules of the Stamp Saving Society. The bank is a very interesting place and introduces many children to the house whom we should not otherwise know. The depositors generally confide to the directors the entire

history of their savings as well as their hopes for the future in the shape of new shoes, hats, etc. So much is to be seen and heard here that the head worker usually finds it well worth her while to be present during banking hours. Last week she overheard one small boy say to another: "My father wants to move to Chelsea, but I don't want to go. I don't want to leave (alas for the Elizabeth!) Peabody House." In the evening the rooms are again filled by older boys and girls, members of the debating and literary clubs, by classes in history, French, drawing, stenography, etc. During the summer some of these older clubs have continued to meet without leaders, and have done good work. During July and August, on two days in the week, the walls resound with the "joyful noise" of the members of the boys' flower mission and the girls' flower mission, who distribute the flowers sent us by the Mutual Helpers' Flower Mission.

The eagerness of our neighbors for flowers is no less than pitiful, women, and even men, begging for faded and broken bits of green which one is ashamed to give. One resident has, of late, taken flowers into the worst places of the West End and distributed them to the children in the streets. On the first occasion she was nearly thrown down, and would undoubtedly have been so had not a young man, a friend of the house, come to her rescue. Since then she has *learned how*. But upon going into the worst place of all, expecting great difficulty, she met with a pathetic surprise. Bracing firmly against a fence and opening her big box, she said to the children: "Now, if you won't snatch or push, I'll come again."

Strangely enough they did neither. At the first indication of such a move, a ragged, black-eyed mite, her little features tense with anxiety, would implore: "Oh, be good, do be good! and *maybe* some day she'll come again,"—which the resident hopes to do,—and that not once only.

The third and fourth floors contain the storeroom, bathrooms and nine bedrooms. Three of the bedrooms have been furnished by the alumnæ associations of the Boston kindergarten training schools, and are known respectively as the Cedar (Garland), Wheelock, and Symonds rooms. All are charming and are designed for the use of students of the three schools when such students are in the house. Last spring's family numbered six and the summer family has been four. All the rooms are now engaged from the first of October for the winter. Indeed, the storeroom might well be made into a bedroom.

I have been asked to tell something of our needs. We need everything, particularly money for club and class work. The children from our old neighborhood have followed us, the present clubs and classes being almost entirely filled by them alone. There are now sixty or more boys, and an equal number of girls, between the ages of ten and thirteen, clamoring to be put into clubs,—and there are no leaders for them. Be-

sides these there are many older and younger children. We need classes in carpentry, clay modeling, sloyd, cane-seating, history, languages, music, dancing. We need—but that is a dream—a well-equipped kitchen garden, lest our little girls follow their mothers' fashion of housekeeping. Under present conditions we can take about thirty-five children into our kindergarten, and there are more than a hundred at our doors who cannot be taken into the public kindergarten. Many older children cannot be taken into the lowest primary grade of the public school.

But while all these needs are pressing, our greatest need is for devoted personal service, without which money and equipment count as nothing. In social life the ultimate is personal influence. The method of the social worker, under whatever form applied, must be the application of personal influence for the formation of character. For their proper mental development our children need, very greatly need, to have their public school education supplemented by manual and other special forms of training. Direct, so-called religious instruction we may not give to the children of foreigners born into the Jewish and Roman Catholic faiths. But these children are reared in gutters and back alleys, and under unspeakable conditions for which Americans are chiefly, if not wholly, responsible. The rabbis and the priests do their best, but they are few, and the former, for the most part, ignorant and desperately poor. The majority of the parents do their best, but they are even poorer and more ignorant, and they work night and day for the barest necessities. The public school teachers, too, do their best, but the schools are overcrowded and the children are in them for barely twenty-five hours a week. But these children are not only Jews and Roman Catholics, they are the future citizens of the state. To bring it nearer home, they are soon to be the voters of Ward Eight, the most populous ward, the most influential ward, and, I venture to say, the most corrupt ward, politically, of the city. In the name of humanity, who is to guide these children toward purity, truth, honesty, generosity, fairmindedness? to aid their development to a wholesome and beautiful maturity? Who is to help protect the state from this tide of ignorance and evil that threatens it? Surely they should do it who are personally responsible. And who is personally responsible if not you and I?

THE inscription on the arch under which the graduates of Harvard University pass after receiving their diploma is: "Depart, not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

IN COMMON THINGS.

By Minot J. Savage.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see!
It is a flower that blossoms by thy door.
Bring love and justice home; and then no more
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought.
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command:
Life's common deeds build all that saints have thought.

In wonder-workings, or some bush aflame,
Men look for God, and fancy him concealed,
But in earth's common things he stands revealed,
While grass and flowers and stars spell out his name.

The paradise men seek, the city bright
That gleams beyond the stars for longing eyes,
Is only human goodness in the skies.
Earth's deeds, well done, glow into heavenly light.

—*Selected.*

FROEBEL, STANLEY HALL, AND HENRIETTE SCHRADER.

By Mary J. Lyschinska, of the Pestalozzi-Froebel House, Berlin.

EVEN on this side of the Atlantic, the article in the *Forum* on Some Defects of the Kindergarten in America comes like a refreshing breeze to many friends of Froebel's work. Where the present writer finds herself so much in accord as she does with the main drift of Dr. Stanley Hall's article, it may seem superfluous to cavil over single

points, however important. But the very freshness of his criticism is infectious, and possibly he may agree with the writer that a healthy discussion within the same camp is more honoring to the cause than silent submission to an orthodox creed, even of the latest brand.

Again and again in perusing the article I could not help regretting that two such workers in the educational field as Henriette Schrader and Dr. Stanley Hall never met and held converse; surely education would have been enriched thereby. Indeed, that gentleman pays such a warm tribute of admiration to the Petalozzi-Froebel House of Berlin, the life-work of Mrs. Schrader,* that the thought suggests itself how much give-and-take there would have been between the lady who is at once the most important historical link with Froebel and the most radical reformer of Froebel orthodoxy, on the one hand, and the apostle of child study, on the other. Surely Dr. Stanley Hall would have found some of his conceptions of *Mutter und Koselieder* fusing into new moulds under the ripe wisdom of Mrs. Schrader's exposition and the unobtrusive simplicity with which it was offered.

Dr. Stanley Hall's objections to the book may be briefly summarized as follows: (1) The book is a product of Froebel's decadence; (2) the contents of the book are psychologically unsound, *i.e.*, do not agree with the order of the unfolding mind of the child; (3) the book is æsthetically valueless; (4) the contents may have been suitable for peasant children of Froebel's time—they are unreal under modern conditions of city life.

It would be a little difficult for many of us in this part of the world to accept Dr. Stanley Hall's dictum as to the historical position of *Mutter und Koselieder* with reference to the development of Froebel's educational mission. Certainly the book was published in 1843, nine years before his death, but it was in process of making for several years beforehand, and we know that Froebel's first wife (a lady whose influence on his genius was more important than is generally known) collaborated in the work. Froebel himself considered that in this work he had laid down the cardinal principles of his theory, and Henriette Schrader, perhaps the least trammeled by vain tradition amongst all his followers, made it for over a quarter of a century a subject of a course of instruction in each grade of the training school in the Pestalozzi-Froebel House. Moreover, the contents of *Mutter und Koselieder* are but pictorial and versified repetitions of the burden of Froebel's teaching in The Education of Man, published in 1826, and the two works are in many respects parallel. Twenty years ago it was a standing reproach to kindergarten training colleges in England and Germany that they ignored the existence of this work, whilst the excessive attention paid then to the series in the various occupations was wearisomely proved by the miles of

*Portrait and Sketch, KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, October, 1899.

paper foldings, paper cuttings, and mat weavings that were produced at annual examinations of the Froebel Society of London. Those who, like the present writer, have watched the gradual transformation of the kindergarten world in two countries can distinctly trace the influence for good which the increased study of *Mutter und Koselieder* has had upon the training of students. If increased attention to this work of Froebel's has had such a beneficial effect upon kindergartners in Britain and Germany, how can it exercise such a baneful influence in America?

Perhaps the answer depends on the point of view from which the work has to be regarded, and the attainment of such a point of view presents less difficulty to the average student of Froebel on this side of the Atlantic, moving in an atmosphere saturated by history, than to the denizens of a New World. It seems to the writer, at least, as if both the errors in the use of the book which Dr. Stanley Hall points out, and his castigation of these errors, bear the traces of a certain remoteness from the world of feeling and thought dominant in Froebel's youth, and of which this book is a characteristic outcome.

Now it was just this combination of historical perspective with a very modern development of the principles in practice that made Mrs. Schrader's lessons on *Mutter und Koselieder* of unique value. How well the writer can recall the very last course of instruction she gave to a class truly cosmopolitan in character, comprising ladies of at least five different nationalities, during the winter months of 1896-97! At the very outset of the course she pointed out to us some of the causes which retard any real understanding of Froebel's work, frankly confessing that some of these lie in the personality of Froebel himself, in his difficult literary style, his irregular education, and his idiosyncrasies. Henriette Schrader then singled out some of the currents of the higher thought of his time which profoundly modified his educational message; she taught us to trace the influence of the romantic school of literature, with its worship of mediævalism and excessive love of symbolism, in the quaint plates of *Mutter und Koselieder*. But Henriette Schrader did not bid us go to the past alone for a key to Froebel's ideas in that book; on the contrary, she saw in the rise and spread of scientific habits of thought a guarantee for the inevitable rebirth of interest in Froebel's educational theory therein revealed. His view concerning the relations subsisting between body and mind, his firm assumption of the facts of evolution in the intellectual, emotional, and moral spheres, his conception of the typical characteristics of the manly and womanly nature—all these fundamental questions Henriette Schrader considered were revealed in that book, and made it preëminently one of the present and more so of the future.

Indeed, she herself was a modern woman in the best sense of the word, so full and rich were her relations to the world of to-day, so bracing and inspiring was her outlook on the fu-

ture—the good time coming when the scientific and ethical leaven now fermenting in all our social problems shall have permeated human society, when education shall be a supreme consideration in each household, high or low, and when a whole nation shall be truly cultured! Dr. Stanley Hall very rightly finds in Froebelism a fundamentally wholesome philosophy for celibate women until the blessing of married existence comes as a *quietus*. Henriette Schrader had the boldness of conviction, perhaps of genius, not only to carry Froebelism up to the threshold of marriage, but over it, with the effective coöperation of her husband. Perhaps an acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Schrader, and with the circle especially of the younger generation under their influence, would have given Dr. Stanley Hall an enlarged view of the central truth of Froebel's book, namely, the possibility of raising marriage and parenthood to a higher plane by an intelligent and active coöperation between the sexes in all questions relating to the up-bringing of the young, both within and without the family circle. Henriette Schrader's frequent injunction as an inspiring teacher of women, *Uebet geistige Mütterlichkeit,* was no weak transcendentalism, but the unconscious summary of her own long and transparent life, and it has fallen as a spiritual dew on many households. The education of men, as well as women, for parenthood in a high sense, and the consequent regeneration of family life in the future, was the burden of Froebel's message in *Mutter und Koselieder.* The plates require no artificial key to their meaning if this simple fact be kept in view. Children are therein pictured in family surroundings: family events, such as a stroll, a meal, going to sleep, a birthday, feeding the chickens, gardening, the visit of a workman, going to the toy shop, or visitors calling—these are taken as occasions for weaving a delicate web of educational thought and practice, not unworthy of the attention of philosophers or mothers. Froebel's first wife characterized the book well when she wrote on the fly leaf of a first copy:—

> Fribbles will deem it idle dreaming,
> Responsive souls will find the meaning;
> For vulgar natures laugh to scorn
> The truths on deeper minds inborne.

Dr. Stanley Hall not only objects to the contents of the book, but to its form—"very crude poems, indifferent music and pictures, the like of which were never seen in any art exhibit." Certainly some of the rhymes and much of the music might be improved, but his judgment is too sweeping to be accurate. It would, perhaps, require a Goethe to weld philosophy and flowing numbers to perfection; but some of the mottoes and the children's rhymes are good poetry, and there is a simplicity and directness in the original which is often missed in a translation. Without desiring to defend or preserve the faulty drawing in some of the plates, would Dr. Stanley Hall deny the possibility of an artistic conception of a scene in which he might nevertheless detect technical errors such as no modern drawing in-

structor would commit? Some famous pictures of the world will occur to the reader in answer to this question, and competent and experienced lovers of art have held that most of the plates in *Mutter und Koselieder* will survive by virtue of an elixir of life the artist has breathed into them, in spite of the defects in drawing.

Dr. Stanley Hall seems to infer that only party prejudice prevents kindergartners from accepting Herbartian theory, but it may also be due to a desire for logical consistency. Henriette Schrader again and again pointed out the fact that Herbart's and Froebel's psychology are diametrically opposed in important particulars, even although the two educationalists may agree in many practical measures. Both, for instance, advocate concentration of interest, both appeal to the activity of the pupil. A closer examination of these seeming coincidences reveals the different psychological conceptions underlying them, and the practical consequences flowing from these. The center of interest in Herbartian pedagogy is instruction to bring about a good disposition (*Gesinnungsunterricht*), and, as the points of connection linking it with other instruction have a purely ratiocinative origin, they frequently appear far-fetched and forced in practice. How very different is Mrs. Schrader's application and realization of Froebel's principle of a "unity of life" (*Lebenseinigung*)! She places the children in natural surroundings, under motherly direction, in the midst of a household, a garden, and household pets. A *basis of natural fact underlies the educational principle of concentration,* and the work which the above surroundings impose upon young and old every day of the year yields material for concentration and interconnection, without artificial straining after such.

Again, Mrs. Schrader had often occasion to point out what a very different position Herbart's "Occupation" has in his pedagogic theory: it is the safety valve to let off superfluous energy, the educational waste pipe for the overflow of the passions. With Froebel the constructive instinct is to be laid hold of from the earliest years and to be brought into organic interaction with the receptive activity of the child; it is an integral part of education because it is to be a trained means of self-expression, without which the balance between mental intake and output cannot be held.

From the above it must not be supposed that Mrs. Schrader could not appreciate the splendid services rendered by a man like Herbart to the science of instruction; to him Germany owes the fact that it is generally treated as a science founded upon psychology. At the same time his pedagogy is old enough to have produced some attendant evils; and the one-sided value attached to intellectual training is the direct outcome of the psychological doctrine that presentations are the primary state of the soul—all else is derivative and secondary; that feeling is indistinct and undeveloped presentation; and that the will can only be trained through the circle of thought.

—*Journal of Education* (London).

AN ECONOMIC EXPERIMENT.

By Katherine Beebe.

DURING the hard times which followed close on the winter succeeding the World's Fair, at Chicago, the teachers in one of our public schools which stands on the border line between the more prosperous and less well-to-do portions of the community, were constantly having cases of need or destitution brought to their notice. The same story was told over and over again—the father out of work, the family in debt, and the children either unable to go to school for want of proper clothing or attending insufficiently clad. Of course, our immediate concern was with the children who were, and those who should have been, in school; and we found it a comparatively simple matter to tax our friends for shoes, rubbers, little trousers or undergarments. As soon as the fact was established that such things were needed at the schoolhouse such a quantity flowed in as to make the distribution something of an embarrassment. For a time each case was met in a simple, old-fashioned, free-handed way, and without doubt much good was done and much suffering alleviated. Little by little, however, as times grew better, it began to be evident that the situation was more complicated than was at first supposed. Whispered requests for special garments became more instead of less frequent; notes asking for shoes and rubbers, with varying degrees of peremptoriness, were received at shorter intervals; families that had never before asked for assistance began to send delegates to the schoolhouse, and many demands for help came from far beyond the district lines. Moreover, garments given that children might be well or warmly clad for school were kept for best, while those that had been deemed insufficient continued to do duty for every day. Gossip was rife in school circles concerning various instances of clothing being sold, of its being packed away in quantity, of misrepresentation, and of home money being spent for luxuries, inasmuch as generous townspeople, through the school, seemed not only willing but anxious to provide the necessities. During this time of stress, one of the families bought a piano and another built a brick basement under the house they lived in.

It was plain that something must be done or things would go from bad to worse. Here was the problem: On the one side, many generous open-handed people, who were only too glad to send quantities of cast-off and out-grown clothing to the school, chiefly because of their belief that conscientious teachers would see that it went where it was needed; on the other side, many families who really wanted or needed the help which the others were so willing to give. How

to reconcile these two sets of conditions so that only good should result was the question.

It was gradually, but finally, answered in this way. All those people who wanted the clothing as an immediate necessity, as a provision for the future, or as a matter of thrift, were invited to meet on Friday afternoons in the kindergarten room, and there mend, make over, and transform the garments, which, of course, came to us in all conditions. The invitation was accepted, and the Dewey School Sewing Society was formed. On every fourth Friday the clothing is distributed, so many pieces to each worker, according to the number on hand. Those who work four Fridays have first choice; those who work three, next; and so on. A given number of the best garments are placed on one particular table, and from this assortment only one must be taken, in order that each worker may receive at least one of the most desirable articles.

This sewing society has now been in operation for three years. Each of the thirty or forty workers receives from three to six garments a month, the understanding being that the garments are paid for in labor. The good resulting from this plan of action becomes more and more evident as the work goes on. Begging has ceased entirely. When different individuals presented themselves as candidates for assistance they were told that all the clothing sent to the school was now in the hands of the society, and then they were cordially invited to work and share with the others. This quickly weeded out the thriftless and unworthy. Many of the women, by means of their half-day's labor, are able to clothe their children for school at least in part. The less thrifty are constantly learning from the more thrifty, the ignorant from the skillful. A number of women who, three years ago, seemed hopelessly discouraged and without ambition, have been actually transformed in dress, demeanor, and conversation. The social contact has given them the feeling that "somebody cares," and that "it does make a difference." This social contact seems to appeal to them very strongly. We know that they look forward to the meetings with pleasure from week to week, and that when summer comes they miss their gathering together. The fact that their hands are busy takes away all stiffness and formality, and it is apparent that the interest of each in the other adds a brightness to their lives.

The various reasons which lead to individual attendance are most interesting. One woman, encumbered with a worthless husband, is trying to pay for the little house in which she and her old father live, so every cent saved counts; another is a deserted wife with four children; another's husband is dying of consumption and she has several little children; still another is paying debts contracted during a long illness, and looking forward to another, by the way; and so it goes,—each has her own reason for coming and each reason is a tragedy when fully known.

The clothing sent from many spring house cleanings is brushed and

packed away with tobacco and moth balls in the school attic during the summer. In October it is looked over, and the garments in condition for immediate use are gathered together for a small rummage sale. This brings in from ten to twelve dollars a year and is enough for our running expenses during the winter. It pays for linings, buttons, needles, thread, bits of new material, and so on. The rags which fall on the floor from week to week are sold and just pay for the oil used in the little stove on which we heat our iron for pressing. Necessary washing, cleaning, dyeing and machine-stitching are done by volunteers at home during the week. We have made numbers of waists, petticoats and school dresses out of cast-off gowns, and as many little trousers and blouses out of men's moth-eaten clothing. We make quilts of cotton, woolen, and silk; braided rugs, and rag carpet. Everything sent to us is utilized in one way or another. This year we bought some new material and made a loan collection of baby clothes, which is now in active service.

As some of the mothers must bring little children or stay at home, a volunteer helper, who is usually a kindergartner, takes charge of the babies. These little people enjoy their afternoon's work, lunch, and play so much that they are our most regular attendants.

The affairs of the society are managed by a committee consisting of the Dewey school kindergartner and two of the most capable women. One of them attends to the giving out of the work, while the other, who has been a dressmaker, does most of the planning and cutting out. The kindergartner is treasurer, keeps the record of attendance, and oversees things generally. She has plenty of time, however, to sit down quietly and sew with the others, being absolutely one with them. On such terms of equality she is able to reach them as never before.

The big, sunny room with its piano, plants and pictures is a very attractive place on Friday afternoons. It fairly hums with industry, laughter, and good will. There is usually a baby or two rolling around among the scraps on the floor, a tableful of three and four year olds busy and happy in a far corner, and a lively interchange of jokes, gossip, and confidences among friends and acquaintances. A new member, discovered by some kind-hearted neighbor to be lonely or in need, is brought and made welcome from time to time. Other members drop out as they become so prosperous as to need no longer the society's help. The attendance averages about thirty-five women and ten children.

So far our experiment has been a success. Capital, as represented by the friends who are more than ever willing to send their old clothes to the school, and Labor, as represented by sixty or more toil-worn hands, have met together on such amicable terms that I have ventured to tell the story to the readers of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW in the hope that some will be generally, and perhaps a few specifically, interested.

THE HAPPY HEARTS OF EARTH.

By Robert Buchanan.

Whence thou hast come thou knowest not, little brook,
Nor whither thou art bound. Yet, wild and gay,
Pleased with thyself and pleasing all that look,
Thou wendest, all the seasons, on thy way.
The lonely glen grows gladsome with thy play,
Thou glidest lamb-like through the ghostly shade;
To think of solemn things thou wast not made
But to sing on for pleasure, night and day.

Such happy hearts are wandering, crystal clear,
In the great world where men and women dwell.
Earth's mighty shows they neither love nor fear,
They are content to be (while I rebel!),
Out of their own delight dispensing cheer,
And ever softly whispering: "All is well."

—*Selected.*

A KINDERGARTEN ELEVEN.

By H. Grace Parsons.

It was the first kindergarten meeting after the long vacation and a dozen bright-faced, happy-looking young women were seated on the piazza of the home of one of the members. This little circle comprised all the kindergartners in a certain suburban town. Two were from private schools, one was a governess, and the other nine held positions in the public schools of the place. During the previous winter they had met fortnightly to discuss problems relating to their profession, and they had found each other's varied experiences and opinions most helpful. But it was the social part of their intercourse which finally proved a great blessing to them, brightening up many an afternoon which might have laid heavily on the hands of those who were strangers in the town.

Agatha was the one who said things for the rest and naturally it was Agatha who said: "Are we not women as well as kindergartners?

Girls, we must have social times in self-defense, or we shall become merely what these dear good mothers of our children think us to be. They value us for their children's sakes, but forget that we are more than kindergartners and need a life outside and around the kindergarten. Come now, are not many of us leading regular convent lives, swinging like a pendulum from boarding place to school and from school to boarding place again, content to sacrifice all for our work? We are very short-sighted," cried Agatha. "We are not gaining new ideas. We are narrowing too much. Beware! 'For unto him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.'"

"But what can we do?" ventured the timid one.

"Do?" cried Agatha, "let us remember that we have a threefold nature; let us stop ignoring our physical nature, nor permit our poor little moral natures to run to seed, nor the supposedly moral to crowd out the mental. A sound body helps the mind, and a good laugh raises our moral tone immensely. Our mental training must be broader. We cannot know what wheat is by looking at wheat alone. In order to discover the secret of its life we must know the great waiting fields and the sun and the rain, the patient farmer, the busy mill, the baker, and, at last, the hungry mouths. And it is the same with our work. We must see it in relation to all life. Is not the kindergarten truly woman's sphere? For the better women we are the better kindergartners we shall make, and the more we know of the kindergarten the better women we shall be, and there is nothing in heaven or earth that will not be of help to us if we only know how to make use of it."

"Hurrah!" cried the eleven. "What do you want us to do?"

"In the first place," said Agatha, "let us join the bowling club, and then let us go walking or cycling together. We can find out a great deal about this town of our adoption, its rocks and flowers, woods and streams, and we shall be gaining health and pleasure at the same time."

The eleven were now aroused to the idea, and suggestions for good times came pouring in.

"And couldn't we meet to read something?" said one.

"Some good kindergarten book, I suppose," said another.

"Certainly not," replied Agatha, "that will come in our regular meetings. Don't forget about that outside life of ours. Shall we not rather read some of the dear old books that we all want to read and think we have no time for, and try to discover if there are not 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy'?"

So Agatha carried the day and she was rewarded by being appointed, as the eleven laughingly said, "Guardian of their threefold natures,"—and a strict guardian she proved to be. Once a week they met to take some pleasant excursion and sev-

eral of the girls joined the townspeople in various clubs for bowling, basket ball, etc. Even the diet of the eleven was examined into, and shy Laura Baxter, who was keeping house in two little rooms, was beguiled into confessing to very scanty meals. Through the "Guardian" she found a boarding house, where one good meal a day could come within the possibilities of even her slender purse. Stout shoes and short skirts became the rule; while, as pleasant exceptions, several evening dresses, which had never dreamed of being worn until the long vacation and home going, were shaken out of trunks and donned for the social readings.

By the end of the year quite a number of favorite poets and authors had been read, and some of the best of what the season offered at the theater and opera had been enjoyed by the modest little theater party in the family circle. When the International Kindergarten Union held its convention, the eleven clubbed together and sent two of their number as delegates. At the end of the year they held a grand, out-of-door, Froebel celebration, with games, songs, and marches, a street piano of unusually sweet tone serving as orchestra.

By all these means they proved that union is strength, and they were rewarded by the new vigor and health and knowledge which were coming into their lives and so into their work.

"We *can* make everything that we do to benefit ourselves help us in our work also," confessed the doubtful member at one of the meetings, "for I studied dancing this winter just for my own pleasure, but my children march better than ever before and have a fine idea of rhythm."

"It is the same with my vocal lessons," cried another; "a most wonderful change has come over the singing in the kindergarten."

"It is your own improvement reflected in these little mirrors," said Agatha, gravely. "Children cannot be driven; they must be led, and by guides who know the path. The kindergarten course prepares us to appreciate all of life; it gives us the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the sympathetic mind; and then, instead of feeding and nourishing these things, we settle down to chew over and over the end of what we have already learned. Now what is the use of a seeing eye if we keep it in the dark? I tell you, mothers and kindergartners and all of childhood's guardians must be active, they must keep interested, they must keep alive!"

FROM *Child Life*, an English periodical: "As long as we are content to allow children to be treated *en masse*, in flocks of sixty, seventy, even ninety, we need not expect to do much in the way of humanizing. It is all very well to blame officialism; but, after all, reform in education is largely a matter of money. Reducing the size of classes means increasing the number of teachers; and well-educated, properly-trained teachers cannot be had for nothing."

SPECIAL SCHOOLS AS A FIELD OF OBSERVATION FOR KINDERGARTEN STUDENTS.*

By Mary Adair.

THERE are two departments in every normal school, viz., the training department and the practice department, the function of the latter being to provide opportunity for the students to apply, and to see applied by experts, the methods of the training department.

At the Philadelphia Normal School, students who wish to be kindergartners must return for one year of specialization after they have completed the full normal course, their first year of kindergarten training being included in the general course. Feeling that the students who returned to complete the full kindergarten course were able to gain much from observation, the opportunity for this was extended to include special schools—schools for the blind, deaf, feeble-minded, etc. The advantages considered were: (1) That to specialists any observation of special methods should be helpful; (2) The appeal to very undeveloped or defective children necessarily exaggerates the appeal to the normal child; (3) In sense-defectives or children of low mentality, the emphasis is necessarily placed upon the concrete, the world of means and instrumentalities. Therefore, any observation which reveals a mind working its way through material to the conquest of material and consequent self-development ought to be helpful to students.

The School for the Blind at Overbrook, Pa., has been thrown open to our students in the most generous way, and having fewer restrictions than some of the other special schools, the observations there have been of most value to us. My especial reference, in this paper, to the methods for the blind does not mean that these only are valuable for observation, but that we in the Philadelphia Normal School have made better use of such observations.

Of course, the especial sense defect of the blind, requiring the most tangible world as a basis for all sense impressions, makes this observation of the greatest importance to kindergartners. And it is well known that many of the children in an institution for the blind are not only blind but have other defects as well, notably that of low mentality.

In order to explain the full advantages of these observations to kindergartners, I must touch upon the true idea of the concrete as a basis for mental and moral activity.

This question of the concrete reminds one of Janus,—it faces two

* Address delivered before the Kindergarten Section of the N. E. A., July 11, 1901.

ways: on one side toward the world of things, the objective world, as opportunity for suggestion and observation; on the other side toward the objective world as opportunity for reproduction and creation. One deals with the perceptive efforts of the mind as it acts upon objective life, using things as things; the other, with the creative or subjective use of things as ideas. Or, in other words, we have on the one hand nature, on the other hand art. Both are concrete, of course, but widely different. The one (nature) man looks at and learns about and copies; the other is the copy. To say which of these is most valuable would be to suggest that bread is more important than water, each being an absolute necessity in its own place and time; and *true* educational methods, from the kindergarten to the university, employ either as occasion demands. Now, *impression* is needed; and again, *expression*. To feed the mind with concrete *impressions* continually, giving no opportunity for reproduction, is to violate nature's law of balance and would defeat its own end by a stultification of power and the mind's refusal to receive any more impressions.

Again, to give opportunity for reproduction and creation without having previous perceptions would be still more ridiculous and, in fact, such reproduction would be impossible. It would be "making bricks without straw." You would not suppose that people who had any training would make such mistakes as these; and yet this is the very rock upon which the kindergarten student most frequently splits. Some time ago I observed an exercise in clay modeling with the youngest children in the kindergarten, a student teacher being in charge. Giving each child a lump of clay, and taking one herself, she said in the most approved kindergarten manner (playfully stimulating and stimulatingly playful): "Now I want you all to make a pump." She had no model, no story, no picture, no gesture,—nothing, in fact, which would recall any previous impression of pump, if there had been such an impression. The children looked nonplussed. Taking hold of her piece of clay, however, she said: "I am going to make one." This was a signal which the children were not slow to take, and as soon as she began rolling her clay, vigorous rolling and thumping and patting commenced all around the table. The children had no idea in the world what they were expected to make, but rolling and pounding and patting were irresistible. The clay gave suggestions of its own, but evidently suggestions that had little to do with a pump. "Oh, you're not making a pump," said the young teacher. "I don't know a pump," said one child. "I ain't never seen a pump," said another, the energetic rolling and pounding still going on.

This difficulty of the children's never having seen a pump was smartly solved by the teacher's telling them that if people lived in the country they would have a pump; that a pump was a thing with a handle, and that water comes out of

the spout, and that from it the dear little lambs can get a drink. "Oh," said one child, "I know—it's a spigot," and went to work with renewed vigor and an idea. By this time the young teacher had completed her own pump; and, realizing that for some reason her lesson was a failure and desiring by some master stroke to recover herself, she capped the climax by saying: "Now you can all turn your pumps into something else, anything you like." Oh! wonderful world where things do not need to stay put! But in this particular case it was of little account to the children, for a pump was as intelligible to them as a Mauser rifle might have been,—perhaps less so,—and any impression gained from the teacher's model would be one which would have to be unlearned, as it would suggest an object about two inches by one in dimension. The *mind* must perceive before it can proceed to create from the basis of perceptions.

The first light that broods over the deep chaos of a child's mind reveals a world of things ready for him to try, to test, to take hold of; and, starting out in life, each human being is in search of experiences; each experience gained is stored up, and used when occasion offers.

Experience is actual or vicarious, *e.g.*, I trip upon the stair and hurt myself; I tell you all; you can all recall like experiences, and mine serves you in this instance; so, acting upon it, you avoid my disaster. Or, I tell you a story; and, because of previous actual experience, you are able to live it all over and laugh or cry with me, as the case may be. The more cultivation one has, the more one is able to live by means of vicarious experience. Having traveled a little, we take a book and travel in any land; having lived with a few people who have customs we can read of and understand the life of any people. But for this larger possibility in experience our life would be as meager as that of a lower animal.

Now all teaching has for its object this pursuit of experience. If the school methods are based upon a true understanding of human nature, human need, and human possibility, each grade finds less necessity for actual experience and makes more and more use of vicarious experience.

According to this ratio, retracing the order of movement, there would be less and less of vicarious and more and more of actual experience until we come to a time, away at the beginning, antedating the kindergarten period, where no other than actual experience is possible; when to feel, taste, smell, hear, and see, is all of life. From the stage of life of the little child with its hands in front of him and things around him, to the advanced student, the old man with his hands behind him and thoughts within him, the movement is as slow and progressive as life itself. At which stage shall you point your finger and say: "Here the concrete shall end, and the life of contemplation begin"? To get above and beyond the actual, to possess things

mentally and be free, is the soul's great endeavor.

The kindergarten child is a long way in advance of the earliest stage of total dependence upon things, but also a long way behind the university student, who spends a minimum amount of time upon things and a maximum amount of time upon mental processes. How free the latter is, how much he can bring out of his storehouse at a moment's notice, depends entirely upon the amount and variety and accuracy of the actual which he has stored within him and his skill in using his mental possessions. "To him that hath shall be given."

Even in the little observation we have had in special schools our students have been able to see the marked difference in this respect between the blind and the deaf: the blind child, in his eagerness to *see* (as he always says), grasps the world by every remaining tool of his mind. He listens eagerly for sounds, he eagerly smells, tastes, feels.

The deaf child, on the other hand, exaggerates the use of the sight-sense, and is inclined to make too little use of the other senses. He is limited to the view that things ought to be what they seem. Idioms, phrases, figures of speech, are more or less unintelligible to the deaf: while the blind, with constructive imagination, revel in the inner visual world. And as the same differences exist, to a greater or less extent, among normal children, the student gets hold of the idea that, in individual cases, the appeal should be used which will best overcome the crippling tendencies. The kindergarten stands for the development of every power the child possesses. Dependence upon one particular form of memory-recall is largely a matter of habit. A normal person adopts the line of least resistance just as the defective does.

The subject which is of most importance to the blind child, as it is indeed to any child, is reading, from the point of view of getting above the actual and living by means of the imagination. The blind are dependent for reading upon the tools of strongest motor activity, the hands and fingers, as you know. The point method of the Braille system of reading for the blind is founded upon the fact that a point can be perceived by the sense of touch more easily than a line or surface: then, too, the mechanical associations of number and position are easily mastered. The kindergarten is the greatest boon to the blind. Dealing, as it does, from the beginning, with things and instrumentalities it brings the whole world of nature in the form of a symbol to the mind, touching imagination in the most subtle and fruitful way, and making the best preparation possible for the time when the symbol must be translated through the finger tips. The blind child puts his finger upon a few little dots and calls up a vision of a house, etc., practically getting possession of man's greatest production—literature.

People are ill-prepared for reading who have few and vague impressions

and little or no curiosity about places, things, and people. The cultivation of the reading habit begins long before the child is able to translate written words into active experiences. Blessed is the man who invented reading, thus lifting the human race above the actual and the present! To appreciate fully the emancipating value of reading, a few months' observation in the school for the blind is a revelation.

Through this opportunity of observation our students of the last two years have had less difficulty in understanding the symbolism of the kindergarten.

Many people seem to think that the kindergarten is peculiar in this recognition of the educational value of the symbol. Nature is responsible, and not the kindergarten. It is in no sense more peculiar that a child should use his imagination than that he should use his eyes and ears.

The kindergarten does not exist for the concrete in any form, either as sense-experience or as symbol. It is probably the misuse rather than the true use of symbolism that has attracted attention to it as something peculiar.

What is symbolism? Simply the mind's first, last, and constant endeavor to get away from and above the limit of the *actual* by means of imagination. If a child could never think his stick a horse or the floor the sea, the box a ship, this water a cup of tea, he could have no mental play, and would consequently have only the most limited experience. But notice this,—he doesn't play that the floor is a cup of tea, or the stick the sea,—imagination has a basis in reality. Having an experience of the sea, which lies back in his mind, this level floor suggests a likeness, and imagination supplies all other details,—motion, etc. One point of resemblance will do, but there must be one. The child makes the analogy, plays his play. We say that the floor or stick or box which gave the suggestion is a symbol. Nature, always the friend of man, is at hand, ready with thousands of analogies. Emerson says: "All things are of one pattern made."

But you say that *symbolism* is not peculiar to the child; that we all symbolize continually. Of course we do; but there is one great difference. The child, with his limited experience, in his analogy always makes one *thing* stand for another *thing*. To him the lily is a cup; to an adult the lily may be the symbol of purity. The little child does not know about purity, but he knows about cups. The flower is a star, the cube a house,—but always one thing suggests another thing to his mind.

The figure of speech, metaphor, the analogies of the adult whereby a thing suggests consciously a spiritual idea,—these are beyond the child's power and necessity. Observe the literal interpretations of the very little child.

Now it is never the purpose of education to keep the child upon one step of the ladder longer than is necessary for him to plant his feet firmly and understandingly upon it, and rise

by means of that step to the next. So it is not the idea of the kindergarten to keep the children in this low form of symbolism, but to help them through and out of it, while recognizing it as a means. It seems difficult for young kindergartners to understand this.

To them symbolism exists for itself; they insist upon it, by suggesting it, even when the child is making his own natural efforts to get above it.

Imagine an exercise like this—a stick exercise — with six-year-old children. The poetic young kindergartner says: "Now take the mamma stick, and place it in a horizontal position; take the baby stick, and place it at right angles," etc.

If a child is able to use and act upon such language terms as horizontal, right angle, etc., surely he ought to be able to use the descriptive terms large and small. While a baby, his first standards in size being his mother and himself, he very naturally applies his well-known distinctions to any contrast of size,—mother and baby star, horse, wagon, chair, etc. That is all right for him at that stage; but when he is old enough to generalize, to make finer distinctions in size than the broad contrast, why should he still have to limit himself to his baby expressions? So we see that symbolism like the above, which is a help at one stage of mental power, becomes a hindrance at another. Analogies should never be forced upon a child; they depend upon experience. I am having an interesting time at present in watching a child who is just beginning to *want* to read. He says very odd things about the shapes of words and letters; he is evidently trying to get hold of the sense by the form. He said: "This is a train." "No," I said, "that word is horse." "Oh," he said, "I think *this* (the word *her*) is more like horse!" The letter L he thinks is like a chair, O a ring, S a snake, A a house. His present spelling would be S-O-U-L, snake, ring, cup, chair. He is not so far along as another child whom I know, who has settled upon one symbol. She says a half round, a whole round, and four slanting lines (COW) is cow. However, all roads lead to Rome; the children make use of their own experiences in their own way, and that they do learn to read when the mind is ready for that activity is the chief thing. True and lasting interest in reading is based, as I have observed already, upon previous experiences being actively lived over again and actualized anew by imagination.

But there is a danger that this new great opportunity of literature may be its own limit. Even in the schools language lessons upon art are taking the place of the art expression of each human being. Language lessons upon nature are takng the place of nature itself. We should become mere intellectual machines but that art and nature keep us human. And while it is true that we rise more and more from things to thought, as we pass along, we cannot call ourselves free, so long as there is an experience yet to be lived, or while anything remains to be known which would add to our power and capacity if we knew

it. The *balance* of human faculty is beginning more and more to be recognized. Go out to nature, come back to read the books and paint the pictures and write the poems. Go out again, and come back to better reading and painting and writing.

Can any end of education be greater than to assist human beings to see for themselves how "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork"? Earth has no higher meaning save that man should rise through it and by it and above it, to Heaven.

Speaking of the study of art, our students have benefited incalculably by their observations in the school for the blind, where every appeal that serves must be made close to the very roots of instinct and impulse. As we know, the basis of art is primarily the fact of activity. Any doing is in the first sense art. But art, considered as the expression of the æsthetic nature, does not bear this too general interpretation. It has its own basis. What is the foundation for the appeal and cultivation of this highest quality in our natures? It is rhythm. Man's instinctive love for rhythm has its root in the fact that nature has planned the body upon rhythmic principles. Regularity, contrast, proportion, harmony, color, form, are all in the body itself. We only like what we are. The mother instinctively works upon art principles of rhythm; rocking, dandling, clapping, nodding, are all regular movements and pleasing to the child whose body is a rhythmic machine. When older, the child loves to gallop, to "choo-choo." All of the natural activities of childhood, and all early child's play, are rhythmic. Given a picket fence, a small boy with a stick, and you have the first music,—regular vibration,—which fits pulse beat and heart beat, the rise and fall of sound making a delightful cadence.

If the kindergartner who deals with normal children ought to understand rhythm, both as appeal and reaction, how much more should the kindergartner for the blind understand it! While the blind child possesses the same nature-basis as the seeing child, the fact that he has to *grope* has hindered, in a measure, all spontaneity in action. As we have seen, the spontaneous action is invariably rhythmic. It was difficult for our students to understand, at first, why so much attention was paid to marching and other rhythmic exercises in the kindergarten for the blind. To counteract the inertia, born of physical timidity, it becomes necessary to go back to the first basis of delight in repeated action. Nothing can react to enfeeble the mind so surely as fear. Fear, the constant attendant of the blind child, is an obstruction to all gain in the way of experience. This being so, every stimulus to spontaneous action, action that leads to self-forgetfulness, is devised by the teacher. This is planned, of course, to call out every side of the being. Nature's principle of compensation, however, serves the blind child in the matter of sound-rhythm, and he responds to this with greater enjoyment than does the see-

ing child. Music, rhymes, jingles, singing games, poetry, nature-rhythms, bird calls, rain pit-a-pat,—all these are studied by the teachers and used persistently to touch and awaken a responsive chord in the child shut out from the sights.

Color-rhythms are denied to the blind, but they feel hungrily for color and they do get in imagination, through nature songs and stories, some idea of the rhythm of color, and thus their craving for beauty is fed in some measure.

The conspicuous absence of the color-appeal as a matter of sense helps the student observer to know what color ought to mean to the normal child, and the importance of basing study of color upon rhythm. But if the blind child misses color-rhythm, his delicacy of touch comes to his rescue in the matter of form-rhythm. How the blind children love to create border patterns and symmetrical forms, and, placing their hands on them, enjoy in that way the beauty of regularity that others enjoy through sight! This is almost the only sensuous delight in rhythm which they get, except through music and in the bodily movements before referred to; and it is little wonder if they are extravagant in their expressions of joy over the model of a Greek temple with its regular columns. They seem to feel the beauty intensely.

Using such means, the teachers of the blind are able to help those children really to see with the eyes of the mind; and our students made many observations of the fact that blind children seem to realize, even more than seeing children, that

"The world is so full of a number of things,
That I think we should all be as happy as kings."

In this way those children learn to speak the language of art, and thus find expression for a universal feeling. The future life of the blind child, from the point of view of self-dependence and earning capacity, is so limited that the necessity is doubly great of bringing up every latent possibility that will give a balance of productive capacity.

Through the necessary exaggeration of method, the idea of rhythm as an educational opportunity was brought home to our students as it could not have been in ordinary observation. First: The appeal to bodily feeling in rhythmic games and plays,—marches, dances, and exercises which demand a quick motor answer to a sensory appeal. Second: Sound-rhythm, with all that the cultivation of musical feeling means, making the natural poetic appeal of the kindergarten one especially helpful to the blind. Third: The rhythm for the eye. Color and form, which afford so great opportunity and delight to seeing people, may be enjoyed in some measure by the blind through touch-perception and imagination. Fourth: The rhythm of ideas—social relationships, human motives and results, human deeds and the return of the deed.

The little children play social games and hear stories of the life

within their experience. Those older have the drama, which they greatly enjoy, and as the Overbrook institution does its own printing, the best literature is within the reach of the blind students in the higher grades.

The Overbrook Institution for the Instruction of the Blind has probably the best equipment for this work in the country; and as the doors of the institution were nailed open to the students of the Philadelphia Normal School they reaped a harvest of valuable experiences. It is a great thing for student teachers to see experts as specialists, particularly when those specialists recognize the self-activity of the individual as the means of education, and the creative self-expression of the individual as the object of education.

BLUE PRINTS IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Jane L. Hoxie.

My own delight at the first blue prints I saw made by little children will not soon be forgotten. That such beautiful and artistic results could be reached by tots of four and five with such apparent ease was a source of pleasure to me, scarcely equaled by the joy of the children themselves, and I looked forward eagerly to the time when I might put this vacation experience into practice in the kindergarten. The day came at last,—a bright one with the sunshine streaming through our great south windows. The children, eager to see how the sun could help them make pictures of the flowers and grasses we had gathered, could scarcely wait for the necessary materials to be given out.

Oh! the delight of that morning; the earnestness with which the children did each little detail of the work all by themselves; the turning and twisting of little heads and the thrusting out of small tongues in the effort to get the best possible arrangement of leaves and blossoms! Then, oh, joy! the delight in the finished product; the cries of "I did it all myself except just what the sun helped," and "Won't my mamma be just glad, though, when she sees this?" resounded on every side.

For some time after this first experience, however, my life was rendered burdensome. Apparently the children would have gone on making blue prints, with perfect satisfaction, oblivious of all else, to the end of time. Every morning I was greeted with a chorus of requests similar to these: "Aren't we going to make blue pictures to-day?" "Can't we do sunshine pictures this morning?" "Do let us make those things where the sun helps and you have to wash them, you know." "Oh, when are we

going to have those funny clothespins again?"

The children's original delight in the process and in the prints themselves was nearly duplicated when they saw how these pictures could be utilized in the making of pretty things to take home and to give away,—needlebooks, sachets, picture frames, scrapbooks, valentines, Christmas cards, and, in fact, decorations for anything and everything that we cared to decorate.

The making of blue prints is really a very simple process. All the work can be done by the children. The results are much more really beautiful than those usually obtained with kindergarten materials, and the children gain much in the way of artistic development. They are obliged to calculate and to plan in order to secure the best effects in arrangement of design, and they get no small degree of muscular exercise in placing, fastening, holding, exposing, washing, and drying of the prints. They are so completely happy, while doing this work, that one is tempted to give it more than its rightful share in the kindergarten curriculum.

The regulation printing frames, used by photographers, are rather expensive; they are also not easily managed by the children. But the kindergartner can readily furnish herself with the necessary paraphernalia at slight trouble and expense. Have a number of pieces of glass, about eight inches square cut by a glazier,—common window glass will do; prepare an equal number of thick heavy pasteboards, the size of the squares; buy three or four dozen clothespin clips, a package of blue print paper, and you are ready for work.

Begin by letting each child select the flowers, ferns, or grasses that he wishes for his picture. Have these laid ready at hand beside him. Place a pasteboard in front of each child and give every one a piece of blue print paper, which is to be put in the center of the board. The grasses and flowers are then placed upon the paper according to each child's idea of artistic arrangement. A square of glass is then given to each one to lay over pasteboard, paper and flowers. Then this is all carefully lifted from the table and firmly fastened together by clothespin clips,—two pins will do if the child is careful,—one on the right-hand and one on the left-hand side. If you are so fortunate as to have a yard or an outdoor playground by all means let the children expose their prints there, otherwise let them hold their designs in the patches of sunlight in the kindergarten room for five or ten minutes, or until that part of the paper not covered by the flowers or grasses turns a grayish blue. The print is then ready to wash. Each child will be able to remove the clips, take off the glass, lift the paper carefully by one corner—gently shaking off the flowers—and go to the sink where he will hold the print under the faucet. The water should run gently over it for two or three minutes, or until no color will wash from that part of the paper previously covered by the design. The print may then be placed

upon the wall or windowpane to dry, after which it may be improved by pressing in a book for a short time, when it will be ready to mount.

Artistic effects can be secured by using fresh flowers and ferns. The newly gathered flowers give an effect of shading not obtainable with the pressed ones.

Blue print paper can be bought at any photographer's supply store, cut into small sheets all ready for use and carefully put up in boxes or envelopes; or it can be secured in large sheets and cut by the kindergartner herself. In the latter case, care must be exercised that it be cut only in a subdued light. If the paper is to be kept in good condition for any length of time before using it must be carefully shielded from the light. It is best preserved if wrapped in black paper, put into a covered box and stored in the dark.

After the prints are made, and before they are mounted, they may be cut into circular or triangular forms by the children, or torn into any artistic shape desirable, thus giving variety to the work.

It is not difficult to conceive of the blue print work as a definite means of instruction in the primary grades, but its value in the kindergarten, aside from giving the children pure delight in the doing of the thing, is to foster the beginnings of artistic taste. This the work with blue prints cannot fail to do if it is properly directed, and, at the same time, the teacher herself will find it a source of much enjoyment.

INTERLEAVES FOR THE MOTHER PLAY.

THE NOISY RHYME.

By Emilie Poulsson.

Well, the cock was first and he loudly crew
And his wings he flapped: "Cock a *doo*dle *doo*-o!"
Then the big dog barked with a "Bow-wow-wow!"
And "Moo-*oo*! Moo-*oo*!" bellowed out the cow.

And the pigs were as noisy as they could be
With their "Umph, umph, umph!" and their "Wee, wee, wee!"
While the lambkins bleated "Ma-*a*! Ma-*a*!"
And the sheep replied with a "Ba-a-*a*!"

Then the white geese all, with their necks stretched long
And their "*S-s-s*!" joined the noisy throng.

And the sleek old ducks, dressed in green and black,
Added more noise still as they called "Quack, quack!"

Cut-cut *dah* cut-cut! Cut-cut *dah* cut!" cried
All the hens as they looked at their eggs with pride.
But "Cluck-*cluck!* Cluck-*cluck!*" called the old black hen
Till she heard "Peep, peep!" from her chicks again.

What a noise it was!—from the cock that crew,
From the dog, the cow, and the piggies, too,
From the lambs and sheep, from the geese and ducks,
From the chicks and hens with their peeps and clucks!

But the baby heard all the sounds with glee,
And the more the noise, why! the more pleased he;
And he clapped and shouted and laughed aloud
As he heard the noise of the farm-yard crowd.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S VISIT TO THE KING.

A LONG time ago, there lived a king who had a great many beautiful castles in different parts of the country, and he used to live a little while in every one, so that he could see all his people and give them the chance to tell him all their troubles; then he would help them, whenever he could. One of his castles was in a beautiful country with many great trees which had been there for years and years and years. A clear, beautiful lake stretched back of the castle grounds, glistening and sparkling when the sun shone upon it; and lovely flowers bloomed everywhere, while birds sang sweetly in the trees and hopped through the grass. One day word was received that the king was coming there to visit his castle, and an invitation was sent to all the people, far and near, to come and ask this kind king for whatever they might need.

On the other side of the forest from this castle, there lived a man and his wife, and their little girl,—the only child they had. The father worked very hard all day, chopping wood out in the forest, yet he could scarcely keep the roof over their heads and get food enough for them to live on. The poor mother had been sick all summer, and the little girl (a very little girl she was, too!) had to do all the work about the house, to cook all that they had to eat, and to take care of her sick mother. The weather was getting very cold, and they had little to eat, and the mother seemed to be

getting worse each day instead of better; so the little girl felt very sad and sorrowful. When she heard that the king was so near, she wished that she could go and ask him to make her mother well and to give them plenty to eat.

Just as she was thinking about this, she saw that her mother was sound asleep, so she opened the door softly and started through the forest. As she was hurrying along, she heard something crying: "Peep, peep!" and looking around, she saw a little brown bird lying in the road with one of its wings bent under it.

"Can I help you?" asked the little girl, picking it up.

"Just rub my wing a little; I think it will be well then," said the bird. And, sure enough, as soon as the little girl had rubbed the wing a little, it was well.

"Where are you going, little girl?" asked the bird.

"I am going to see the king. Would you like to go with me?" asked the little girl.

"Certainly; I shall be delighted to go with you," said the little bird.

So the bird flew along, talking to her, until, as they walked on, they heard something say: "Meow, meow!" and there lay a little white cat on the ground, with one of its paws caught in a trap.

"Can I help you?" asked the little girl.

"Just open this trap, and I can run all right," said the cat.

So the little girl stooped down and opened the trap, and the cat jumped up and could walk as well as ever.

"Where are you going?" asked the cat.

"I am going to the king. Would you like to go with me?" asked the little girl.

"Certainly; I shall be delighted to go with you," said the cat.

So the little girl and the bird and the cat went on their way to the king. The cat talked, and the bird talked, and the little girl talked, and they walked and walked until they were almost to the forest, when they heard something say: "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" and looking around, they saw a little black dog lying on the ground. A big branch of a tree had fallen down on his foot, as he was lying there asleep.

"Can I help you?" asked the little girl.

"Just pull this branch off, and I can run along all right," answered the little dog.

So the little girl pulled the branch off, and the dog jumped up and was well again.

"Where are you going?" asked the dog.

"I am going to the king. Would you like to go along?"

"Certainly; I shall be delighted to go with you," replied the dog.

So the dog and the cat and the bird all went with the little girl to see the king.

When they came to the end of the forest, they saw the top of the castle rising above the trees; and so many, many people were crowding around that the little girl began to be afraid that she would not be able to get close to the king.

As she was talking about this, the cat said: "You helped me once, so now I will help you. I will run around, and the people will move aside, because they will not want to step on me. As they move around, you stay close to me and slip through the crowd." Then the dog said: "You helped me once, so now I will help you. After we get near to the king, I will bark so loudly that he will have to stop talking, and then he will look around to see what is the matter."

Then up spoke the little bird: "Once you helped me, so now I will help you. When the dog has barked, I will fly around the king's head and sing: 'Look behind you! Look behind you!' And when he looks, he will find you."

So the cat began to run around among the people, and as they moved to give the cat a little room, the dog and the bird and the little girl slipped in and followed the cat. But, sure enough, when they came to where the king was sitting, there were so many people talking that the king could not hear the little girl's voice at all. Then the dog began to bark, as he had promised; and he barked and barked so loudly that the people and the king could not hear each other, and had to stop talking. Just as they stopped, the little bird began to fly around the king's head and sing: "Look behind you! Look behind you!" And the king was so astonished to hear the bird talking that he looked around and saw the litle girl.

"What do you want, little one?" asked the king.

Then the little girl told the king about her sick mother and how little there was to eat at her home, and she asked the king if he could help her.

So the king gave her a bottle of some wonderful medicine that would make her mother better and a bag of gold dollars that the family might never need to go hungry again, and some beautiful dresses for the little girl herself, and he ordered his beautiful carriage for her to ride home in, that she might not get tired walking back. So the little girl took the cat and the dog and the bird, and rode home.

And as soon as her mother had seen her and had taken some of the medicine she felt better. Before many days she was up and around the house, and was soon well and strong.

The next day the king sent for the little girl's father and gave him plenty of well-paid work to do in the king's own forest; so that the family never suffered need again.

Before long, they built a nice, new house, and when they moved into it they took the cat and the dog and the bird with them, and these good creatures had happy times all day long in the beautiful garden which belonged to the new house.

THE TIMID LITTLE GROUND HOGS.*

By the author of "Among the Farm-yard People," "Among the Pond People," etc.

IT was not often that the little Ground Hogs† were left alone in the daytime. Before they were born their mother had been heard to say that she had her opinion of any Ground Hog who would be seen out after sunrise. Mr. Ground Hog felt in the same way. He said he thought that anyone who ate twigs, beets, turnips, young tree bark, and other green things from sunset to sunrise ought to be able to get along until the next sunset without a lunch.

After the baby Ground Hogs were born, matters were different. They could not go out at night to feed for themselves, and their stomachs were so tiny and held so little at a time that they had to be filled very often. Mr. Ground Hog was never at home now, and the care all fell upon his hard-working wife.

"You know, my dear," he had said, "that I should only be in the way if I were to stay at home, for I am not clever and patient with children, as you are. No, I think I will go away and see to some matters which I have rather neglected of late. When the children are grown up and you have more time to give me, I will come back to you."

Then Mr. Ground Hog trotted away to join a party of his friends who had just told their wives something of the same sort, and they all went together to the farmer's turnip patch and had a delightful time until morning. Mrs. Ground Hog looked after him as he trotted away and wished that she could go too. He looked so handsome with the moonlight shining down on his long, thick, reddish fur, and showing the black streak on his back where the fur was tipped with gray. He was fat and shaky, with a baggy skin, and when he stopped to sit up on his haunches and wave his paws at her, and comb his face-fur, she thought him just as handsome as he had been in the early spring when they first met. That had been in a parsnip patch, where there was good feeding, until the farmer found that the Ground Hogs were there, and dug the rest of his vegetables and stored them in his cellar. Such midnight meals as they had eaten there together! Mrs. Ground Hog said she never saw a parsnip afterward without thinking of those delightful times.

* Copyright, 1901. Clara D. Pierson.

† *Woodchuck*, although said to be the "more local and slangy name" of the ground hog, is doubtless the name by which the animal is better known to many children.

She had been as handsome as he, and there were many other Ground Hogs who admired her. But now she was thin and did not have many chances to comb her fur with her fore paws. She could not go with him to the turnip patch because she did not wish to go so far from her babies. Thinking of that reminded her to go into her sidehill burrow and see what they were doing. Then she lay down and let them draw the warm milk from her body. While they were feeding she felt of them and thought how fast they were growing. It would be only a short time before they could trot around the fields by themselves and whistle shrilly as they dodged down into their own burrows. "Ah," said she, "this is better than turnip patches or even parsnips!"

When they had finished, their mother left them and went out to feed. She had always been a hearty eater, but now she had to eat enough more to make the milk for her babies. She often thought that if Ground Hog babies could eat anything else their father might have learned to help feed them. She thought of this especially when she saw the Great Horned Owl carrying food home to his son and daughter. "It is what comes of being four-legged," said she, "and I wouldn't be an Owl for anything, so I won't grumble." After this she was more cheerful.

When she left the burrow she always said, "I am going out to feed, and I shall not be gone very long. Don't be afraid, for you have a good burrow, and it is nice and dark outside."

The children would cry, "And you will surely come home before sunrise?"

"Surely," she always answered as she trotted away. Then the children would rest happily in their burrow-nest.

But now Mrs. Ground Hog was hungry, and it was broad daylight. She knew that it was because her children grew bigger every day and had to have more and more milk. This meant that she must eat more, or else when they wanted milk there would not be enough ready. She knew that she must begin to feed by day as well as by night, and she was glad that she could see fairly well if the sun were not shining into her eyes.

"Children," she said to them, just as they finished their morning lunch, "I am very hungry and I am going out to feed. You will be quite safe here and I want you to be good while I am gone."

The young Ground Hogs began to cry and clutch at her fur with their weak little paws. "Oh, don't go," they said. "Please don't go. We don't want to stay alone in the daytime. We're afraid."

"I must," said she, "or I shall have no milk for you. And then, you wouldn't have me lie here all day too hungry to sleep, would you?"

"N-no," they said, "but you'll come back soon, won't you?"

"Yes," said she, and she shook off their clinging paws and poked back the daughter who caught on again, and trotted away as fast as she could. It was the first time that she had been

out by daylight, and everything looked queer. The colors looked too bright, there seemed to be more noise than usual, and she met several people whom she had never seen before. She stopped for a minute to look at an Ovenbird's nest. The mother bird was inside, sitting there very still and brave, although she was much frightened.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Ground Hog. "I was just admiring your nest. I have never seen it by daylight."

"Good morning," answered the Ovenbird. "I'm glad you fancy my nest, but I hope you don't like to eat meat."

"Meat?" answered Mrs. Ground Hog. "I never touch it." And she smiled and showed all her teeth.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Ovenbird, "I see you don't, for you have gnawing teeth, rather like those of the Rabbits." Then she hopped out of the nest and let Mrs. Ground Hog peep in to see how the inside was finished, and also to see the four speckled eggs which lay there.

"It is a lovely nest," said Mrs. Ground Hog, "and those eggs are beauties. But I promised the children that I would hurry. Good-bye." She trotted happily away, while Mrs. Ovenbird settled herself upon her eggs again and thought what a pleasant call she had had and what an excellent and intelligent person Mrs. Ground Hog was.

All this time the children at home were talking together about themselves and what their mother had told them. Once there was a long pause which lasted until the brother said, "I'm not afraid, are you?"

"Of course not," said they.

"Because there isn't anything to be afraid of," said he.

"Not anything," said they.

"And I wouldn't be afraid anyway," said he.

"Neither would we," answered the sisters.

There was another long pause.

"She said we'd be just as safe as if it were dark," said the big sister.

"Of course," said the brother.

"And she said she'd come back as soon as she could," said the second sister.

"I wish she'd come now," said the smallest sister.

There was another long pause.

"You don't suppose anybody would come here just to scare us, do you?" asked the second sister.

"See here," said the brother, "I wish you'd quit saying things to make a fellow afraid."

"You don't mean that you are frightened!" exclaimed the three sisters together. And the smallest one added, "Why, you are, too! I can feel you tremble!"

"Well, I don't care," said the brother. "I'm not afraid of *people*, anyhow. If it were only dark I wouldn't mind."

"Oh, are you afraid of the daylight, too?" cried each of the sisters. "So was I!" Then they all trembled together.

"I tell you what let's do," said the smallest sister. "Let's all stop looking toward the light end of the burrow, and cuddle up together and cover

our eyes and make believe it's night." They did this and felt better. They even played they heard the few noises of the nighttime. A Crow cawed outside, and the brother said, "Did you hear that Owl? That was the Great Horned Owl, the one who had to hatch the eggs, you know."

When another Crow cawed, the smallest sister said, "Was that his cousin, the Screech Owl?"

"Yes," answered the big sister. "He is the one who used to bring things for the Great Horned Owl to eat."

So they amused themselves and each other, and really got along very well, except when, once in a while, they opened their eyes a little crack to see if it were not getting really dark. Then they had to begin all over again. At last their mother came, and what a comfort it was! How glad she was to be back, and how much she had to tell them!—all about the Ovenbird's nest and the four eggs in it, and how the Ovenbirds spent their nights in sleeping and their days in work and play.

"I wonder if the little Ovenbirds will be scared when they have to stay alone in the daytime?" said the smallest sister.

"They would be more scared if they had to stay alone at night," said their mother.

"At night!" exclaimed all the young Ground Hogs. "Why, it is dark then!"

"They might be afraid of the darkness," said their mother. Then the children laughed and thought she was making fun of them. They drank some milk and went to sleep like good little Ground Hogs, but even after he was half asleep the big brother laughed out loud at the thought of the Ovenbird babies being scared at night. He could understand anyone's being afraid of daylight, but darkness—!

A ROCK AHEAD.

Extract from an extempore address by Alice Woods, London, Eng.

I AM going to take the opportunity of saying a word or two about a rock ahead,—a rock which, it seems to me, is likely to do an immense amount of harm to Froebelism throughout the whole country. A delightful sketch has been brought before us of the character and qualities which we, as trainers, should aim at cultivating in our students. Insight, spiritual motherliness, much experience, a wide outlook, and, above all, wisdom, are to be theirs.

Now these cannot be obtained very early in life. We cannot possibly expect young teachers going out raw from the training colleges—mere fledglings of nineteen and twenty—to have attained wisdom yet. They have many years—or ought to have—of honest, hard, steady work and progress before they can possibly arrive at

the fullness of wisdom: and yet, throughout the length and breadth of the country, we are being asked again and again, as trainers, to provide people who will train others at once. Girls are demanded from our training colleges who will take the full responsibility of the kindergarten departments and who will set to work at once to train teachers. Let me quote the words of a letter I had yesterday, or this morning (I forget which), in reference to a young student who had just left college, but had no experience at all: "Will you kindly tell me" —after having enumerated every good quality under the sun—"whether she is capable of taking the entire responsibility of the kindergarten department which I am just about to start and of training a young student?" Now, it is simply impossible for young students to train others when they leave the training colleges; they have no right to do it, and no one has any right to expect them to do it. And yet I think I might honestly say I scarcely ever get a letter asking for a trained student which does not make this demand. It is just this spurious training that is going on throughout the whole country that is leading people to think that Froebelism is of no avail. Spurious training creates spurious kindergartens; these are springing up all round us, and, unless we set our faces firmly against this, we shall go to rack and ruin I am afraid. Case after case comes before me of these raw girls, quite young ones, being expected to do the work of a full-grown woman. I hope to keep a record soon of these letters; perhaps I may bring them out in *Child Life*. But I am going from to-day to keep a record of quotations from every letter I receive asking for these trainers. The only way, it seems to me, of meeting this difficulty is to present a united front against it. I believe it arises from the desire to save money, and is largely the fault of Councils. They want to start a kindergarten department, and so they go to the head mistress and say, "We think it would be very nice to have a kindergarten department, but we cannot spend any money on it; so we want you to set to work and see what can be done; we want to secure the services of a trained student, and perhaps you will get her rather cheap"—perhaps she will get £40 a year, non-resident; £25, resident—"and then she can train others, and so we shall have a splendid kindergarten soon." And so this goes on. And it does seem to me absurd to suppose that we can send people of that age out fully equipped for the tremendous responsibility of helping others to attain that high standard set by the ideal training of kindergartners. All we can do, as trainers, is to send people out with their feathers prepared to grow. To use the beautiful metaphor that Plato uses in his Phædrus, we can help them to have growing and throbbing pains as the feathers of the soul begin to sprout: but more than that we cannot expect. Let us all set our faces together, and we may prevent much of this harm being done. * * *

—*Selected.*

THE SQUIRRELS' THANKSGIVING.

FRANK H. SWETT. ELEANOR SMITH.

Allegro. *p cres.* *dim.* *p cres.*

Up in the top of a wal - nut tree Squir-rels are hav - ing a

Allegro.

p cres. *dim.* *p cres.*

dim.

ju - bi - lee; And, bright and gay, They frisk and play And

dim.

hold their har - vest hol - i - day; And show their thanks In

squir - rel pranks For gath - ered nuts they've stored a - way.

cres.

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KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE MUSE OF HISTORY, in her volume entitled The Twentieth Century Romance of Generous Giving (now in preparation), has just had a delightful episode to record,—or, rather, the beginning of a delightful episode, for much happy experience will follow the first surprising joy. Something beyond their wildest dreams has happened to the teachers of Philadelphia. Even in the City of Brotherly Love, the idea of bequeathing a fortune to a body of teachers as a mark of honor and to provide them with an annuity in their old age, had not entered the "sound and disposing mind" of man. But now the newspapers tell us that such an idea did enter the mind and find approval in the heart of a generous citizen, the late Lewis Elkins, and that the fortune has really been bestowed. The will provides that an estate of about two millions of dollars shall be used as a trust fund for the benefit of women teachers needing an annuity after having been twenty-five years in the service of the Philadelphia public schools. The present estimate is that each teacher now eligible will receive four hundred dollars a year.

One can but rejoice over such unexpected good fortune's coming to teachers who have taught for twenty-five years, and who, generally speaking, have reached an age when they need rest or change of work, and ought, whether they know it or not, to give up their positions for the good of the schools.

The deed was magnanimous on the part of the donor, and will be liberating to the destined recipients, body and soul. Where could there be less chance of imposition or unworthy recipiency?

AN "UNASSIGNED HOUR" has been introduced into the revised schedule of courses of study for primary and grammar schools in Cambridge, Mass. This hour has been provided through the rearranging and curtailing of the drawing and nature study

courses. In the primary schools, three lessons a week in nature study and two in drawing will be given during September, October, April, May, June; during the other five months two lessons in nature study and three in drawing will be given weekly. In the grammar schools, nature study will be pursued through September, October, November, May and June —months best adapted for this work, —and drawing through the remaining months of the school year.

The unassigned hour promises to be agreeable to pupils and teachers both. In it, slow individuals may be helped to "catch up" with their class, or a class may have an extra lesson where extra work is needed, or the hour may be devoted to pure pleasure,—through reading aloud by the teacher, and the doing of all those delightful things that bright, earnest teachers want to do if they can only get the time.

A GOOD IDEA which has commended itself through its results was worked out in the vacation schools of Cambridge, Mass., this year. At the very beginning, the parents were consulted about their children's entering, and they were asked to sign an agreement that, so far as it was in their power to foresee, their children would attend regularly and through the entire term. The result was that instead of having two or three hundred children drop out three or four days after the opening of school, as in the previous year, there was a regular normal attendance of nine hundred. The schools were most successful in ministering to the children's pleasure, and through the pleasure to their good.

IN PORTO RICO, educational affairs were at high tide this last summer. A letter from Mr. M. G. Brumbaugh, Commissioner of Education for Porto Rico, written to Mr. Walter J. Ballard, of Schenectady, N. Y., gives an enthusiastic account of the progress being made on the island. A summer normal school of ten weeks was held at San Juan. "We thought," wrote Mr. Brumbaugh, "that we might have two hundred students from among the teachers of the island. To our amazement, when the school opened, we had over eight hundred! It took the telegraph service a whole day and night to bring to San Juan a faculty to take charge of these extra pupils the next morning; but we did it and the school was a great success. This has been the largest triumph for American educational methods that the island has yet witnessed; and, as an immediate outgrowth, we

are now laying the foundation for a large insular normal school building in the suburban city of Rio Piedras, seven miles by railroad from San Juan. We have seventy acres of first-class ground, beautifully situated, and we are erecting a school building thereon at a cost of $35,000. We shall open this school on the first of November.

When we see how universally Nature is dominated by rhythm, and when we learn from Froebel and other educators the importance of rhythm in the child's development, we may well resolve that plenty of rhythmic impression and expression shall be provided in the kindergarten. If rhythm is to exert its full influence later, sensitiveness to rhythm must be cultivated early; a goodly amount of bodily expression must be permitted to every rhythmic impression which the child feels. Several kindergartens observed during a visit in England showed striking examples of the encouragement given to children to yield themselves to all the rhythmic impulses that came to them. Here in America, the practice is growing of introducing specific exercises for rhythm,—clapping, skipping, etc.,—but spontaneous rhythmic expression is less commonly encouraged.

In one of the London kindergartens, the children (standing at the time) were learning a new song. As they caught the rhythm of the poem, they began, one and another, and another, to sway in time to it; and this spread to the whole class, kindergartner and all. Nothing was said about rhythm, although it was so plainly enjoyed and so freely expressed. Noticing all this, the American observers could not help wondering whether the American kindergartner, with the laudable intention of securing poise and repose, did not check her children too much, and especially too early in expressing the rhythm which they felt in poem, song, or instrumental music. Poise and repose will come all the more surely to children who in their early years have had sufficient cultivation and gratification of the desire to express rhythm. The people who annoy us at concerts by marking the rhythm of the music with nodding of the head, or with tapping of feet or fingers, have perhaps not outgrown the stage where rhythmic impulse demands a response in physical movement. In our very condemnation of such habits as "childish," "uncultivated," we relegate them to the stage where they properly belong. Training in quietness, in control, in inhibition, is necessary also, in its time; but its time is chiefly later.

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE MODERN MUSIC SERIES. By Eleanor Smith. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston. Primer, $0.25. First Book, $0.30.

Kindergartners, having many song books provided especially for them, pay little attention, as a rule, to the song books issued for school use in connection with singing lessons. The name of Eleanor Smith, however, is so associated with kindergarten music, through her Songs for Little Children I. and II., that kindergartners will scarcely need a second telling about her recent books (The Modern Music Series) before purchasing the initial volumes at least.

In her admirable preface to the Primer, Miss Smith says that the first essential for musical training is that the child should have a sufficient musical experience as the basis for his training. The quality of the music furnished in these compilations insures that the use of these songs shall give to children musical experience that will contribute to their real art education.

Notwithstanding that the Primer is designed for children in the Second grade and the First Book for children in the Third and Fourth grades, and notwithstanding also that the books are eminently suited to these older children when used as designed, both volumes contain a goodly number of songs wholly desirable for kindergarten use. They have the qualities of brightness, simplicity, brevity, and naturalness, in both words and music, for which the kindergartner seeks: — witness the song of "The Squirrels' Thanksgiving," reprinted in the present number of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW. This song is from the First Book, which has a number of others as charming; but the Primer naturally contains a greater proportion of songs that are what we need for our little children. The table of contents of the latter is enticing. It has Songs of the Seasons, of Nature, Birds, Rain, Action, Work, Play, Animals, Insects, Wind, Miscellaneous, and Occasional (Christmas, etc.). Ethelbert Nevin, G. W. Chadwick, W. W. Gilchrist, and Eleanor Smith are prominent among the composers of music written expressly for the books, while the selected music is from sources not usually resorted to by compilers of song books. The low price of these books is a point in their favor which will be appreciated by the slim-pursed teacher.

The kindergartner is concerned not with musical instruction, but only with giving musical experiences to the children; and we have therefore noted only this value of Miss Smith's books. The method of instruction indicated is to derive the science of music from the art, going from song experience to music knowledge, rather than to treat music as a cold, technical study to be learned by adding one fact to another fact. Only a trained artist-musician with an insight into pedagogy could have evolved and set forth so completely the artistic and scientific system of instruction in vocal music which is embodied in The Modern Music Series.

AMONG THE POND PEOPLE. By Clara Dillingham Pierson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.25.

These charming little stories are of decided value. Besides being so bright and natural in style, they are true to science and have a distinct ethical purpose which children would feel the effect of but would not feel any resentment against. Their own peccadillos, seen in the curious and fascinating creatures of another element, come before the bar of their unbiased judgment, and they thus get self-help, which is the best kind, in overcoming bad habits and foolish notions. As for the delicate, lifelike illustrations, how could F. C. Gordon have done better?

THE HAWTHORNE READERS. STORY LAND. A Second Reader. By Mary F. Hall and Mary L. Gilman. Globe School Book Co., New York.

As the preface of this excellent book says: "In the first year the child was *learning to read*: in the second year he begins a course of *reading to learn*." Because of a child's love for the novel and picturesque, and his sympathy with child-life,

stories of the childhood in other races than his own find place in this book. Because of his love for the daring and heroic, stories of typical child-life in pioneer days are given. Frequent suggestions of supplementary reading are made, and regard has been paid to the correspondence of material presented and the seasons of the year. The words to the teacher will be of real use, and the book, with its clear pictures and good print, will give the children both enjoyment and benefit. The lack of babyishness is one of its best traits.

LONGMAN'S PICTORIAL GEOGRAPHICAL READERS. Book I. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $0.36.

Much gratification to the legitimate curiosity of children could be given by following with them the reading and experiments suggested here. Useful information for young children is given about the earth, sun, moon, stars, wind, frost, and other natural phenomena, magnets and magnet making, weather signals, time and time-marking devices, floor plans, maps, foreign lands as seen in the life of foreign children, etc. All this furnishes a good basis for geography. The book is evidently prepared by an English author.

CHATTY READINGS IN ELEMENTARY SCIENCE. Books I., II., and III. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. I. and II., $0.36 each. III., $0.45.

These are nature readers, telling chiefly about animals. They contain a profusion of pictures,— half-tones, engravings, and some of rather unnatural colors. The type is clear and of good size, paper excellent, and cover neat and durable.

UP FROM SLAVERY. An Autobiography. By Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Why read a novel when the tale of a life so thrillingly wonderful as this may be had? Born in a slave's cabin; left, as soon as he was old enough, to scramble for his meals with the farm animals when they were being fed; working in mines, or as a house-boy under a strict mistress in his adolescence; studying, working, teaching night school, and graduating with honors at Hampton in early manhood; struggling through deprivations, obstacles, and disappointments that might have appalled the most strenuous, in the establishment of his school; achieving an almost miraculous respect, under the circumstances, in his native South, and honor in the North and abroad; — thus has Booker Washington risen to be the leader and prophet of his people. His faith for them lies in their acquisition of intelligence, high character, and property. These he seeks to have them gain through book education and manual labor carried on together under high-minded teachers. This for all, and a college education based upon this, for those desiring it, is a fine ideal for the education and advance of any race.

Mr. Washington's humor gives his reader many a cheery laugh. The titles of the chapters show that he has a certain sense of the dramatic which develops itself in the rest of the book. As for his speech at the Atlanta Exposition, made at the invitation of Southern white men, and that at the dedication of the Shaw monument in Boston, and the stirring incidents connected with each,— they will go down as some of the most precious bits in our American history. These parts of Up from Slavery cannot be read without a rising in the throat and great pride of heart at the nobleness to which men black as well as white may attain.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TOMBOY. By Jeanette L. Gilder. Pictures by Florence Scovel Shinn. Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.50.

"The Lounger" of the *Critic* here gives us a part of her autobiography, and a romantic, exciting life she led ("led others" as well as herself) in her girlhood days. She was allowed plenty of freedom in which to develop, and she took more than her allowance, so that a good many funny and fly-away doings resulted. The pictures with which the book abounds depict the children, scenes, and costumes of the time before and during the civil war to the dot; and the reviewer knows, for she was a little girl brought up in the same section of country and at about the same time as the Tomboy.

THE IROQUOIS. A History of the Six Nations. By Silas Conrad Kimm. Pierre W. Danforth, Middleburgh, N. Y.

From many sources Mr. Kimm has here put forth in pleasant, readable style, with a form of arrangement just topical enough for convenience, a very complete story of the Iroquois,— "the proudest representatives of natural manhood ever discovered." A good monograph for use in history classes.

Lolami, The Little Cliff Dweller. By Clara Kern Bayliss. Public School Company, Bloomington, Ill. $0.50.

Lolami was a little Indian boy whose people were destroyed by a hostile tribe, and whose life was saved only by his being hastily thrust by his mother into a stone storehouse through a hole in the top, which she covered over with a big stone. Adjoining this storehouse was a cistern, from which, luckily, he could manage to get water. His life in the storehouse, his escape from its dungeon-like confinement, and consequent investigations of his own and other cliff-dwellings and the regions about, are used as a means for giving children some idea of that interesting civilization existing in the "Wonderland of America" long before the landing of Columbus, and of which they are too apt to be left in comparative ignorance. Lolami is on the list of supplementary reading in the public schools of Chicago, and many teachers testify to the usefulness of the simple little story.

The Knight of the Holy Grail. By Edwin A. Abbey. R. H. Russell, New York. $0.50.

This is a picture about 24 by 14 inches, mounted on stout cloth for use in kindergartens and schoolrooms. The foundation color is a soft buff, on which the strong, black drawing of the scene, and the red of the armor and harness, show to excellent advantage. The picture is probably familiar. The mailed knight, erect on his steed, holds the noble creature with strong rein. Shield at side and banner aloft, the hero looks bravely forward, while above his head, and with its glory reflected in the pool below, shines the vision of the Holy Grail. All the details are very clear in the picture offered by Mr. Russell.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Macmillan Co., New York. Child Life in Colonial Days. By Alice Morse Earle. $2.50.

Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston. The Modern Music Series. Primer and First Book. By Eleanor Smith. $0.25 and $0.30.

Edward Arnold, London, Eng. Laureata, A Book of Poetry for the Young. One shilling and sixpence. Arnold's Stories for Little People. Twopence each.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

The Misapplication of Kindergarten Methods to the Sunday School. By Frederica Beard. The Biblical World, August.

Hunting Big Redwoods. By John Muir. Atlantic Monthly, September.

Elizabeth Learning to Read. By Henry Turner Bailey. Critic, August.

Simplification of English Spelling. By Brander Matthews. Century, August.

The Isolation of the School: How it Hinders and How it Helps. By William T. Harris. Philosopher and Teacher Harmonized. By John W. Cook. School and Home Education, September.

The Annual Educational Number of the Outlook, August 3.

Some English Schools Seen by an American Teacher. By N. E. Waite. Impressions of an American School. By Eustace Miles, M. A. The Outlook, August 31.

THE OPEN GATE.

By Maud Lindsay.

Early teach your child, through play, to guard that which is dear to him from the danger of loss. Froebel.

ONE bright summer afternoon Fleet, the good old shepherd dog, that helped to take care of the farmyard, decided that he would step into the barn to see his friend Mrs. Muffet and her two little kittens, for he had not been able to chat with them for some time.

On his way, Fleet looked around to see that all was right. The weather was warm and the hens were taking a dust bath under the apple tree, and the brindle calf was asleep in the shadow of the barn. The ducks and geese were at the pond, the horses were at work in a distant field, the cows and sheep were in pasture, and only the brown colt kicked up his heels in the farmyard; so Fleet barked with satisfaction, and walked into the barn.

Inside he found Mrs. Muffet washing her face, while her two little kittens slept in the hay; and she gave Fleet a warm welcome.

"Good evening, Mrs. Muffet," said he.

"Good evening, Friend Fleet," answered she.

"How are the children?" asked the good dog, "and do they grow?"

"Grow?" said Mrs. Muffet. "You never saw anything like them! and such tricks as they play! Tittleback is the merriest, and will play with his own tail when he can find nothing else; but Toddlekins can climb in a way that is astonishing. Why, he even talks of going to the top of the barn, and no doubt he will some day."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Fleet, "children are so remarkable now."

"But what is the news with you, Friend Fleet?" inquired Mrs. Muffet.

"Nothing at all," said Fleet. "The barnyard is as quiet"—— but just as he spoke there arose such a clatter outside the door, that he sprang to his feet to see what was the matter, and the two kittens waked up in alarm. Outside, the yard was in a commotion. Everybody was talking at the same time. The hens were cackling, the roosters crowing, the ducks quacking, the calf crying, and the sound of flying hoofs could be heard far down the road.

"Pray what is the matter?" said Fleet to three geese, that were hurrying along, with their necks stretched out.

"The gate is open, the brown colt 's gone, the brindle calf 's going, and we are thinking about it; quawk!

quawk!" said the three geese, Mrs. Waddle, Mrs. Gabble, and Mrs. Dabble.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Muffet, putting her head out of the barn door.

"Out into the world," said the three geese together.

"You 'd better go back to your pond," barked Fleet as he bounded off to help the cook, who was waving her apron to keep back the brindle calf, while the milkmaid shut the gate, and little Dick ran down the road after the brown colt.

The brown colt kicked up his heels, and did not care how fast Dick ran. He had all the world to roam in and the green grass was growing everywhere; so he tossed his head and galloped away toward the blue hills.

After a while he looked to see whether Dick was still following him, but nobody was in sight; so he lay down and rolled over among the daisies; and this was such fun that he tried it again, and again, until he was tired.

Then he nibbled the grass awhile, but soon decided to take another run; and he raised such a dust as he scampered along that the birds peeped down from the trees to see what it was, and a little rabbit that ran across the road was so astonished that it did not stop to take breath again till it reached its greenwood home.

"Hurrah!" said the brown colt, not because he knew what it meant but because he had heard Dick say it. "Hurrah! maybe I 'll never go back!"

Just then there came an awful screech out of a neighboring field, and, although it was only the whistle of a threshing machine, the brown colt was terribly frightened, and jumped over a fence into a cotton field.

"Oh!" thought he, as he tore his glossy coat on the sharp barbs of the wire fence and cut his feet as he leaped awkwardly over, "Oh! how I wish I could see Dick now."

But Dick was at home. He had run after the brown colt as fast as his feet could carry him, and had called "Whoa! Whoa!" but the brown colt would not listen; so Dick had gone home with his head hanging down, *for he was the very one who had forgotten to shut the farmyard gate.*

Mother was at home, and she felt very sorry when she heard about it, for she knew how dear that colt was to her careless little boy; and when father came in from the fields, too late to look for the runaway, he said that big boys and little boys and everybody else must take care of the things that they wanted to keep: and Dick cried, but it did no good.

The cows came home when father did, and the brindle calf was glad that she had not gone away from the farmyard when she saw her mother come in from the clover lot. The chickens went to roost, and the horses were fed, but no brown colt came in sight, although Dick and Fleet went down the lane to look, a dozen times.

"He 's sorry enough," said Friend Fleet to Mrs. Muffet, as they ate their supper; and Mrs. Muffet told Tittleback and Toddlekins all about it, when she went back to the barn.

Poor little Dick! and poor brown colt! They thought about each other very often that night; and early in the morning the man who owned the cotton field, drove the brown colt out.

"I 'd like to know," said the man, as he hurried him along, "what business you have in my cotton field!" But the brown colt hung his head, as Dick had done, and limped away.

The long pike road stretched out, hard and white, before him, and the birds chattering in the bushes, seemed to say:—

"Is this the same brown colt that raised such a dust yesterday?"

Oh! how long and weary the way was, to his limping feet! But at last, he reached home, just at milking time, and when the milkmaid saw him standing at the gate, she gave a scream that brought the household out.

Dick and the cook and Fleet tumbled over each other, in their surprise, and the barnyard was in such an excitement, that one hen lost her chickens, and did not find them all for fifteen minutes.

"What did you see?" cried the brindle calf.

"What made you come back?" asked the geese; but Dick and Friend Fleet asked no questions, because they understood.

That was a long time ago, and the brown colt is a strong horse now, and Dick a tall boy, but neither of them will ever forget the day when Dick was careless and did not shut the farmyard gate.

—From *Mother Stories.*

WHERE is the pride of Summer? the green prime,
The many, many leaves all twinkling? * * *
The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard:
The ants have brimmed their garners with ripe grain;
And honey bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main:
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone
With the last leaves for a love-rosary.

—*Thomas Hood.*

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

A REMINISCENCE.

By Elsie Dee.

MY dinner table was laid for invited guests and everything was ready for them to be summoned into the dining room. I gave a parting glance at my well-arranged table and felt proud and pleased. I knew, too, that the dinner was well cooked; and the feeling of satisfaction which possessed my soul more than compensated me for the extra labor and care that I had had in preparing it. I seated my little girl, five years old, fresh and sweet in her clean starched dress, in her high chair, and was about to turn to go into the parlor to call the guests to dinner when a sudden cry from her made me look back. She had, by some unlucky accident, overturned a tureen of gravy, and the greasy liquid was rapidly spreading itself over the table. My temper rose in a twinkling, and an angry exclamation came to my lips. I was overwrought with work and excitement, for a dinner party was not a common occurrence in our quiet household, and our guests were those of whom, to tell the truth, I stood somewhat in awe. A minute before, everything was so auspicious, and now what should I do! It seemed a drop too much for my tired nerves—many drops too much for my table cloth. I was about to jerk my child down angrily from the table when a blessed influence held me. I caught the expression on her face. Such a sorry, frightened, appealing look I had never seen. Suddenly, a picture of the past came and stood out vividly before my mind's eye. My child's face revealed feelings which I had experienced twenty years before.

I saw myself a little nervous girl, about eight years old, in the happy home of my childhood. It was a stormy afternoon in winter. It was when coal oil lamps were first introduced, and father had bought a very handsome one. The snow had drifted up against the kitchen windows; so, although it was not yet night, the lamp was lighted. Mother was sick in bed upstairs, and we children were gathered in the kitchen, to keep the noise and confusion away from her. I was feeling very important, helping to get supper; at any rate, I imagined I was helping, and in my officiousness I seized that lamp and went down cellar for some butter. I tried to set it on the hanging shelf, but alas! I did n't give it room enough, and down it fell on the cemented floor.

I never shall forget the shock that gave me. I seemed almost paralyzed. I did n't dare to go upstairs, and I was afraid to stay down there; and to

make it worse, I heard father's voice in the kitchen. He had cautioned us all, again and again, to be careful of that lamp, and now, there it lay, smashed to pieces! But his voice seemed to give me the impetus I needed to go up and meet the scolding or whipping, or both, which I really felt I deserved. So I crept up over the dark stairway, and as I entered the kitchen, I met father with such a stern look on his face that I was frightened. I saw that there was no need to tell him what had happened. He had heard the crash, and if he had n't, I guess my face would have told the story. The children stood silently around, waiting to see what father would do, and I saw by their faces that they were horror struck, for that lamp had been the subject of too much talk and wonder to be smashed without creating a sensation. As for me, I felt so frightened, so confused and sorry, that I could n't speak. But upon glancing again at father I saw the angry look die out of his eyes, and one of tenderest pity take its place. I doubt not that he saw the same look in my face then that I saw in my child's face to-day. In a minute he had lifted me in his arms and was hugging me close to his breast. Then he whispered, oh, so kindly!—I can hear his voice now: "Never mind, little daughter, we all know 't was an accident; but I hope you will take the small lamp when you go down cellar again."

Oh! what a revulsion of feeling I experienced! It was such a surprise to me that I was suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of love and gratitude, and burying my face in his whiskers, I sobbed as if my heart were breaking. No punishment could have affected me half as much, and nothing can ever efface the memory of it from my mind.

How I loved my father to-day, as the sight of my own little girl's face brought all so freshly before me! Will she love me as dearly, I wonder, twenty years or more from now, because, moved by the same God-given impulse that stirred my father's heart in that long ago time, I was able to press the little frightened thing to my heart and tell her kindly that I knew she did n't mean to spill the gravy, and that I knew she would be more careful another time? Will she be helped by it when she is a mother as I have been helped to-day? Oh! how impossible for parents to estimate the effect of these seemingly little events!

If it had taken as long for this to pass through my mind as it has for me to tell it, my dinner would surely have been cold, and my guests tired of waiting. But it was all done in a twinkling, and buoyed up by a new and sudden strength, I quickly wiped off the soiled cloth, spread a thickly folded clean one over the place, and called my company to dinner. Strange to say, the awe I had been feeling for my guests was gone. I felt easy and tranquil, and such a remarkable spirit of happiness and sociability prevailed and everything passed off so smoothly that I could n't help feeling as if unseen hands and an unseen Presence had helped me through it all. —*Selected.*

OUR POLLY.

By Helen P. Haskell.

AN expressman brought to our home one day a box-like structure in a white cloth wrapping. From it issued sweet, low calls. On taking off the covering we did not wonder at hearing: "Look at Polly! Pretty Polly!" uttered in tones of admiration, for she was a beauty. Her dress was of a soft green hue that glistened and shimmered in the light. She wore what might be called epaulets of red and blue; a turban of gold adorned her head and a long green trail with red trimmings swept behind her.

Polly's black and yellow eyes are amazingly expressive. Her claws, like those of all parrots, have two toes turning forward and two backward. She uses these claws skillfully as hands, and will shake hands, or eat a piece of orange, candy or nut, as daintily and deftly as a well-bred child; but she always uses her left claw, being apparently what is called left-handed. Her pink tongue has a dark stripe around it, and it is thick and fleshy. This thickness of the tongue does not prevent, but perhaps helps, Polly and others of the parrot family in talking,— for she is a great talker, our Polly.

Now Polly's home had been in the picturesque "Crescent City" of the South, where, under the shadow of the old French cathedral, she had passed a happy life. Chance having brought her to our home, she was for a time a homesick, forlorn Polly, repeating over and over in a plaintive voice: "Poor Polly!" Love and kindness will, however, accomplish wonders, and they soon made our unhappy Polly into the happy Polly that we have to-day. Let me tell you about some of her intelligent, comical, and affectionate actions.

The ringing of a church bell will often start her preaching; for, although no words are ever understood, we know, from the emphasis, intonations, and solemn devout manner, that it can only be a sermon she delivers. After this sermon comes "Coronation" and "Crown Him Lord of All," sung with great energy, for Polly enjoys singing, and knows parts of several songs. Very sweet is her prayer—for often she repeats something in a low, monotonous tone, that always ends distinctly with "forever and ever, amen." We learned that the one she loved best in her former home was a little girl, whose childish prayer had evidently caught her fancy.

When Polly feels unusually comfortable, she indulges in a hard fit of crying. From the whimper of a sick, fretful baby, the crying in-

creases in strength and tone, until at last the baby arrives at a terrible state of anger, sobbing and screaming until the welkin rings. Then, in the act of holding her breath, as from temper, she will call out happily: "Look at Polly." Perhaps all this ends in a severe attack of whooping-cough, when, in the midst of a violent paroxysm, she bursts into merry laughter or song.

Many of Polly's sayings are so apt as to be positively uncanny, and cause some of her admirers to think that there is more intelligence in that small head than a parrot is ever given credit for.

Like her human friends she has some peculiar notions. One is to use her swing as her sleeping apartment. One night, when a severe shock of earthquake either threw or frightened her from it, she called loudly: "Helen, what *is* the matter?" Going to her as soon as possible I found her on the floor of her cage in such a terrified condition as to require soothing like a child, and it was many days before she slept again in her swing. One rainy day she screamed: "Helen, wipe it up!" many times, and when at last some one went to her it was found that the rain had been beating in and that the floor of her cage was covered with water.

Her ready answer of "Very well" when "How do you do?" is said to her once caused an amusing episode. When "Pretty Polly Perkins, how do you do? How do you do?" was sung to her, in order that she might learn it, instead of repeating it as was hoped, she graciously answered: "Very well." But after several repetitions of the verse she called "Very well!" three times with increasing vigor, so that the last one was a veritable yell; then with bill firmly closed she looked steadily at the singer, and if ever an eye expressed contempt and disgust at not being understood, Polly's black and yellow eye did then.

It has been found that she not only answers correctly but remembers what has been told her. She loves the warmth of the sun, but prefers to be sheltered from the direct rays; so, in the early spring, when her cage was hung out of doors, a paper was placed over it. She immediately tore this paper into pieces and treated a second one the same way. When the third was tied on Miss Polly was told that if she tore this one her wings would be "patted." Turning indifferently away she said: "All right! Shut up!" and from that time gave us no further trouble.

Polly likes to roam over the lawn and garden, laughing and talking like a little child. She is a lovable, fascinating pet, very gracious and gentle with those she loves, her entire trust and confidence in them, especially when she is ill, being extremely pathetic.

Those whom she dislikes, however, may well fear her scratch and bite, for these are something to be dreaded. Her ill-humor comes mostly from extreme timidity; but if she is unjustly treated, she not only immediately resents it, but also never forgets it.

THE MORNINGSIDE ACROPOLIS, NEW YORK CITY.

THERE are many indications that the American people, especially those in the great cities, are beginning to discover the value and necessity of what, for lack of a better name, we may call public art. That is to say, they are beginning to realize the artistic dreariness of the aspect of American cities, the lack of nobility in the planning, design and setting of streets, squares, monuments and public buildings of all sorts, and the absence of those innumerable minor embellishments which adorn the cities of the Old World and impart to them such a fascination for American visitors.

Every such artistic achievement lends force to any movement for the advancement of art. The public taste grows by what it feeds on; and as the city grows richer in beautiful buildings, its citizens will become more exacting in their demands for its artistic improvement. A fine building is a splendid object lesson. From this point of view, the growing architectural beauty of the Morningside Heights is deeply significant. The region about Columbia University is becoming a sort of Acropolis, with its group of educational buildings, the Grant mausoleum, the St. Luke's Hospital and the slowly rising fabric of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. In the whole group there is, and is likely to be, nothing finer than the really magnificent approach to this university, with its esplanade, steps, terraces, balustrades and colossal vases, the whole crowned by the white colonnade and dome of the library. How many who hurriedly pass up and down that superb flight of steps and traverse the handsomely paved esplanade at its foot pause to take in the beauty of the picture, or reflect what dignity and splendor it imparts to the whole region about it? There is nothing like it in the country, unless it be the approach to the Capitol at Washington. It is rare, though it is to be hoped it may be more common in the future, to find a board of trustees so far-sighted in their recognition of the value of material beauty that they are willing to invest liberally in such architectural embellishments, which really, in the end, make as large a return of interest, both to the institution they adorn and to the community it serves, as could be expected from any other form of investment.—*Selected.*

IN Germany teachers are very badly paid. At a teachers' festival somebody proposed the toast: "Long live our school teachers!" "What on?" asked a cadaverous specimen, rising in his seat.—*Selected.*

IN A KINDERGARTEN.

Oh! *I* want it first," the little maid said;
"But *I* want it first," said the boy;
And each with imperious gesture and look
Laid claim to the pretty new toy.

"You *both* want it *first,* my dear little dears?
I wonder then what we can do!
For when there's but *one* toy, why, nobody can
Give it *first* to each one of *two!*"

(The winsome child faces were dark with self-will;)
"Who'll think of some very good plan?"
A silence—and then, lo! a conqueror's smile
Transfigured the dear little man.

"Give ladies the first—that's what we must do;
Papa says that that's the right way.
So, Madeleine, *you* ought to have it the first,
And afterwards then *I* can play."

Complete the surrender the bonny boy made,
And Madeleine welcomed the toy;
Though often her eyes, with a questioning look,
Were bent on the radiant boy.

Next day, once again the old trouble began,
The very same "*me* first!" was heard.
Till sudden the girlie, with big starry eyes
And eager voice, spoke the new word.

"Oh, Georgie, I *like* you to have it the first;
I only forgot it, you know."
And new beauty shone in the beautiful face
With generous love all aglow.

Now, day after day, as the little ones meet,
The playtime is loving and bright;
For each childish heart the sweet lesson has learned
Of joy in another's delight.

—*Little Folks.*

ABOUT CHILDREN ENDURING HARDSHIPS.

ONE sometimes hears it urged that children should be made to endure hardships, in order that they may be fitted for life. I do not think the word "made" is appropriate. Children are obliged to endure hardships, and any hardships which they are obliged to endure are salutary; but the ready-made ones devised by provident elders are of an altogether different character and effect. I do not think those people who talk of providing hardships for children realize how much suffering every normal child has to endure in the ordinary course of its daily life. The going to bed, being washed or having to wash, having to stop games at interested junctures to get ready to go out, having to put toys away exactly at the time when you have lost all interest in them, and want to turn to something else or when you are very tired and sleepy; having to forego a treat because of rain or because you have the toothache; having to go to the dentist; having to be polite to rows of visitors; having to try on new clothes, and being made to wear them, while you are yearning for a new possession out of a toy shop which no one will buy, etc.;—these and countless other painful experiences have to be gone through by every child, and the learning to take them cheerfully—that is to say, to check the impulse to grumble or rebel, and turn the attention to finding out alleviating circumstances—constitutes one of the most important lessons in self-discipline which children have to learn, and it is just here that the sympathy and cheerfulness of the educator are most needed, in order that painful feeling may quickly give place to what is pleasant. When the contrary is the case, and the educator underestimates the effort which the child has to make, and overestimates the offense of bemoaning his fate, when he becomes too serious or tries to be sarcastic, one painful feeling in the child is reinforced by another, the physical vitality is lowered, the attention is concentrated on the grievance, and any effort which is finally made to control the wrong action, or to perform the right one, is made only under compulsion from without, and is in no complete sense self-discipline, for the inward consent is wanting. There is no true self-discipline without inward consent; and, though it is true that habits may be formed which start under force of outward compulsion, unless inward consent speedily comes, to make this outward compulsion unnecessary, the habit is worth little; it is a kind of excrescence which will drop off when opportunity occurs; and so we see girls and boys dropping off, one by one, many of their apparently good childish habits which were never any organic part of their character. The question of how to rightly influence children's feelings is a very difficult one. We can only hope to get less and less crude in our methods, more and more patient and discerning, until, partly by our own self-discipline, partly by study, partly by love, we succeed in setting goodness before children in fairy colors, which shall attract more than all the lurid hues of evil, and even though the path which leads to them be often strewn with thorns.—*Margaret A. Wroe, in Child Life* (London).

KINGSLEY'S WATER BABIES.

By William Clark, D. C. L.

THE Water Babies appeared originally in separate chapters in *Macmillan's Magazine* from month to month, in the year 1863, and shortly afterwards was published in a volume. On the whole the reception accorded to the story was favorable, although some critics complained that it was too childish for grown-up people and too heavy for children. To some it appeared as a somewhat nonsensical fairy tale, to others as an allegory of great depth and beauty.

The present writer very soon came to the opinion that the story had a deep, spiritual meaning, representing the inner life of man, in its various phases. Some friends, who stood in doubt as to the accuracy of his interpretation, suggested that he should publish, in order that Mr. Kingsley might decide as to his meaning in the book. With some hesitation the writer consented to do so, and published his exposition of The Water Babies in an English monthly magazine. Shortly afterward he received a letter from Canon Kingsley, in which he said: "From beginning to end I desire not one word more or less as regards my meaning."

The hero of The Water Babies is named Tom. He is, in the first period of the story, a chimney sweep, and, in the second, a Water Baby. The second period, the history of the Water Baby, may be divided into three parts: (1) His life in the river before he helped the lobster out of the pot; (2) His life in St. Brandan's Isle under the discipline of the fairies, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid and Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby; (3) The period from the time when he set off for the Otherendofnowhere to the end of the story.

The first period, that of the chimney sweep life, is certainly intended to represent the life of sin, and of actual sinful life and action—not merely sinful principle — ending with Tom's conversion. The change in Tom thus designated was brought about through his being convinced of his own dirtiness, and being led to desire a different kind of life. The gradual arousing of the conviction of sin is depicted in a very graphic manner. First, Tom's master, named Grimes, is confronted by an Irishwoman, who tells him, "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be, and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be." Apparently the words produced little effect, yet they were not forgotten by Mr. Grimes; and other influences brought home the same lesson to Tom.

Going with his master to sweep the chimneys at Harthover Hall, Tom came down the wrong chimney into the sleeping apartment of Ellie, the daughter of Sir John Harthover. When he saw this fair, pure creature lying in her white bed, he looked at his own wrist and tried to brush off the soot; and then turning round he saw standing close to him a little, ugly, black figure with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth; and be-

hold! it was himself reflected in a great mirror such as he had never seen before. And Tom discovered, for the first time in his life, how dirty he was, and burst into tears of shame and anger.

Escaping from the hall he fled across the park, into the woods, up the moor, and at last scrambled down the Lewthwaite Crag, an almost perpendicular descent. He was followed all the way by the Irishwoman, who seems here to represent Providence. He descended into Vendale, where he found an old lady, who turned out to be Mrs. Grimes, keeping a little school. This lady at first declared that she would have nothing to do with chimney sweeps; but, at last, taking compassion upon him, she gave him milk and put him in an outhouse, where he might rest. But he turned about and then fell half asleep, and dreamed that he heard the little white lady crying to him: "Oh, you're so dirty; go and be washed"; and then he heard the Irishwoman saying: "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be." And then he began to cry out: "I must be clean," and threw himself into the river and became a Water Baby. Here we have the representation of one type of conversion.

As the life of the chimney sweep represented the life of sin, so the first period of the Water Baby life represents the life of selfishness or worldliness. While Tom was disporting himself in the river, he had no care but for himself and his own pleasures. It is not said that he did anything positively wrong. But he was living a selfish and a worldly life—shallow and frivolous without deep conviction or any serious sense of responsibility. He spends his time in worrying the caddises, tormenting the little trout, making faces at the otter, chatting with the dragon fly, and flattering the salmon.

The helping of the lobster out of the pot brought a change. The description of this episode is one of the most charming parts of the whole book; and, as a result, he entered upon a new experience. He came upon a Water Baby—another creature like himself, seen for the first time. We are told to guess the explanation; and it is not very difficult to discover. Whilst we live a merely selfish and worldly life, our fellow creatures are to us simply a means of amusement and entertainment. But just as Tom's act of self-denying kindness to the lobster opened his eyes to see the Water Babies, so when men go out to their fellow-creatures in acts of self-forgetful love and sacrifice, they come to recognize them as brothers and sisters, as children of the same great Father. The same general lesson is taught in Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

Tom is now the representative of the human soul brought into a right relation to God and man. But this is only the beginning of a true human life. A protracted discipline must be undergone before the goal of perfection is reached. Kingsley emphasizes this point, when he says: "I wish Tom had given up all his naughty tricks," and so forth.

Soon he came face to face with Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, a fairy, a very terrible lady with a birch rod under her arm. We soon discover the nature of this lady. She is Law—the law of our nature, which declares that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." And this explains the seeming ugliness of this fairy. She is ugly because men are bad. When they are good, she will be as beautiful as her sister, Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby, who rep-

resents divine Grace. All this will become quite clear to the reader.

Several remarkable incidents occurred during the time when Tom was under the influence of these two fairies. Tom got at the cupboard where Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid kept her sweet things, and gobbled up a quantity of them with sad results—showing us that the sweets of the spiritual life are the result of labor and self-denial, and are not to be snatched at in this way. We have seen that the first part of the Water Baby life, in the river, represented the worldly life. The second part, in St. Brandan's Isle, under the two fairies, represents the discipline of Law and Grace. We now come to the third part which represents the perfecting of the life by self-denial and suffering.

While Tom was in St. Brandan's Isle, Little Ellie, who had become a Water Baby, came there and assisted in Tom's education. But every Sunday she went away, and she would not tell Tom where she went. But the fairy informed him that if he, like Ellie, would go somewhere, where he did not want to go, and do something that he did not like to do, then he would know where Ellie went on Sunday. The meaning of this is clear. No one can tell another what his own higher life is like. It is only by entering into the same experience that we understand that of another.

Tom at last consented to undertake the journey to the other end of Nowhere, and he was directed to Mother Carey, who would tell him the way to Mr. Grimes, whom he was to help. Several of his attempts to find Mother Carey ended in failure. The Gairfowl (Great Auk) represented those poor old creatures who are so full of their own superiority that they disdain to learn the lessons that "common people" are learning, and so forget all that they ever knew. She tries to tell Tom the way, and breaks down.

At last, however, he found an old whale that directed him to Mother Carey. Mother Carey is Dame Nature, from the foot of whose throne the living creatures swam away in countless numbers. She gave Tom two pieces of advice—to follow his dog and to walk backwards—signifying the two guides of nature, instinct and experience. If it should appear that nature is here improperly brought in, we may remember how Butler points out that Nature, in the full meaning of the term, is the reflection of God.

Tom met with several other strange adventures. Thus in the Island of Laputa he met with an example of the kind of examination which deserves condemnation. When he came to Oldwivesfabledom he met the Pow-wow man who thought that no one could be made good unless he was first frightened into fits.

At last Tom reached his old master Grimes stuck in a chimney, and unable to get out. By the influence of Tom's kindness and the memory of his mother, and by the interposition of Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, Grimes is brought to a better mind and started in a new life. And now Tom is permitted to return to St. Brandan's Isle. There he finds Ellie seated upon a rock. But now she and Tom are no longer children; they are grown up. While they are gazing at each other, the Fairy addresses them, and they are puzzled by her appearance. She seems at once Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid, Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby, Mother Carey and the Irishwoman. The meaning of this is not difficult. In this dim twilight of Time, when we are as children tossed to and fro, and car-

ried about by every kind of doctrine, and see only as through a glass darkly, Nature and Grace, and Law and Conscience and Providence seem to us diverse and often conflicting and contradictory; but when we are grown to the full stature of men, and see as we are seen, then shall we know that in these principles there is no contradiction, but that all form a perfect harmony and unity in God.—*Canada Educational Monthly.*

TRIBUTE TO LOUIS H. ALLEN.

Although the death of Mr. Louis H. Allen was chronicled last month, we add here a brief tribute to this earnest kindergarten advocate from a personal friend of his, Miss Amalie Hofer:—

"It was in the beginning of the free kindergarten movement in his own city of Buffalo that I first knew him. Telling an incident of the helplessness of a child, I discovered the strong man in tears of tenderest sympathy. Then he told me of his first acquaintance with the kindergarten,—how he and Mrs. Allen read aloud one Sunday afternoon, from cover to cover, the little *Free Kindergarten,* sent out by the Chicago Free Kindergarten Association, giving the accounts of the results noted by the kindergartners and of daily work as it was carried on with the children and the mothers and fathers. That Sunday afternoon's reading was a spiritual awakening, and both gave themselves to the cause of children and the kindergarten. After visiting the leading workers and schools in New York city, Mr. and Mrs. Allen returned to Buffalo and threw their whole energy into the free kindergarten movement. Though a business man with great responsibilities, Mr. Allen wrote, night and day, articles for the Buffalo press, believing that the needs of the work should be kept before the whole public; and from 1890 until the time of his death no more valiant, tender-hearted, self-giving service has been rendered to the kindergarten cause than by Mr. Louis H. Allen. It was my privilege to witness the flame of his zeal incorporate itself in the *Kindergarten News,* now the Kindergarten Review. There was no time to sleep when the babies were growing from slum-mothers' arms, only to creep into the gutters and alleys. There was no time to eat and enjoy life while three and four year olds were toddling about in rags and filth. And so he worked on into the morning, and no sanctified taper lighted before the Holy Virgin has ever symbolized a more religious consecration. Several kindergarten articles from Mr. Allen's hand appeared in the *Outlook,* and he contributed a booklet on the Progress of the Kindergarten in New York State for the educational exhibition of the Columbian Exposition."

KINDERGARTEN PROGRESS AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST.

Nine new kindergartens have been opened in connection with the public schools of Toledo, Ohio. These, added to the six which were established last February, are, in the opinion of Superintendent Chalmers, only half of what is necessary. In recommending the opening of the new kindergartens, Superintendent Chalmers stated that it required $1,926.20 to operate the six kindergartens since last February. This leaves a balance of $942.94 on hand at present, which, with the amount to be collected, will give a total of $10,112.08 for the support of the kindergartens during the coming year. This sum allows a surplus of over $2,400 above all expenses, which Superintendent Chalmers trusts will allow the opening of more kindergartens next February.

Columbia University has received $100,000 with which to found a chair of Chinese literature, and Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer have given another $100,000 with which to build a model public school. This will be a part of the Teachers College, itself affiliated with the university. The model school is to be an experiment station. There has long been a Horace Mann School in connection with the Teachers College, a pay-pupil school of practice. The Speyer School will be the same, except that tuition will be free. It is now proposed to throw open both Horace Mann and Speyer Schools, if so much room be needed, for model Sunday schools, and committees are now formulating plans by which all that has been learned in day schools may be applied to Sunday school instruction.

Hereafter one large room in the Smithsonian Institution will be set aside for the pleasure and instruction of children. The exhibits will be so labeled and so placed as to be specially pleasing to young folk. Scientific nomenclature will be laid aside, and only common names used on labels. These labels will also to some extent explain the life of the bird or animal. In this room will also be live birds in cages, swung among bowers of branches. Birds and insects will be shown in proximity to those objects which constitute their food or their home.

The work of the Pittsburg, Pa., kindergarten college is enlarging year by year, and each fall some new feature is added to the course. The repeated request for a short course of training for nurses prompts the kindergarten association to add this department to its work. It is apparent to mothers that it is a necessary and vital thing for nurses to be, to a degree, sympathetic observers of child-life. For a nurse to feel that her care of the child is an important one, tends to awaken a new interest in her occupation. There are many changes in the faculty this year. Miss Sackett, after seven years of capable service, resigned to take up children's work in the Carnegie library, to be succeeded by Miss Mary Bakewell. Miss Bakewell will be the director of the new kindergarten in Trinity parish. Miss Jean McLachlan will be succeeded by Miss Mary Schwarberg. Miss Mary Jarrett will take a position in York, Pa. Miss Alice Snider has returned to take her place on the faculty after an absence of about fifteen months. Miss Susan Blow will commence her series of lectures on the Mother Play in November, and the class of ten lessons in Mother Play will begin October 4, conducted by Ruth Eleanor Tappan, a member of the faculty. By beginning so early it is to be hoped the six Mother Plays which are to be the subjects of Miss Blow's lectures can be studied before her arrival.

Madison, Wis., has a new kindergarten opened in the Seventh ward, in charge of Miss Katherine Fleming of the Chicago Kindergarten College and Miss Lora Morley of Mrs. Treat's training school of Grand Rapids, Mich.

The free kindergarten at Newnan, Ga., has opened with twenty pupils — only five less than the limit of accommodation. Miss Margaret Cook has entered upon the

work with earnestness and enthusiasm, and the best results are expected. About sixty dollars has been spent in equipping the room, and a further pledge of twenty-five dollars per month has been guaranteed by the friends of the movement for the support of the kindergarten, thus making it absolutely free to the pupils admitted. The officers of the Free Kindergarten Association, through whose efforts the kindergarten was established and under whose auspices it will be directed and maintained, are as follows: Mrs. Habersham King, president; Mrs. R. D. Cole, Jr., vice-president; Mrs. Roy Cole, treasurer; Mrs. J. R. Herring, secretary; Mrs. R. F. Milner, assistant secretary.

Miss Carola O. Leighton of Cohasset, Mass., has been engaged to take charge of the St. James kindergarten at Keene, N. H., for the coming year.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Riggs and Miss Nora A. Smith are at work upon a Children's Book of English Verse, which is to be a storehouse of beautiful things. Through painstaking search in libraries here and in Great Britain, many verses for children by last century writers have been unearthed.

A kindergarten department has been established in the Columbian school at Cornellsville, N. Y., this year. Miss Mabel L. Britt, a graduate of the Buffalo High School and Buffalo Normal School, has charge of this department.

Miss Lovejoy has been appointed director of the Main street kindergarten, Titusville, Pa. Miss Gray was assigned the position made vacant by Miss Lovejoy at the Fourth Ward kindergarten.

Several changes have been made at the North Billerica, Mass., kindergarten this year. Miss Houliston, the principal, resigned to take a rest, and her place has been filled by Miss Linda F. Chisholm of Marblehead. Miss Bartlett, the assistant, has taken a position in one of the Boston kindergartens, and her place is filled by Miss Alice F. Seeton of Lowell. Only those children are received whose parents are willing that they should remain in the kindergarten for two years.

Miss Lena L. Howe has been elected teacher of the Saco, Me., kindergarten in place of Miss Harriett Griffin resigned.

The training school of the Baltimore, Md., Kindergarten Association will assume possession of its new quarters, 1429 McCulloh street, the latter part of September, at which time an informal house-warming will be given by the staff of instructors.

The Florence, Ala., Free Kindergarten has closed its third year's work with a most gratifying statement of the work accomplished under the principal, Miss Maud Lindsay of Tuscumbia. The treasurer reports a balance from the year's work, and the management is pleased with the hearty support accorded them by the public. The kindergarten is conducted solely for the benefit of the children of the employees of the factories who are too small to attend the public schools.

Miss Grace S. DeVine, a graduate of the Froebel Normal School of Bridgeport, Conn., will have charge this year of the private kindergarten at Stratford, Conn., formerly conducted by Miss Susie Wilcoxson.

The kindergarten at Parkersburg, W. Va., opened September 9 with Miss Casseldine in charge, assisted by Miss Winifred Cox of Belpre. The officers of the association who look after the interests of the kindergarten are: Mrs. J. G. Cochran, president; Mrs. E. S. Curtis, vice-president; Mrs. Carrolton Hoblitzell, secretary; Mrs. D. M. Miller, treasurer.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

Miss Daisy Cornell is assistant in the kindergarten department of the Union School at Sandy Hill, N. Y.

The members of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church at Pittsburg, Pa., have arranged to open a free kindergarten in two rooms of the parish house early in October, with Miss Mary E. Bakewell as director and the Rev. Dr. A. W. Arundel as principal, *ex officio*. There will be accommodation for about sixty children. Mothers' classes will also be arranged. Miss Bakewell will be assisted by a number of students from the Pittsburg and Allegheny Kindergarten College and several volunteer assistants from the members of the congregation. The affair will be supported wholly by the congregation and will be undenominational and without distinction as to race or color.

At Holyoke, Mass., Miss Mary H. Batchelder has been transferred from the North Chestnut street kindergarten to the new Highlands, with Miss Fair as her assistant. Miss Nellie Perry has been promoted to the principalship at the North Chestnut street kindergarten, with Miss O'Grady of Springfield as her assistant.

The Free Kindergarten at Bridgeport, Conn., has moved into its new quarters, 608 Main street, and opened for the fall term September 10. Miss Rose Galbraith, the faithful and efficient kindergartner, is in charge, and Miss Mabel Hammond retains her position as assistant.

The New York State Assembly of Mothers will hold its fifth annual meeting at Rochester, N. Y., October 15, 16 and 17.

Miss Mabel H. Blake, who has been an assistant in the kindergarten at Greenfield, Mass., has gone to Guatanama, Cuba, to take charge of the kindergarten department of a private school of which Miss Anna H. Doolittle, a former principal of Greenfield kindergarten, is at the head.

The kindergarten conducted for many years by the St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Rochester, N. Y., was discontinued last year. This year the Board of Education have rented the lower floor of Douglas hall from St. Andrew's Church, including the school furniture, and will establish a kindergarten annex to No. 13 school.

Miss Mina Prime, who has been supervisor of kindergartens in Ironwood, Wis., during the past three years, has accepted a position as supervisor of the kindergartens of Honolulu.

The kindergarten at Bar Harbor, Me., opened for the fall term September 2 in charge of Miss Lillian Walton, a graduate of Pratt Institute.

At Watertown, N. Y., the residents of the north side were much pleased with the announcement that the kindergarten at Hope Presbyterian Church is to be reorganized this year. A kindergarten was maintained there for several years by private contribution until 1898. The work this year will be under the superintendence of Miss Lucy Bell Merriam, and will be partially self-supporting.

The Froebel Club for Child Study, Grand Rapids, Mich., holds its first meeting October 7. The program will include a talk and a story told by Mrs. Treat.

A kindergarten department is to be established in the John B. Drake School, Chicago, in charge of Miss Maude Reiter. This department will be as a further memorial to John B. Drake, for whom the school was named, and will be maintained by Mrs. Drake for two years.

Miss Maud Thiry will be the kindergartner at Milton Junction, Wis., this year.

Petitions are being circulated asking the Board of Education to establish a kindergarten department in the public school of Le Roy, N. Y.

Mount St. Mary's Academy at Newburg, N. Y., opened a kindergarten in the convent September 16.

Danbury, Conn., will have a kindergarten and training school this year. The kindergarten was opened September 16 at 66 Keeler street in charge of Mrs. Hine of New Haven and Miss Grace L. Barnum of Danbury. The training class will organize on October 1.

A kindergarten was opened at Brunswick, Me., September 10, under Miss Mary B. Mellen.

The kindergarten opened September 10 at the Union Bethel, Cincinnati, is in charge of Miss May Cochnower.

The Cleveland, Ohio, kindergarten training school re-opened September 9 under Miss McKinney. It is expected that there will be about one hundred pupils in attendance this year.

The free kindergarten and teachers' training class at Friend's University, Wichita, Kan., is in charge of Miss C. C. Shults of Peoria, Ill.

Miss Claudia Peters of New Albany, Ind., will have a position this year in the kindergarten department of the public schools of Lancaster, Ky.

The dry goods firm of Abraham & Straus of Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., have inaugurated a novelty in their large department building. A kindergarten has been organized on the fourth floor near the toy department which will be in charge of a competent teacher. Parents visiting the store for shopping purposes may leave their children in the kindergarten while they are making their purchases. The materials necessary are furnished free by the firm.

Miss Sarah Gilligan, a graduate of the Jacob Tome Institute, Port Deposit, Md., has been appointed principal of the Lock Haven, Pa., kindergarten.

The offer of a third-year course in the Philadelphia Normal School for Girls may induce many students to return. Special training will be given in the work of kindergarten, primary school, vacation schools, and summer playgrounds; also advanced courses in drawing, nature study, psychology and handwork, including woodwork, bent-iron work, box work, basketry, weaving, raffia work, etc. A certificate in kindergarten is granted to students who successfully complete the third-year course. This opportunity is open to all former graduates of the normal school.

The kindergarten connected with the Mission at Buffalo, N. Y., has opened under the direction of Miss Emma Austin. The organization is supported by the Roman Catholic churches in the city, and during its four years of existence the work has been very encouraging. The officers of the Mission are: President, Mrs. Herbert P. Bissell; vice-president, Mrs. Thomas Stoddard; secretary, Mrs. Seward Peterson; treasurer, Mrs. Charles Ribbell. There are classes in sewing for the mothers of the children who attend the kindergarten, on Wednesday afternoon of each week. Mrs. Bissell is chairman of the work, assisted by several of the women.

Miss Clara Whitney of Big Rapids, Mich., has gone to Belding to teach in the kindergarten department of the public schools.

A lady visitor for the Charity Organization Society of Indianapolis recently found a father sick in bed. Before leaving, she said to him: "When I come to-morrow, I will bring you a dinner nicely cooked." "You need not do that, madam," the father replied; then, placing his hand lovingly upon the head of his little nine-year-old daughter, he added: "My little girl goes to Mrs. Blaker's Domestic Training School, and she knows how to cook potatoes in seven different ways, and eggs in nine different ways. She can make a bed as well as they do at the hospital; there'll not be a wrinkle in my sheet." Such little housekeepers are being trained by scores in these schools.

The Kindergarten Association of Fort Worth, Tex., has opened three kindergartens this year. The association will support but one free kindergarten, that in the Third ward, where it is most needed, and where so much good has been accomplished through this work. The kindergartens on the East Side and on the South Side are co-operative subscription schools, under the direction and management of the association, with Mrs. William Capps and Mrs. John B. Hawley as respective chairmen. The teachers secured are graduates of the Chicago Kindergarten College, two of whom, Miss Wood and Miss Winchester, are well and favorably known in Fort Worth, through their work last year. For the present the South Side kindergarten is to be taught at Captain J. C. Terrell's residence. Miss Martha Wood will have charge of it, assisted by the young ladies of the training class, which is also an institution of the association.

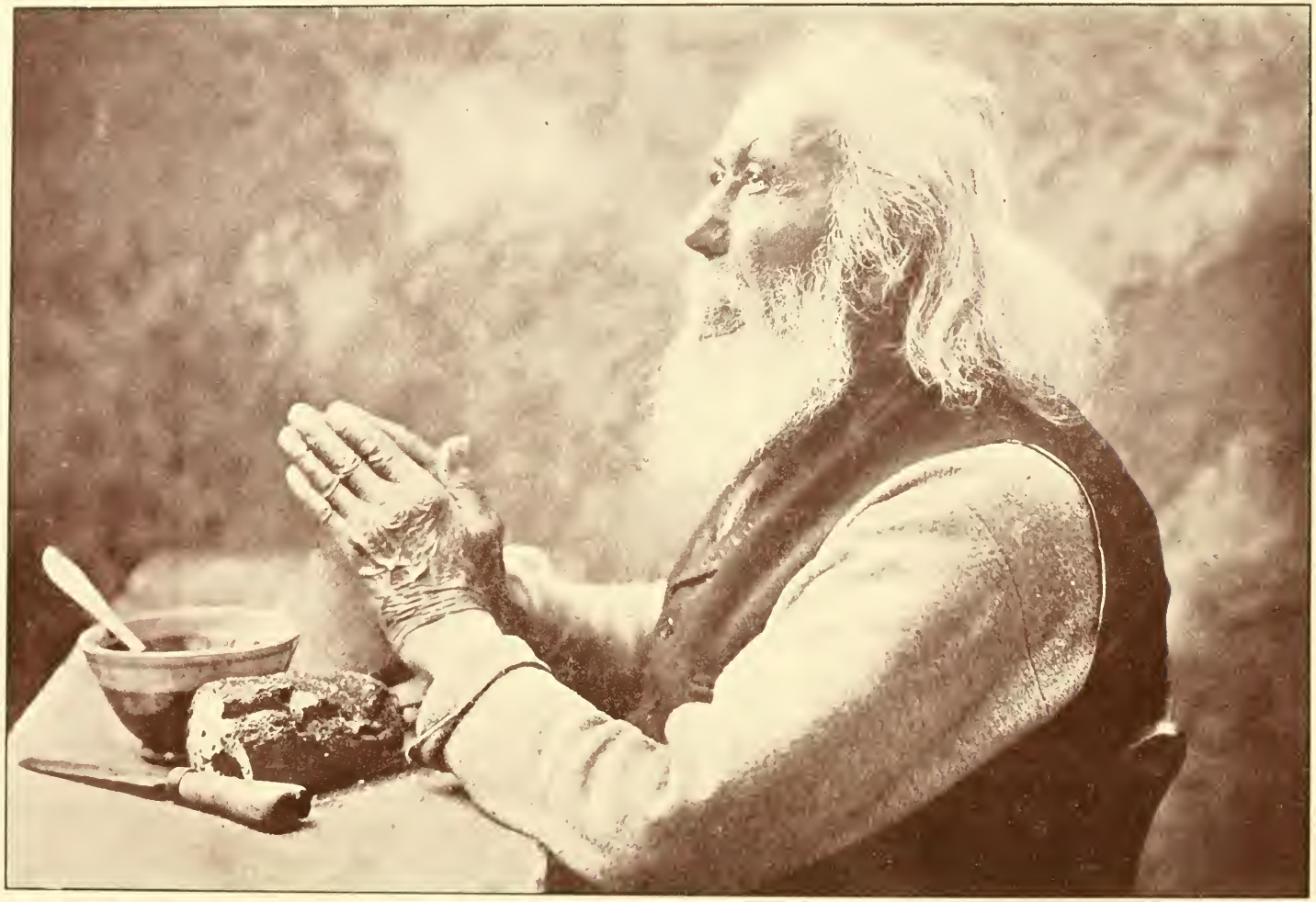
The Henry Barnard Books

The entire stock of the publications of the late Dr. Henry Barnard has been transferred to me, and is now in my office. It consists of electrotype and steel plates, sheets, stock, and bound books weighing more than 35 tons, and covering the following:

The American Journal of Education, 31 volumes, Kindergarten and Child Culture Papers, National Education in Europe, Pestalozzi and Pestalozzianism, American Teachers and Educators, German Teachers and Educators, etc., etc.

As rapidly as possible all missing volumes will be reprinted, and this noble educational library will be once more accessible. Meantime all inquiries will be promptly answered.

C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.



EVER THANKFUL.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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HARVEST TIME.

By EMILIE POULSSON.

'T is the Harvest time, 't is the joyful Harvest time!
From the garden and the orchard,
From the meadow and the field,
We have gathered of the bounty
That the kindly earth doth yield.
'T is the Harvest time, 't is the joyful Harvest time!

Sing the "Harvest Home," sing the joyful "Harvest Home"!
'T is the toil in early springtime
And beneath the summer sun,
That has brought the joy of autumn
And the Harvest treasures won.
Sing the "Harvest Home," sing the joyful "Harvest Home"!

HOW SHALL WE DEVELOP GOODNESS?

A KINDERGARTNER'S TALK TO MOTHERS.

By Mary G. Trask.

FROM our consideration* of the term "goodness," as commonly used, I think we saw plainly that it always implied *relation*, and could have no real meaning apart from the idea of relation. Yet it implies the idea of inner relations as well as outer; our bread, if it is to be good *for us*, must be good in itself.

When we considered our use of the term "good" as applied to a young child, we saw that there was little idea of morality connected with it, but that when we speak of "a good child" we usually mean a normal, healthy child, who is growing and developing naturally, and is active and happy, and not much trouble. But I am sure we all feel that we cannot stop here. The healthy baby is "good" without effort; but this kind of goodness cannot last always, and, even if it could, there would be no morality in it, for morality implies will and choice. What we must strive for, then, is to so train and develop our children that when they are able to make choices, and to direct their own lives, they will choose to live in *right* relations, and to exercise *right* activities.

What is implied in this aim?

First—the child's individual development—physical, mental and spiritual. The consciousness that each individual is but a part of the great whole of humanity, and cannot even exist in isolation,—that his life is made up of relations of every kind,—does not lessen the value of the individual, but increases it; for only through the perfection of each individual can the great whole of life be made perfect. This is clearly brought out in Professor Peabody's fine and inspiring book, Jesus Christ and the Social Question.

I. Physical development comes first in order, and is very important, for we know how much the body affects the mind, and also how much our power to lead a useful life depends upon our health and strength; but this is now so generally acknowledged, and so much has been written on the subject by specialists, that it does not seem necessary to dwell on it here. There is one point, however, that I think is sometimes overlooked, and that is the need of *quiet*,—the danger of overstimulation. The baby is so attractive, especially when he begins to talk, that it is a great temptation to talk to him too much, and to give him so many new impressions and new sensations that his brain gets tired out trying to assimilate them; and the child becomes nervous and fretful or restless and discontented,—not satisfied with anything for more than a few moments, and continually

* What is a Good Child? Kindergarten Review September, 1901.

demanding fresh excitements that only increase the trouble. When there is a large circle of admiring friends and relatives the baby is almost certain to have too much attention; and unless the mother and nurse are very watchful and careful he may get into a nervous condition which will be very hard to overcome.

Every little child should have a good deal of quiet time each day—several hours if possible—and during this time should be left to himself as much as is consistent with safety, and should be allowed to investigate things for himself and to quietly experiment and meditate, in his baby fashion, on all the wonders that he sees about him. I remember taking a twenty months old baby (a child who had suffered a good deal nervously from just this overstimulation) to a huckleberry pasture, where he amused himself with great success for half an hour or more. He found a piece of an old fence rail, with a nail imbedded in it, and with this he began to hammer the stones in which the pasture abounded. He found that when he struck the iron against a stone there was a peculiar sound, and this interested him greatly. He trotted about from one stone to another to find out whether the sound was always the same. Then he handed the stick to me, saying, "Knock," and then took it back and renewed his experiments. This same baby, when only nine months old, amused himself for half an hour rolling a heavy glass tumbler back and forth on the piazza where he was sitting. Another child, two years old, with whom I have been lately, though extremely active and restless, will amuse himself a long time on the beach by taking wet sand in his little shovel, carrying it some distance to a pail, and there mixing it with dry sand. These things may seem very trifling, but they simply show that children will employ themselves quietly, if encouraged to do so; and there can be no doubt that it is very much better for their brains and nerves than constant conversation and stimulus.

II. This thought of the child's free experimenting connects naturally with the next point of *mental* development and growth in knowledge. Physical development includes the senses, as well as the limbs and other organs of the body, and the mind and senses must develop together. Though we must be careful not to overstimulate a child, or to force development, yet we must not repress natural instincts when they arise, and we must remember that the instinct of *curiosity*, and the instincts which lead us to *compare* and *classify* our experiences, have an important part to play in the preparation for life. To live in the world we must know the world; but to the little child the world is all unknown, and it is stranger to him than the strangest foreign country could be to us; for some objects and qualities in foreign countries would be familiar to us, while to the baby all is new. He does not know himself, nor does he know *what to expect* of things around him. Now it is very evident that to live in the world at all we must know what to expect.

If fire sometimes burned and water

sometimes wet us, and at other times did not; if corn were sometimes nourishing, and sometimes poisonous; if a ball, when thrown, would sometimes fall to the earth and sometimes keep on rising in the air, we can see that knowledge and rational life would be unattainable. But there *is* order in the external world, and there is in our minds a corresponding tendency towards order that leads us to compare and classify objects and to generalize about them. This rational knowledge must come through the senses, and must be, to a large extent, the result of the child's own experience. Words are absolutely unintelligible until they are connected with some experience. What use is there in telling a baby that things are "hot" or "cold" unless he has had the experience of feeling heat and cold? If he is to be kept from burning his fingers, he must touch things that are hot, but not hot enough to be dangerous.

So we can see that the more freedom a child has (of course without real danger) and the more he can experiment upon objects around him, the better fitted he will be to live in the world; for he will know what to expect and how to act.

Besides this, we must know ourselves—our own powers—if we are to know how to live, and the knowledge of our powers, as well as their development, comes only through their use. Activity is natural to us, and the sense of power, and of growth in power, is a very real pleasure. We all know how delighted a child is when he finds he can do some new thing; and what Professor Groos calls "joy in being a cause" is a very important factor in life.

If we help a child too much, and if we *tell* him many things which he might find out for himself or which his present experience does not enable him to understand, we run a risk of stunting his powers and of making his knowledge vague and unreal. I am reminded here of the two-year-old boy, of whom I have already spoken. I was showing him pictures one day, and we came upon a picture of a bird perched near her nest, in which were little white eggs. Now Otis associated eggs only with breakfast, and immediately remarked, "Birdie eat eggs." I tried to explain that eating eggs was not Birdie's purpose; that little birds would come out of the eggs. But Otis was not convinced and repeated emphatically, "No, no—Birdie eat eggs for bekfass." Evidently he will have to wait for experience to teach him that eggs have another use before he will understand the picture. This child has lived chiefly in the city, and I suppose he has not seen much of birds' nests or little chickens; for my little nephew, who has always lived in the country, early associated eggs with little birds and chickens, though he, too, had them for breakfast. Another child whom I met this summer, a little girl four years old, thought that the wooden piers at the seashore were *rivers*, because (as her cousin explained) "she has heard that rivers run into the sea, and these things run out into the sea!"

Shall we then leave children to learn from their experience alone?

Evidently this is impossible; for then each child would have to start at the very beginning of things, and no progress of the race would be possible.

Besides, we must guard the baby from danger. We may let him find out that the fire will burn his fingers, in order that he may keep away from it; but we are careful not to let him hurt himself seriously in getting his experience.

We can, also, govern and arrange the children's experiences, to some extent, so that they shall learn more quickly and easily. This is quite a different thing from *telling* them experiences which they cannot understand. If we left children quite to themselves we should not even teach them to talk, but just let them pick up language for themselves. No doubt they do that to a considerable extent, and would learn to talk in time if no attention were paid to them; but they would be much slower, and much time would be wasted. As it is, we all do teach them, by talking about the things they see and calling them by name. We say, "Cow, horse, ball," etc., pointing out the objects; but instinctively we associate word and object or action, so that the words may have a meaning for the child. There is another point to be considered, also; namely, that we all *see* things constantly without noticing them until something happens to call our attention to them, and this is certainly true of children, who must see so many new and strange things every day. Therefore we pick out certain things which we try to make distinct, saying: "See the pretty bird!" "See the pussy!" "See the ball roll!"

We can also, I think, help the children to fix their knowledge and to make it definite. The child finds that the ball rolls; then he associates the word *roll* with the movement; and finally, when we ask him what the ball does, he says, "It rolls"; and by saying this he fixes the fact in his mind and makes it definite. We must be careful, however, not to question until the experience has been often repeated, and to give the children plenty of chances to experiment for themselves.

I remember that when my nephew was nearly three years old, he was, like other children, fond of throwing sticks and stones into the water; and as he lived near a lake, he often had this amusement. One day his grandfather asked him, "What happened to the stones when you threw them into the water?" "They went way down," he replied. "And what happened to the sticks?" "Oh, they whimmed [swimmed] about." Here the questions made him recall his experiences, and putting them into words made his knowledge definite and impressed it on his mind. This little incident illustrates also the tendency to *compare* and *classify*, of which we have spoken; and the same thing was shown by the fact that when only eighteen months old he called all round things "ball," and called an apple tree a "ball-tee." In the kindergarten these aims are always kept in view—to associate words with experiences, to let the children learn through their own activities, to awak-

en and train their powers of observation and reflection, and to help them to be strong and self-reliant.

But we cannot forget that the end in view in all knowledge and development should be power to *live rightly* in the world.

III. Without right principles, knowledge and power only make a man or woman more dangerous to society; and this thought brings us to our third point—the child's *spiritual development.* A child's physical and mental development may be "good," but moral goodness is not attained until we have the will and power to make *right choices,* and without this the rest is of little value. Now the little child has not the knowledge or will-power to direct his life; he must be under control and guidance, but the aim of this control is to fit him for self-control. How shall this be accomplished?

To live aright we need right affections and also a steadfast sense of duty, which will enable us to overcome temptation and "to hold fast that which is good." Every human being has both good and bad impulses and emotions; but if the good impulses are encouraged and the bad are repressed, good *habits* are formed, and the good habits, in their turn, react on the feelings.

Colonel Parker, in the last chapter of Talks on Teaching, speaks of the need of "carefully leading the child's heart to the right emotions," and then of giving many opportunities for expressing these emotions. And Froebel, in the motto to the Flower-Basket song, says: "Seek to give outward form to the feelings (that is, the *good* feelings) that stir the child's heart; for even the child's love may fade and die if it be not cherished." Emotion that does not express itself in action is only weakening; but each good and generous deed helps to establish good habits both of feeling and of action.

Although much may be done by the school and the church to help children towards goodness, yet no influence can equal that of the home; for the impressions made there are the most lasting as well as the earliest.

The family is the natural starting point of life, and the child who has not known it has missed something that can never be replaced. This is now so generally acknowledged that it is considered better for a child to grow up in the poorest home, not actually bad, than in the best institution. The family is a *whole,* composed of different members; and so it is the fitting introduction to that larger whole of society, with its duties of mutual love and helpfulness, and to the knowledge of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men.

But there must be law and justice in the family, as well as love, if the child is to get the right training for life. He must realize that each member of the family has duties, and that the special duty of a child is obedience to the parents, who are stronger and wiser than he is and who are doing all they can for his good. The only real remedy for the spirit of anarchy, which has brought so great a calamity now upon our nation, is to train the children of the nation to *respect law* and rightful authority.

At the same time, I think we should be careful not to worry children by unnecessary interference in little things, and to allow them opportunity to express their own individuality. It is better sometimes to let them learn for themselves morally, as well as mentally; to let them make unwise choices, when the issues are not too serious, so that they may have experience of the results. And when the results are painful or unpleasant, it is not often best to interfere and prevent these consequences from being felt, but rather to help the child to make the best of them, letting him feel always that whatever his mistakes and troubles he can rely upon the love and help of his father and mother.

Just a word of suggestion in regard to some methods of "leading the child's heart towards the right emotions," and arousing a sense of gratitude and of duty. This can be done far better indirectly than by direct preaching or moralizing. Often pictures and stories of children or of animals will suggest the ideas that we wish to inculcate. Perhaps I can illustrate by the story of our kindergarten in New York. It was in a very poor district, and the children knew little of the world outside their homes, or of nature, as they were far from any parks. But although the homes here were poor, the children loved them, and we had the family life to begin with. The children were very ready to tell about their homes, and to tell how father and mother worked for them. They were interested in pictures and stories of the mother pussy and her kittens, and of birds and their little ones. After a while, we began to ask the children what they could do to help father and mother, and they were eager to suggest various things,—washing dishes, dusting, "minding the baby," etc. Some of the children already helped their mothers at home, but in other cases it had not occurred to the children to do anything, for, of course, they were very little; but they were glad to try when it was suggested, and the mothers told us that they became much more helpful.

Of course, in many homes, just this kind of help is not needed from the children; but some ways of helping can always be found—perhaps going on errands, looking after the younger children, weeding garden-beds, or picking flowers or berries.

Giving to those whom they love is a pleasure to children as well as to "grown-up" people; and sometimes we don't let them have enough of this pleasure, but stunt the generous impulse by giving too much to them, and failing to encourage effort and self-denial on their part. A friend tells me of a scene she witnessed between a father and a little child. The father asked the baby for a piece of her candy; but when, after a little struggle with herself, she broke off a piece and handed it to him, he refused it, saying: "Oh, no! Father does n't really want it. Baby can have it all!" I think we ought never to refuse the gifts that children offer, however crude or unattractive they may appear, if we wish to encourage in them the spirit

of giving. A child can understand, too, that he truly helps by *cheerful* obedience, and by gentle manners. I remember one very poor mother's saying to me, "Little Mary speaks so nice to me that it makes me feel good."

But we want to realize our mutual dependence and duties, not only in the family, but also in society; and for this we must learn how much we owe to others in our daily life. In the kindergarten we tried to show the children how many people had worked before they could even have bread and milk for supper. They were familiar with the baker, but they had no idea where the flour, milk, and butter came from. Nor did they know anything of the processes of growth. By means of stories, pictures, songs and games, and some excursions to the country and the parks, we succeeded in giving them some idea of all that had been done by the farmer and miller, as well as by the baker, and of the growth and gathering-in of the harvest. Then came Thanksgiving; and it seemed natural and fitting to give thanks because we realized a little of our dependence upon others, and, above all, upon God, who alone sends rain and sunshine and makes all things live and grow. But we felt that it would be well for the children to *do* something; and so we suggested that they should try to help a poor old woman, whom we knew, to keep Thanksgiving. Both the children and their parents responded gladly, and almost every child brought a penny or an apple, or a little food of some kind, and the poor old lady had a very unexpected Thanksgiving. The children took great interest in "the poor old grandmother," as they called her, and we used to visit her occasionally through the winter and take her little presents. Something like this may surely be done by children whose circumstances are better, and thus the foundation may be laid for those habits of sympathy and helpfulness that are to bring about a new and better society on the earth.

"What do I do when I am lonesome?" Why! I sit down and write to one of my friends. Do you know, as I grow older I make a kind of luxury out of loving my friends. As to loving my enemies, I never had any, and so I do not know just how it feels to love one's enemies. * * * Having no enemies to love, the natural outfit that was given me to love them with can be lavished on my friends. This is to be rich,—is it not?

—*Lend a Hand.*

A SPARTAN SONG.

PRESERVED BY PLUTARCH.

Chorus of Old Men:—

We have been young though now grown old,
Hardy in field, in battle bold.

Chorus of Young Men:—

We are so now; let who dares, try!
We 'll conquer or in combat die.

Chorus of Children:—

Whatever ye can do or tell,
We, one day, will you both excel.

THE HARVEST OF LIFE.

By Robert Collyer.

* * * * * * * *

THERE is not a nation or people anywhere that is not, according to its variety, bringing forth fruit to God,—something good, answering to its condition as truly as the harvests answer to the zones of the world. It is not our sort; and, perhaps, we cannot see what use there is in it. It is not our business. What we have to do is to make the best of the corner of the vineyard the Master has given us, and then to believe that He will see to the rest, and will not let it run to waste. In China and India, as well as in America, the Lord of the harvest holds His own; for the field is the world, and the reapers are the angels, and in vastness, in variety, and in the span of the harvest, it is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

* * * * * * * * *

There is a very great treasure we never think of calling religion that is still fruit unto God, and garnered by Him in the harvest. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, patience, goodness; and I affirm that if these fruits are found in any form, they are the fruits of the Spirit, whether you show your patience as a woman nursing a fretful child or a man attending to the vexing detail of a business or a

physician following the dark mazes of sickness, or a mechanic fitting the joints and valves of a locomotive. Being honest and true besides, you bring forth fruit unto God.

The harvest of life is infinitely vaster, as the harvest of the world is, than our estimate. * * * Men differ in their ways and in their nature as widely as the chestnut and cherry, or the walnut and the peach; and yet they may all be good men. * * We want men and women to be good according to the way *we* define goodness, and cannot believe in them unless they conform to our standard.

A man may be good at the heart of him as a man can be; but, if he be sharp or hard on the surface, we cannot quite believe in such goodness. We never think that such a man is like a chestnut or a walnut in the harvest of the year, as good in his own way as any. Others, again, are all sweetness until you get at their heart; and then you find a tang of bitterness and hardness you never expected. You wonder whether they can be really good men. You might as well wonder whether there can be a good plum or peach or cherry with the bitter kernel. Some, again, are wrapped up in husks that are dry, withered, and dead; but down within the husk is the grain; and this is good, and you know it. But you sorrow that the husk should be there, and never think it has to be there for a nature like that, or there would be no grain; and that by and by all this husk will be stripped away and done with.

The variety in the fruit of life is as divine as the abundance. Peter had a forbidding outside, with a heart as tender as ever beat; and John's heart, when you come close to him in the Gospels, was anything but tender. Yet they were both saints for all that.

Erasmus was, perhaps, the most fascinating man of his day; Luther, to look at, one of the least. The good of Erasmus was more on the outside; of Luther, more within. They are both to be counted among the noblest children of God.

Goldsmith was a pulp of a rare sweetness down to the core. Johnson had a goodness unspeakably different, but quite as good, in one of the knottiest and hardest shells to look at that was ever seen.

Stephen Girard was a byword for what was hard and keen; but, when the yellow fever raged in Philadelphia, he was the first man in the town in his fearless devotion and sweet self-sacrifice for the sick and dying.

In all sorts of husks and shells,—hard, sharp, withered, and dead,—God sees a goodness that we are always missing, and He counts and treasures it in the granary of Heaven. We think of Him too much as one walking through the world looking only for the best, and rejecting with aversion what is not the best; but I tell you that when He goes forth with His reapers to gather His harvest, He looks as lovingly now as He once looked through the eyes of Christ, His Son, for all the good there is everywhere. There may be only a single grain in October where He put one in March; He bids His angels gather that one as carefully as if it were an hundredfold.

* * * * * * * *

It is not for a moment my idea that because the great Husbandman will certainly make the best of the multitudes that are like the wild fruit of the wilderness, and of those that are like the smaller and more ordinary growth of the field and forest, and of all the rest we have been in the habit of leaving out of the measure of good fruit to God, we are to be satisfied with anything short of the uttermost goodness, largeness, and ripeness we can possibly attain to. Only as we make the best of what we have, and so become the best we can be, shall we win the great "Well done!" and no man or woman ought ever to be satisfied with anything less than to try for it. Patience, perseverance, good endeavor through storm and shine, the uplifted heart, the pure life, the large sympathy, the faith that was in Christ Jesus, and the truth and the love,—these will bring into my own life an ever-ripening perfection, and save me from the poor perversity of thinking God has not an infinite store of fruit as good as mine or better.

"So will I gather strength and hope anew:
For I do know God's patient love perceives
Not what we did, but what we tried to do.
And, though the ripened ears be sadly few,
He will accept our sheaves."

—*Selected.*

IN NOVEMBER.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

WHENCE are warblers flown whose silenced lays
Erst ranged at break of morning, sweet and clear?
A little band of snow-birds twitter here
And fly before us in a shy amaze;
The sheaves are garnered; ruddy fruits and sweet
Are gathered in with patient thrift and care;
In fresh-tilled fields, the green of winter wheat
Beguiles us, spring-like; but the woods are bare.
The pallid sun scarce lights the cold, dark sky,
And on the hillside umber shadows lie.

—*Selected.*

SENSE TRAINING IN DETROIT KINDERGARTENS.

By Clara W. Mingins.

ONE of Froebel's most important insights was that the child is a "developing organism." That is, the child is in the process of development; the different organs or powers are not complete at birth, but throughout childhood are maturing. There is a plastic condition which means all possibilities either for good or ill,—perfect development, good, fair, poor, stunted growth, arrested development. In an organism every part affects every other part; ministers to or subtracts from every other part and thus affects the well-being of the whole. Imperfect development of one part or organ carries its thread of influence through the whole fabric of life. The different parts or powers of the organism have their time for maturing, for growth is not symmetrical in the sense that all are maturing evenly and at the same time. As they are nourished at the time of development, so are they in the main to be. The development cannot be carried on again at some future time. Whatever is done as an aid, or to give freedom to development, must be done at the appropriate time, so that the most adequate functional activity may be secured.

Development in the young human being is indicated by spontaneous, impulsive activity, varying with differences in development, and fitted to bring about the maturing of the part or power concerned.

The great responsibility of parents and teachers is to see that right conditions for development are furnished. That the child is susceptible to the influences of environment,—both to those that make for perfection and to those that hinder—is our ground for educational endeavor. Without favorable conditions for development we do not secure the highest product. The kindergarten is one means for securing the best conditions for development.

The life and growth of the organism is not something that can be divided, except in theory, into physical, intellectual and moral; but, to show the broad scope of effort, we may say that the kindergarten endeavors to furnish right conditions for the complete development of children and to turn to educational account the spontaneous, impulsive activities; to furnish such conditions as will enable the child, through his natural development, to realize his possibilities, to adjust himself to his environment, and do his part in the upbuilding of the race. The intellectual development of the child is the outgrowth of

CHILD TURNED FROM THE TABLE IS TO TELL BY THE TONE WHICH GLASS IS STRUCK.

and reaction upon the physical, and the moral has its roots in both the physical and the mental life.

In the light of the foregoing statement, we need to see what is the nature of the development in process during the kindergarten age. How shall we discover the nature of the development? As has been indicated, through the child's interests as indicated by his spontaneous activity. We find the child eager to use his senses upon all objects within his reach, and incessantly active with his limbs. From this we judge that the sense organs and limbs are developing (considering the physical side only).

Since we know that these activities are transitory and must be utilized while they last, how can we best promote the development dominant at this time? The spontaneous activity gives us the clue. Exercise means nourishment. Restraint, repression, mean stunted growth, if not arrested development. The sense organs and limbs must then have appropriate and sufficient exercise—to the end that they may attain their highest potentiality of functional activity. What the possibilities are, physical, mental, and moral, we try to determine by what has been accomplished and by the needs of our complex civilization. For the end is not merely perfection of physical development, but, as has been said, that the child may adjust himself to his natural, institutional, and ethical environment, for his own self-preservation and advancement, and to the upbuilding of the race, he being an organic part of the race and his development and functional activity affecting the well-being of the race.

The intellectual possibilities will grow out of the physical. The senses must be tested to discover whether they are in normal condition or defective in some particular. It is evident that we cannot get a clear, vivid, true mental image through a defective sense. This is the time when the child forms, and acquires the habit of forming, clear, definite, mental images. This is the time when he is acquiring a store of mental images that will make him rich or poor in interpretation and appreciation later in his life, for later he is not so ready to observe, but is engaged in relating and applying what he has observed. His ability to image what he reads, hears, or gets through symbols as used in language, reading, geography, arithmetic, history, will depend to a great extent upon habits acquired now. He should not only observe and acquire the power of observing, but he should be given the vocabulary and other mediums of expression in connection with his observation that will enable him to express what he observes truthfully. These should not be forced upon him, but the natural interest, healthfully nourished, will demand their use. He needs this power of expression not only for others, but for himself. No impression becomes effective without expression of some kind. The teacher is the mediator between the child and his environment to enable the child to gain the impressions most valuable to him at this time, and to assist the child, as he may be able, by showing him such materials and methods of work as may be required to express his ideas so that truthfulness as regards ideas and conduct of life may

result. This is the time for inculcating ideas of truthfulness, not as a prescription imposed from authority, but as a matter of clearness necessary in communication and co-operation with others, and for one's own pleasure.

The child's desire to imitate or reproduce what he observes about him should reveal to teachers and parents the child's way of making permanent to himself his impressions. He does not at first discriminate as to the best mediums to be employed in reproducing what he has observed. He gradually gains, through his mistakes and successes, the adaptation or fitness of the different mediums to express his mental images. For instance, if he has a sand pile he may make a boat of sand, but when he wishes to sail a boat he sees at once that the sand boat will not serve his purpose. The child is very suggestible at this age; he is so at the mercy of his environment in some ways that there is great educational possibility through keeping before him what you would have him be. He is the ogre or the angel according to whichever is put before him. The child's effort to express himself, to make real to himself what he is gaining from instinctive impulses and impressions from without, we from our adult standpoint call play. Hence, as has been said many times, the play of the child is the educational opportunity of the teacher. Through this play, the child may interpret the life about him and acquire the ideals and habits of co-operative living.

The constant activity of the limbs gives opportunity to develop precision, grace, self-control, alertness, all important as an aid to the intellectual and moral development of the child. These results can be accomplished more readily through games and plays than in any other way.

The value of sense training can hardly be overestimated. From the nature of the structure of the sense organs and reasoning from analogy in other directions, it would seem that during the plastic, developing period there should be many and varied impressions through each organ that the experiences may be registered in the organic structure. On the intellectual side there should be as many ideas growing out of the exercise of the sense organs as can be secured, considering the child's stage of development. For adequate, intelligible, and truthful expression, that he may understand others and interpret in definite terms what he experiences, the child must acquire with these experiences the appropriate vocabulary.

This object is to be secured in connection with all the sense organs, not by dealing with isolated colors, forms, tones, temperature, etc., but by first getting them in the concrete (related) personal experience as a basis. From this the abstract or conventional idea may grow. Thus the colors in nature, in fabrics, clothing, etc., may be the starting point for careful discrimination in color, not forced upon the child, but growing out of some need or desire, the increase in discrimination or detail growing in response to demand.

Accurate and well-cultivated senses lead to accurate perception and com-

parison, and thus the elements of just thought are prepared.

EXERCISES FOR SENSE TRAINING.

Sight.

Shells.—Use three or four dozen assorted shells, the best obtainable, two or three of each kind. The class being seated in a circle, let the kindergartner, who has the shells in a box, hold one of them up so that all the children can see it clearly, and then ask which child can find that shell when it is put back with the others. The child will probably find three or four resembling it, and then choose the right one.

Fruits, Nuts, Woods, Metals, etc.—Have a small number of these objects on the table. Remove one or more of the objects quickly while one child has his eyes closed, then ask the child to look and name what has been taken away.

Change the arrangement of some of these objects while the child's eyes are closed and let the child tell what change has been made.

Pictures.—Show a picture, remove it quickly, then ask some child to interpret it.

Colors.—In the same manner, show cards with colored papers pasted on them, for quick recognition of color.

Games.—Play such games as picture loto, oak leaf cards, color game. Let the children take turns in going to the window to name distant objects or to tell what is going on at a distance.

Number.—While the child's eyes are closed, arrange number combinations in addition and subtraction which are to be told after a quick look, *i. e.*, for addition, two red apples and two green apples, making a group of four apples.

Proportion.—Have six or eight objects on the table,—fruits, nuts, shells, blocks, nests of balls or cubes—graded in size from small to large. See how quickly these can be arranged in a row according to size.

Hearing.

Let a blindfolded child interpret any sounds that may be heard. Then let him distinguish between outdoor and indoor sounds; between the walking, skipping or running of another child, and between the voices of different classmates. Let him distinguish also the direction from which sounds come, by having children rap in different parts of the room, speak from different parts of the room, etc.

Also, give each child practice in distinguishing between the sounds of:—

Four or five bells of different tone.

Four or five glasses of different tone.

Different objects in the room.

Different materials (using, for instance, a glass tumbler, tin cup, silver cup, china cup).

Different sized boxes of wood.

Full or empty boxes.

Full or empty glasses.

Also, imitate time raps and tunes of songs.

Musical Bottles.—The bottles used may be ordinary pint and quart bot-

THE CHILD BLINDFOLDED IS TO TELL WHICH BELL IS SOUNDED.

tles, with long necks, and should be chosen for the different tones corresponding to the natural scale. To lower the tones of some of the bottles, water may be added. The bottles can be strung on hooks fastened to a strip of wood about 2 x 30 inches, by the aid of strings attached to the necks. They can thus be easily removed. In playing upon them, a wooden hammer with a handle of rattan is used. For sense training, it is well to begin by striking the first and last bottles in the row, C and C; next to introduce G, then E, producing the common chord; then gradually the intervening tones, D, F, A, and B. Afterwards familiar tunes could be played to the children, which some might be able to reproduce.

Taste.

Let a blindfolded child taste small pieces of orange, apple, peach, lemon, banana, and name each fruit; or, use salt, sugar, lemon, ginger, and bitter chocolate, and let the taste be named or described in some way. (Care should be taken, in blindfolding a number of children, to refold the bandage so that a fresh part comes to each child. In the second exercise, toothpicks—a fresh one for each child—may be used for tasting the lemon; when a spoon is used, it should be washed before it is passed from one child to the next.

Smell.

Let each child name, from odor, an Easter lily, rose, carnation, lemon verbena, geranium leaf, and hyacinth,—each concealed in a separate cornucopia.

The same with cut fruits.

Touch.

Let a blindfolded child name by touch different classmates, different objects in the room; rough or smooth edge, rough or smooth hard surface, rough or smooth fabric; flour, sugar, beans, syrup, water; the number of objects (beads, nuts, pencils) laid in his hand.

Weight.

Use two objects of similar appearance and quite different weight; also, two objects of same weight and dissimilar appearance.

Temperature.

Let the child tell when cooler or warmer air blows on him. (Use bellows.) Let him tell cool or warm water by touch.

GRANDMA'S PET LAMB.

By E. L. Dorr.

LONG ago, when grandma was a little girl, her mamma and papa called her Sarah.

Sarah used to wear long dresses, down below the tops of her shoes, and long aprons, too. She was a very happy little girl, and liked to play just as well as any of her little grandchildren do now.

Sarah had no brothers nor sisters, and her only dolly was a cloth one that her mamma had made for her. But she had a dear pet,—one that could run and play with her. It was as large as a big dog, and had a soft, black, curly coat. When it tried to talk to Sarah, it said, "Baa, baa!"

Yes, it was a lamb. Sarah called it Blackie.

Early in the springtime, when Blackie was only a baby lambkin, Sarah's papa had given Blackie to her. Sarah had taken good care of her pet all summer, and by the autumn Blackie had grown to be as large as any of the sheep in the pasture. She ran and played with Sarah, and followed her about the great farm. She ate fresh grass from her hand, and salt and corn meal.

When the cold winter days came, Sarah's papa fixed a place in the barn for Blackie. One day Blackie was talking to the horse and cow who lived in the same barn, and some hens who had come in to visit. And she said:—

"Do you know Sarah?"

They all answered, "Oh, yes!"

Then Blackie said: "She is a dear little girl. She takes such good care of me and plays with me, too! I love her very much."

"We love her, too," said the others, "and we all do something for her. What do you do for Sarah, Blackie?"

"Well, I go quickly when she calls me, and I run and play with her."

"Yes, that is good; but don't you do anything else? Aren't you of any use to her?" asked the horse.

"I don't know," said Blackie. "What do you do?"

"Oh, I take her for nice, long rides," said the horse.

"What do you do, Bossy?"

"I give her fresh, sweet milk to drink."

"And what do you do?" asked Blackie, then, of the hens.

"We lay nice eggs for her. Don't you do anything for such a kind little mistress as yours, Blackie?"

"I am afraid not," said Blackie. "I wish I could! Do you think I could?"

"Well, you might try," answered the horse.

That night, before she went to sleep,

Blackie wondered what she could do for Sarah; and all the next day she thought about it. She asked the pigeons, and they said: "Can you coo? Sarah likes to hear cooing."

Blackie tried, but all she could say was, "Baa, baa!" and the pigeons said, "That is not at all the way to coo."

She asked the ducks, and they said, "Can you lay eggs as we do, and as the hens do?" But Blackie was sure that she could not lay eggs.

Then she asked a bee that was flying about the barn. And the bee said: "Can you make honey? That is what we do." But this was another thing that Blackie could not do.

At last she asked one of the big sheep. And the big sheep said: "Wait. Do your best each day, and some day something will happen and you will know what you can do for Sarah."

So Blackie waited patiently; and one morning, late in the spring, something did happen!

The day before it happened, Sarah had given Blackie a good bath with nice warm water, and at night had whispered in her ear something very strange. It was something about taking off her coat. Now Blackie could not think how that was to be done, because her coat had never been off. It grew right on her. She thought that she would like to have it taken off, for it was too warm to wear all summer; but she was sure that Sarah had made a mistake about it.

The next morning Blackie was taken to the sheep barn where the other big sheep were. They had all been washed, too. Sarah's papa was there with a pair of big shears. Holding Blackie as still as he could in front of him he made the shears go "Click! click!" and when he set her free she had on only a nice, thin, summer coat of wool, and her heavy black, curly coat lay in a pile on the floor.

Then Sarah's papa cut the heavy wool from one of the white sheep, and put this with the pile of black wool. When Sarah came into the barn, he gave both the black and the white wool to her, and said: "Take this to mamma. She will make you a dress and some mittens and stockings from it."

Sarah did as her father told her, but first she put her arms around Blackie's neck and said: "Thank you, dear Blackie. Your pretty wool is going to help keep me warm all next winter."

Sarah's mamma used a machine to comb the wool straight, and another one to twist it into long threads. Some of this thread, or yarn, she knit into mittens and stockings for Sarah. Some of it she wove into cloth,—pretty black and white cloth.

This cloth made a very pretty dress, and such a warm one that Sarah did not at all mind having Jack Frost come the next winter. And Blackie was warm, too, for her new coat of wool grew quickly and she lived in the snug barn, where Sarah took the best of care of her.

When the horse and the cow and the hens asked Blackie again what she did for their kind little mistress, Blackie could tell about her wool that was used in making Sarah's warm clothes.

IRMGARD'S COW.

By Maud Lindsay.

There is nothing under the sun so interesting to a child as the familiar cow, the sober horse, or the motherly hen, that live in his own barnyard.

IRMGARD was a little Swiss girl. Her father was a guide, her brother was a herdsman, her sister was a dairymaid, and her mother was the dearest mother in the world, so Irmgard thought.

Irmgard had a cow. Yes, a cow of her very own. It was a present to her from her uncle who lived far away across the mountains.

He had sent the cow by her brother Peter, with a message which pleased Irmgard very much.

"Tell Irmgard," her uncle had said to Brother Peter, "that this cow is her own; and she must learn to milk, and churn, and print butter; for when I come at Christmas to see her, I shall expect a pound of butter printed by her own little hands for my Christmas gift."

You can just imagine how Irmgard felt when she heard this! and her sister Rose promised to teach her how to do all these things, as soon as the cows came home from their summer pasture.

Now in Irmgard's country, when the winter snows melt, the herdsmen take the cows to pasture high up in the mountains, where the grass grows green and the cool winds blow.

The milkmaids go, too, to take care of the milk, and they all live happily in the highlands till the snow comes again in the fall.

Irmgard wanted her cow to go with the rest, of course; so the very first night after the cow came she told her all about it.

"The cows will be going to pasture very soon," she said to her, "and you will want to go, I know; so I will let you. You are my very own cow, but I will let you go where the little flowers bloom and the grass is so green. Brother Peter says it is a most wonderful place. You can see the snow on the mountain top, while you eat the grass on the mountain side. You must grow fat, too," said Irmgard, "and give a great deal of milk; for when you come back in the fall I shall milk you myself."

The cow chewed her cud, and switched her tail as she listened, but Irmgard knew by the look in her eyes that she was anxious to go.

It was a great day when the cows went to pasture. All the cows in town went. They wore bells about their necks, and marched in a long line. Irmgard's cow had ribbons on her horns, and the little girl thought she was the prettiest cow in the whole line.

Irmgard watched the cows as long as they were in sight. Once her cow looked back and called "Moo! moo!" just as if she were saying good-bye.

"Good-bye," cried Irmgard.

"Good-bye," said Brother Peter and Sister Rose, who were going, too; and away they all went, leaving Irmgard in the valley.

Summer was a busy time for Irmgard. She was her mother's chief helper when Sister Rose was away, and there was always something for her to do. The days slipped by so quickly that she was really astonished one evening in the early fall, when her father came in from a trip with some travelers and said:—

"I passed the cows on the road to-day. They will be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Irmgard, dancing with delight.

"Yes, to-morrow," said her father, "and your cow"—but here he stopped and put his hand over his mouth.

"I can't tell. It is a secret," he said, when Irmgard looked at him in wonder.

"Oh! father, father! please tell!" begged Irmgard. "What is it about my cow?"

But her father would not tell. "I can't tell, even if you guess it," he said, "for Brother Peter and Sister Rose said to me again and again: '*Don't tell Irmgard* that her cow"—

Irmgard could not keep from guessing. "My cow gives more milk than any other cow!" No, that was not it, she knew by her father's smile. "Her milk is the richest!" Still she was wrong.

"Oh! mother," she cried, "what do you think it can be?"

"I am not going to guess," said her mother, "because it is a secret; but perhaps you will dream it when you go to sleep."

So Irmgard went to sleep, and dreamed all night of cool pastures and green grass and cows, but she could not dream what the wonderful secret was.

Early the next morning she went out and sat by the roadside, and waited and watched,—waited and watched until it seemed to her as if she could not wait another minute; and just about then she heard a sound far up the road.

Tinkle, tinkle! Irmgard knew what that meant. The cows were coming!

Tinkle, tinkle! They were a little nearer.

Tinkle, tinkle! There they came!

The leader cow stepped proudly in front. Then came Irmgard's Aunt Gundel's cows. They were very sleek and very fat.

The herdsmen nodded to the little girl. "Good morning, Irmgard," they said, and they smiled as if they knew the secret.

Then came her next door neighbor's cows. He was with them himself, and he, too, looked at Irmgard.

"Good news for you," he called as he passed.

"Oh! what can it be? What can it be?" cried Irmgard. "Will they never come?"

At last her mother's cows came slowly down the path. There were six of them, and they greeted Irmgard

with their soft, loving eyes. "We know," they seemed to say, "but we cannot tell."

Irmgard almost held her breath with excitement. There came Sister Rose (she was smiling) and Brother Peter (so was he) and her cow,—and close behind the cow trotted the dearest, loveliest, frisky baby calf!

The secret was out, and Irmgard was the happiest little girl in Switzerland. Her cow had a calf.

WHAT THE STUDY OF KINDERGARTEN EFFECTS IN WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

By Caroline T. Haven.

"THE education of a girl is coming to be one of the greatest concerns of life," said an elderly woman some years ago while discussing the college course just entered upon by her granddaughter; and her remark will be echoed by many anxious parents to-day who seek to obtain for their daughters the best preparation for living that education has to offer. So long as the young woman had no ambitions outside the family, the problem was not difficult to solve. On the mental side little was expected, and under the guidance of her mother she was educated to meet future demands by a home training which was effective in every detail. She also had more or less responsibility in the care of her younger brothers and sisters, and learned empirically from them much that was of service to her in her later duties with her own children.

Under present conditions the opportunities for such home experiences are limited, since in the advancement of woman's place and power in society more emphasis is laid upon intellectual attainments, and broader possibilities are presented through the higher education now open to her.

But, as some one well says, the ordinary higher education "leaves tracts of feminine nature unexplored," and something must be found to supplement the usual college course if the education is to be complete. Few indeed are the women who do not come into direct contact with young children, either as mothers or teachers, or in some other relation; and, because of this, there arises the necessity of preparation.

The kindergarten is the only institution outside the home which is directly concerned with the education of young children, and to it we turn for help in this important matter.

As ordinarily presented before public assemblies of mothers or teachers, the kindergarten is treated either from the standpoint of the home, to

which it is closely connected on the one side, or in its relation to the school, of which it has now become an integral part; and, in each case, the principles and methods emphasized refer directly to the child,—his nature, his nurture, and his development.

Interesting and valuable as such presentations may be, the kindergarten has another educational value, which is often overlooked.

The study of child nature and nurture offers to the student, whether mother or teacher, a means of personal growth that no other course can supply, while it prepares her for that highest vocation of woman, the ideal training of childhood.

The recognition of the importance of the first teaching of children has created a demand for more intelligent teachers, and this demand the kindergarten training schools all over the country are endeavoring to meet by definite and systematic courses of study. Happily, the time has past when some acquaintance with mat weaving or paper folding, some skill in manipulation of blocks and sticks, and some knowledge of songs and games are sufficient warrant for the opening of a kindergarten. Perhaps some of the earlier enterprises were commendable efforts for children's happiness, and accomplished their end by providing a place where the activity of childhood could find the freedom which the school of that day denied.

Education as a whole, however, has developed since those early kindergarten days, and public sentiment now demands the best possible advantages for children of all ages. Leaving out of our consideration the preparatory training which each teacher takes for both public and private school work, we will look in some detail at the courses of study arranged for the kindergartner, emphasizing its effect upon her development and after life.

It is interesting to look over the circulars of the many training schools, large and small, and note the unanimity of general methods and aims, while the reports of any conference of training teachers show that, however much they may differ in detail of interpretation, the principles of Froebel, which are, in the main, the principles of modern education, form the basis of all their work.

The purpose of the training course as expressed in printed statements may be said to fall under three general heads:—

A training for professional work that will insure effective kindergartners.

A means of affording general culture outside of the regular school courses.

A preparation for later demands that may arise in connection with the duties of the mother.

Each one of these aims is sufficient in itself to warrant the existence of the kindergarten training course, and together they form a combination which deserves the commendation and support of all who recognize the necessity for more intelligent mothers and teachers.

Training, however, implies capac-

ity, adaptability, and power in the one to be trained; hence, certain qualifications are demanded from all students entering upon this work.

To "love children" is not in itself a guarantee of ability to meet their needs; and this oft-repeated phrase of the would-be kindergartner sometimes means only a superficial interest in pretty children, well-dressed children, or precocious children. Yet a real love for children, an ability to enter sympathetically into their joys and sorrows, and a desire to understand their natures, are essentials which cannot be lightly passed by.

Character is of prime consideration; good health is necessary in view of the demand for sustained effort, physical and intellectual; and musical ability is indispensable. The exact educational standing is difficult to define, since sometimes the lack of higher qualifications in this line are compensated for by unusual promise in other directions. This must not be construed, however, into acceptance of a low standard in academic work, for the notion that a meager education is sufficient for kindergarten teaching is as false as the idea that short hours and supposed easy work make kindergarten teaching desirable for one who would fail to meet the requirements for primary teaching.

A good high school course is the minimum demand; and to this should be added some general culture and power of independent thinking. In the high school course is, or should be, included ability to use well the English language in speaking and writing, with some power of interpretation of good literature; a knowledge of general history, viewed in its relations to the progress of civilization and to present social conditions; good mathematical training, with emphasis on geometry; acquaintance with one or more sciences; some skill in music and drawing.

Given such a foundation of general culture and mental capacity, the average girl of not less than eighteen years (and twenty is a better limit) in two years of good training will develop her latent possibilities and learn to find within herself the power to make herself a force in the world.

The courses of study prescribed by different training schools have many points in common. Naturally, all emphasize the study of Froebel's works, nearly all of which are now translated into our language, and so are available to use as text-books.

The Education of Man, published in 1824, contains the first formulation of Froebel's educational theories, and the principles there laid down are generally recognized to-day as the basis of modern pedagogy.

Dr. Harris recommends the annual reading of the first sections of this book by all teachers as our antidote to "pedagogical cramp"; and, although at first sight the book seems rather obscure, its continued study stimulates thought and promotes sound views of education, education being, to Froebel, "the application of the law of evolution, of the laws of life, to the training of the human being." In this book the student follows the development of the child

from infancy to childhood, boyhood, and youth, "in continuously ascending stages and in accordance with eternal laws grounded in and developing from its own self." She gains a view of human nature and child life which enables her to see the possibility of the divine in each child, and to recognize the individuality which is to be awakened and developed. Through this recognition of individuality she learns to respect the differences which inheritance and environment create, and does not attempt to mold all children into the same form. In addition, she gains a recognition of the principles now emphasized in all school work,—the need of interconnection in all parts of education, the necessity of organization of facts before they can be used as knowledge, the development that comes only through self-activity, the expression of new mental images through the generation of creative power, the utilization of the play instinct, the educational value of stories, the importance of intimate relations with nature,—principles which are explicitly set forth in the Education of Man, and which make it a valuable text-book of educational theories and a means of mental growth to the student.

These same ideas are again found in Froebel's Mother Play, in which he tries to aid the mother "to recognize in her child the germ of all later life." This book is the result of years of observation of children and their spontaneous play, and of a desire to lift the natural instinct of the mother to a conscious purpose in their development. The songs and plays which are here presented are all based upon the activities of the child, which activities, by means of the suggestions given, the mother is to turn to good account while the child is in the unconscious stage. The child is born into the world of nature, and the plays emphasize his contact with the outside world, through their appeal to the imitative instinct by which he seeks to understand his environment. They also treat of his relations to man, emphasizing the family life which surrounds him, extending his observations to the human activities which are necessary to his living, and teaching him that he, too, has his part to do among the world's workers. This intercourse with nature, this family union, and this community interest aid in the child's spiritual growth, which must also proceed naturally and freely according to the laws which govern all growth. The material of the kindergarten, the well-known Gifts and Occupations, are all based upon the same general principles. Their theoretical study is supplemented by a practice which gives to the student manual skill, training in accuracy, neatness, and order, and development of the creative faculty.

These works of Froebel are based upon and reinforced by a study of modern psychology, in which the general laws of mind, and especially of child life, are considered. Individual experiences, reading from reliable sources, and observation of children stimulate the student to think for herself and to be ready to express her thought. She is thus supplying her-

self with systematic training at the same time that she is learning the nature and development of the mind of the child.

In order to relate these theories to the succeeding school period, a most necessary proceeding in either teacher or mother, every course shows its relation to general school methods, especially to those of the primary school, that the steady advance of the child may be observed, and the student aided to view her work as kindergartner in its true educational perspective.

Still another way in which the student's outlook may be broadened comes through a study of the history of education, from which she may gain insight into the educational ideals of different periods of history. These ideals are always found closely related to the political and social life of the times, and their critical study follows the progress of civilization and the influence of the "master minds" to whom the world is indebted for its present educational standing.

Again, science offers the kindergarten student a training which, although based on the technical studies she pursued in the high school, reveals to her a wealth of nature all about her to which her eyes had never before been directed. She is stimulated to find material at first hand; to watch animals wherever seen and to learn of them through their activities; to observe plant life in every form, even that which springs up in waste places; and through such means she gains an interest in the world about her which she never before felt, since she now views it from the standpoint of the child and seeks means to adapt her knowledge to his more limited experiences. This interest in nature is ever on the increase as the eye grows keener to observe, and every walk reveals more beauties that are only disclosed to one who has the "inward eye."

The power gained from such training shows itself in increase of general mental alertness, while the information obtained is a continual wellspring of joy, not only to the individual but to the children who appeal to her to interpret nature.

From the scientific standpoint she also studies the physical nature of the child under the head of what is commonly known as school hygiene, but which includes much that should call for attention in the home as well. The effect of exercise, and the best kinds of exercise for the accomplishment of definite ends; the most healthful positions of sitting, standing, walking; ventilation and heating; seating as regards height of table, form of chair, and relation to light; the effect of various occupations on the eyes or on the body in general; the recognition of fatigue, of symptoms of disease; the means for promoting general health;—all these topics should be touched upon with such simplicity and directness that the future teacher or mother may readily recognize wrong conditions or practices, and find means to remedy them.

The influence of music is recognized by all educators, and in the kindergarten music finds a prominent place, as it should in the home also.

Yet to select songs suited to the understanding of young children, to fit harmony and words into an acceptable form, to present only good, wholesome music, and to lead children to sing with feeling, requires special study and much practice under competent leadership. This study is found in every training course, and with it is combined exercises which lead to purity and sweetness of tone and general culture of the voice.

As some idea of art entered early into the history of the race, so the little child shows an instinct for color and form that needs guidance from its crude beginning. To meet this demand of childhood, the kindergarten student must prepare herself with care; and often, through the influence and skill of the art teacher, there is awakened within her an appreciation for the beautiful and a power to create of which she had never been conscious. Few may develop into artists, but many will gain unexpected power through the effort to reproduce nature for the children and to aid them in expression with pencil and brush.

The art of story telling is one to be cultivated, since the child is ever responsive to this appeal, even the most superficial observer noticing the keen interest which stories call forth in all children. Yet all stories are not educational, while many are objectionable; and study is needed to make this work effective for mental and moral growth. Froebel dwells upon the value and importance of the story, and modern educators emphasize the necessity for training along this line for all who deal with children.

Now the story is the early form of literature, and a study of good literature shows the elements that should enter into the child story. Simplicity, strength, directness, action, unity of parts and artistic form should be present in every story, while it should offer ideals that may be comprehended by the child and are based upon his experiences. The kindergarten student takes up this study both from the literary and educational side, while constant practice is afforded for adapting stories to special needs, and opportunity given for the telling of stories to children—who are the most critical of all audiences in such matters.

The child's instincts manifest themselves in still another direction, and the plays and games also call for definite study. The student who wishes to understand this form of childish activity finds much to learn of the origin of games, their meaning and purpose. She learns to classify them according to their effect upon the child's nature, physical, mental, or spiritual, and seeks means to present them most effectively. She also learns to study the child when his play is undirected; and both in this and the more organized game she sees the real self appear as in no other way.

In addition to these theoretical studies, there is afforded opportunity for constant observation of children in well organized kindergartens, as well as practice directly with them under supervision and criticism.

The kindergarten student enters upon her work with but little idea of what is before her, and usually with little knowledge of what childhood

really is. Children are interesting pets for the most part to her, and her impulse is to treat them as such in her first days of kindergarten observation. She is surprised that her well-meant efforts to prove her interest in children are not met with approval. She finds herself checked when she audibly expresses her amusement at the bright saying or unexpected action of a child, or when she is over-demonstrative in expressing her love or sympathy. It takes time and patience to learn the necessity for control in such matters; but you mothers who find it difficult to shield your children from the unwise attention of strangers and friends alike will appreciate a training which leads a young woman consciously to respect the child's individuality and to help him live out the simple unconscious period of his existence. If the kindergarten study promoted no other ends, it is worthy of commendation from this standpoint alone.

But this is by no means all. As the student comes more and more into closer relations with children, she recognizes their imitative nature, and the necessity of making herself all that she wishes them to become. Through physical exercises she is enabled to co-ordinate the parts of her body and gain a poise that will serve well as a model; through mental drill she learns to concentrate her energies toward definite and independent thought; and yet she has still the most difficult task of all—to learn to control herself, since until this is done she cannot hope to control others. All through her two years this work goes on. Cheerfulness, earnestness, patience, fidelity, serenity, tact, are constantly called upon, sometimes in very homely and even disagreeable ways, since, for the time, she assumes the mother's duties and ministers to the child as may be needed. But in the end the result of the effort is seen, to a greater or less degree, in control of self, the recognition of a higher ideal and a generally finer character. It is a spiritual growth that she experiences, and every young woman realizes this and expresses the idea in some form.

"It has made a happy woman from a restless, dissatisfied girl," writes one. "It has given life a new meaning," says another. "It has provided an aim beyond present satisfaction." "It has supplied a purpose in my life," say others. These and many more such statements are made in no sentimental way, and similar reports from their friends concerning the students tell the same gratifying story. A mother writes of her daughter at the close of a course of kindergarten study: "I feel that these two years have done more for her than have any other two years of her life, especially in the improvement of her character." And another mother: "This training has given her a self-control, a grasp of herself, that she has never shown before."

With such testimony, with such concrete examples, it is not assuming too much to assert that through her systematic training, the kindergarten student is not only fitted for professional work, but that through the definite purpose constantly put before

her she gains a broader outlook, a wider horizon, a poise of body, mind, and soul that tends to make a sweeter and stronger woman.

The kindergarten offers a course of study based on the nature of the child and relating to his best development; and the many mothers' clubs and classes all over the country testify to a feeling of need for study of this kind. But its effect is not upon the child alone. It reacts on the mother and teacher continually, as the recognition of childish needs awakens within them a deeper reverence, a higher faith, a stronger purpose.

Eventually the kindergarten training, with all this included, must come to be considered a necessary part of the education of every girl, not superseding other lines of higher education, but combining with these in the furthering of the best type of womanhood.

THE WHISTLER.*

A WIND SONG.

By Clinton Scollard.

He came up over the hill
  In the flush of the early morn,
And he blew his whistle shrill
  Till the blackbirds down in the corn
And the robins all were still.

And the leaves began to lean
  And the little blades of grass
And the lily garden queen,
  All eager to see him pass,
He of the frolic mien.

They watched for his back-tossed hair
  And his peachy lips a-purse,
And his tan cheeks full and fair,
  As he flung a flute-like verse
Into every nook of the air.

But never a trace could they find
  Of his form, though they knew him near,
And their bright eyes were not blind.
  You will marvel not to hear
That the whistler was the wind!

*From "A Boy's Book of Rhyme," by kind permission of Copeland and Day, Publishers.

BABY CLARKE'S "CHUPPER."

By Minnie L. Upton.

"NO," said Baby Clarke, "I tan't do to bed till after chupper."

"But we had supper, baby," said mamma. "Don't you remember? We ate supper on the 'choo-choo cars' before we got to grandma's house."

He shook his yellow head with sorrowful emphasis. "Vat was n't chupper."

"Bless his dear heart!" cried grandma. "He 's forgotten. Boys do get hungry so often. Let me get him some bread and milk, Gertrude. That won't hurt him; and then he 'll go to bed like a lamb."

Grandma suited the action to the word, and in a trice Clarke found himself seated before a little round table in the high chair that had been brought down from the attic the minute that grandpa and grandma had received the letter telling them that their little grandson was coming to make them a visit. The bread and milk disappeared slowly, seriously, silently.

"What a quiet child!" quoth grandpa. "Is he always so still, daughter Gertrude?"

Clarke's mamma looked puzzled.

"No, indeed," she responded, "if his appetite were not so good, I should certainly be quite alarmed. I suppose he is tired from his first journey on the steam-cars."

"I hope it 's nothing worse," sighed grandma, settling her spectacles so as to see him better, and beginning to look worried.

Presently Clarke laid his spoon down, and wiped his rosy lips meditatively. Then mamma took him in her lap, and began to unbutton his tired little shoes. But the astonished and reproachful expression in his wide eyes made her pause, with the chubby foot in her hand.

"O muvver, I don't want to go to bed before chupper! I has n't been naughty!"

Grandma dropped her spectacles, and forgot to pick them up.

Grandpa threw back his head, and laughed and *laughed!*

"Well, well, well!" he said at last; "the boy 's hearty, and no mistake. Glad to see it! Glad to see it!"

"He certainly *is* the beatermost," said grandma, smilingly donning the "specs" which grandpa had picked up between laughs. "But *do*—don't scrimp him on victuals. I 'll get him some more bread and milk."

"He does n't need it," said his mamma, half laughing and wholly puzzled. "I can't imagine what makes him act so."

Clarke watched and listened, his eyes exceedingly bright and his lips beginning to quiver. And, when he

was placed in the high chair again before a second bowl of bread and milk, he could bear it no longer, but burst forth in broken English, punctuated with heart-rending sobs.

"Oh, no, no!" he wailed. "No, *no, no!* Vat ain't chupper. Vat table an' me ain't chupper. Chupper,"—and he raised his woe-begone face and extended his short arm impressively, —"*chupper* is a long table—an' lots of folks round it—an'—an'—*fun!*"

Down went the yellow head with a pathetic thump.

"Dear heart!" said grandma; "he misses the rest of them so!" And she picked him out of the high chair and cuddled him close, smiling through moist "specs."

"The little chap has the rights of it," said grandpa, heartily. "Eating alone ain't a genuine meal, and that 's a fact. He 's hit the idea precisely. Mother, spozen you set out some things—I know we don't need a thing, and you 're plumb tired,—but spozen you do just set out some things on the dining room table, and we all draw up?"

"Of course I will, father," responded grandma. And she really would have done it, but just then Mamma Gertrude said "Sh-h-h!" Baby Clarke was fast asleep.

"Dear heart!" said grandma again. "We 'll have things right in the morning."

"That we will," said grandpa.

Grandparents are *so* indulgent!

—*Christian Register.*

OUR CANARIES.

By Laura Richards.

LAST May we had given to us a pretty little yellow, fluffy canary, which the children welcomed with many a tender greeting, their bright eyes watching the bird's every motion as they made his acquaintance.

At first he seemed so wild and frightened when anyone approached his cage, that we feared he would beat himself to death; but he soon grew tamer. One day while we were giving him fresh water he made his escape from his cage, and was only trapped again by our placing the feed cup within the cage. After a few days we determined to give him more liberty; so I tied the door back and Dickie was given the freedom of our kindergarten rooms. Although one window is generally down from the top a few inches and the screen door has quite a hole in it, still our birdie never has shown the least inclination to leave his pleasant surroundings.

He spends most of his time during the morning about the windows, flitting from plant to plant and warbling. At noontime he comes to share my

luncheon, and often a child will ask permission to stay in at noon to watch Dickie enjoy the morsels at my feet.

Towards autumn one of the children brought a little mate for Dickie, and this has made quite a change in our bird's ways and doings. Call notes are the only ones heard now, and at about eleven o'clock each morning the birds fly to their respective bath dishes. The birds' baths furnish an impressive object lesson to the children on cleanliness. The children exclaim: "See! Dickie washes his face first!" and make other remarks of like nature. During story hour, I place the seed cup on my knee, and the birds come there to eat. Soon I shall let some quiet child hold the cup.

For many days the children have been bringing bits of cotton, worsted, straw, etc., and placing them in Dickie's box; and the birds have now rewarded us by beginning their nest-building in earnest.

The interest of the children over the new nest is intense, and I will leave you to imagine their enthusiasm when the birdlings appear.

LULLABY.

Come hither, little, restless one,
  'T is time to shut your eyes;
The sun behind the hills has gone,
  The stars are in the skies.

You do not hear the robins sing,
  They 're snug within their nest;
And, sheltered by their mother's wing,
  The little chickens rest.

The dog, he will not frolic now,
  But to his kennel creeps;
The turkeys climb upon the bough,
  And ev'n the kitten sleeps.

Then join your little hands and pray
  To God who made the light,
To keep you holy all the day
  And guard you through the night.

—*Selected.*

GOING TO GRANDMOTHER'S.

EMILIE POULSSON. ELEANOR SMITH.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Hur - rah! hur-rah! for here's the sleigh, That comes to take us all a - way, To
2. Jump in! jump in! a mer - ry load! When all with - in the sleigh are stow'd, We
3. The sleighbells ring, we shout and cheer; How white and still the fields ap-pear! Now
4. Yes! there it is,— the dear old place! And there is Grand-pa's beam-ing face! Now

mf

p *cres - - cen - - do.*

spend the glad Thanksgiv-ing Day At Grandmother's house in the conn - try.
speed a - long the snow - y road To Grandmother's house in the conn - try.
sure - ly we are draw-ing near To Grandmother's house in the conn - try.
whoa! and out we jump and race To Grandmother's house in the conn - try.

p

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THANKSGIVING, AS A NATIONAL HOLIDAY, will have a deepened solemnity this year, for the national heart has been stirred and the national thought uplifted by the great sorrow through which the country has passed. Mingling with praise to God for all his other mercies and vouchsafings, will be heartfelt praise for the noble character and faithful labors of the beloved president who is with us no more, and a deep gratitude for our president of to-day, from whom we may expect a like nobility of character and life.

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero."

—*George Eliot.*

"IT IS THE LIFTED FACE that feels the shining of the sun."

In a certain school where the pupils are resident, there was manifest among them at one time a spirit of discontent. Slight discomforts were magnified, lessons and house duties were attended to with evident distaste, dull weather brought dull faces and grumbling. The head teacher, watchful and sensitive to the atmosphere of the school, was soon cognizant of this miasmatic current, and sought for something to dispel it. No dreary, didactic lecturing did she inflict upon the girls, no scoldings or reproaches; but one morning when about to read the daily chapter from the Bible, at the morning exercises, she attracted the girls' attention by saying, in the tone of one who has a delight to offer, that she would now read a psalm of thanksgiving and a few beautiful thanksgiving verses selected from other parts of the Bible. After her heartfelt reading, which was a veritable pæan of praise, came the singing by the school of a hymn. This, too, was full of expressions of fervent gratitude, having been chosen to match the reading. Then a proposition was made to the pupils. A box would be kept on the table—a box sealed but with a slit in the cover for coins to be dropped through—and when any person felt that she had had some special little joy or pleasant hap-

pening, or had escaped some disappointment or trouble, any person, in short, who felt that she had any extra reason for being thankful (aside from the great and wonderful blessings that are cause enough for constant gratitude) might be at liberty to put a penny into the Thankful Box, which was now in readiness. After a while, the box would be opened and the fund used for whatever should be voted for by the school.

A lively interest was taken in this announcement, and in the chatter at recess the Thankful Box was often mentioned. Morning after morning girls would go to the table with smiling faces. "A penny won't do this morning; I was so glad to get mamma's letter that I shall have to put in five!" "I lost my composition and thought that I should have to rewrite it; and when I found it I was so thankful that I came straight over to the box." "I did n't get a mark last week!" "Where 's that box? I 've been invited to go to a concert to-night." And "Why, I don't know that I can afford to put in a penny *every* time anything makes me feel thankful! I never knew how expensive it would be," declared one girl, laughingly, yet with a little shamefacedness. Such was the nature of the remarks that often accompanied the thank-offerings; but often, too, a girl would go to the table and drop something into the box without a word.

The teacher passing to and fro among the pupils, seeing their brightened faces, hearing their cheerful recognitions of favors and minor blessings, smiled happily to herself. The Thankful Box had fulfilled its mission. Little frets and bothers were no more the chief topics in the school yard; gloomy looks were seldom seen. The girls' thoughts were turned to "tinkin' ob der marcies," with the inevitable result of having no time left for complaint or discontent. The Thankful Box grew heavier and heavier, and was finally full to the top. A beautiful vine was bought with the money and planted at the door of one of the school buildings where it grows luxuriantly. It is known as the Thankful Plant, and mention of it is sure to bring a sunny look into the face of anyone who knows the story of its purchase money.

The centennial of the birthday of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, noted philanthropist and educator, occurs on the tenth of November of this year. That this centennial should be publicly commemorated, as it is to be in Boston, is very fitting; but a wider recognition is due. Comparatively few of Dr. Howe's appreciators can be present at the memorial meeting in

Tremont Temple; but many people throughout the land will pay the tribute of gratitude and ardent admiration as they think of this wonderfully beneficent life.

There is much to recall about Dr. Howe. His sympathies were so broad, his activities so great, that his work extended into many fields; and in each field he proved himself such a leader, such a power, that what he did in any one field alone was enough to set his name high in our heroic annals.

He was an apostle of freedom:—freedom for the struggling Greek nation, in whose war for independence he was a volunteer and served bravely; freedom for the poverty-bound or sin-bound people for whom he labored so assiduously and wisely in the Massachusetts State Board of Charities; freedom for the blind from the ignorance and pauperism which most people thought to be the inevitable bondage resulting from blindness; freedom for the feeble-minded in whatever measure possible; freedom, in fact, for the human soul from all removable chains.

The unique, the paramount deliverance with which Dr. Howe's name will always be associated, however, is that of the blind-deaf-mutes, Laura D. Bridgman being the chief example. Her education was all pioneer work,—a work conceived by Dr. Howe and executed principally by him. When we rejoice in the happy, active lives of the educated blind-deaf-mutes of to-day, we should remember Dr. Howe's "patient study and costly toil" in the discovery that even if shut in by a triple barrier, the mind could be reached and freed.

More valuable educational reading is scarcely to be found than is contained in Dr. Howe's published reports of the Perkins Institution, South Boston, Mass. Perusing them, the reader is often led to marvel at the penetrative wisdom of their author; for he set forth many of the "newest" pedagogical truths, and put many of them in practice in his school.

The fact that the memorial meeting was originated and planned by blind people is in itself a beautiful testimony to the efficacy of his work for their uplifting. The exercises at the meeting (Tremont Temple, Monday, Nov. 11, 3 p. m.) will consist of addresses by Edward Everett Hale and other eminent speakers, Thomas Wentworth Higginson presiding; the reading, from raised print, of Whittier's poem on Dr. Howe, entitled The Hero; and of music rendered by blind people—an organ voluntary, a selection played by the Perkins Institution band, and The Psalm of Life sung by a chorus of female voices. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and the other

members of Dr. Howe's family will be present, and the meeting will close with the singing of Mrs. Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic, in which the audience will be asked to join.

Bacteria as a School Subject has been treated of by James E. Peabody, in the *Journal of Applied Microscopy*. He introduces the account of his work in the Peter Cooper High School, New York, by saying that to make the recent great discoveries in bacteriology of practical use, the requisite knowledge must be possessed by a large majority in a community, and that to attain this end most effectively, the pupils in the public schools must be educated with regard to the subject. After telling of some of the experiments performed, and giving a few extracts from the pupils' notebooks describing the experiments, Mr. Peabody speaks of the valuable services rendered by two books. "We were fortunate," he says, "in possessing a hundred copies of The Story of Bacteria, and a like number of Dust and Its Dangers, by Dr. T. M. Prudden. These books were lent to the 192 pupils who were studying the subject, and about one fourth of the chapters were assigned for textbook lessons. One may judge of the interest in this study by the following figures: When the books were returned, it was found that 103 pupils had read the whole book; that the books had been read by 197 parents or friends of the pupils; and that various topics in bacteriology had been discussed in over half of the homes." Thus the loaning of the books carried the subject to no small portion of the community, scoring also another point towards unity between home and school.

Senor J. B. Zubiaur, who is now in this country, is an inspector of public schools in Argentina and an honorary member of the South American International Kindergarten Union, of which Mrs. Sara J. Eccleston is president. He is a thorough appreciator of the kindergarten, and has called mothers "the sacred kindergartners of the hearth."

The first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by men who had for a roof only God's sky, and they praised God that they were so near him! They hardly knew where their next meal was to be obtained, and they were thankful to be dependent on his boundless love!

—*Selected.*

A SUMMER KINDERHEIM.

By H. Grace Parsons.

THE earnest young women of the "Kindergarten Eleven" had parted for the vacation in a much healthier condition of body, mind, and soul than they had ever before found themselves in at that end of the school year. And now, in the autumn, they had returned again to their work, and were holding their first meeting, each member telling in turn of her summer experiences. There was a general air of expectancy when the chairman turned to Agatha and said:

"And how did you spend your summer, Agatha? We are all anxious to know, for I remember that you had some wonderful plans last spring. Were they successful?"

The girls crowded about Agatha, as she said: "It is a long story, girls, but I know that you will be interested and, no doubt, will all want to try the same plan next summer on your own account. I cannot tell you all about it now, but I will give you a general idea of what I did. Well, in the first place, I was very much dissatisfied with my knowledge of children. Of course, I knew them as they were in the kindergarten; but I felt that they were often at an unnatural best there,—dressed in Sunday clothes, as it were, all the time. I wanted to see them in their free, careless play, in their romping or sleepy times, at their meals. In fact, I wanted to live with some children in order to understand all children better. O girls!" cried Agatha, "it has been such a help and blessing to me! I advise you, each and every one, to 'beg, borrow, or steal' a child for a day, a week, a year, in order to know better what children are. Besides, I felt as if I had been theorizing too much and getting away from real life. I felt as if I was becoming 'teachery' instead of 'motherly.' Beautiful and glorious as kindergarten work is, it is only a piece and part of the complete life of a mother; and I wanted to know that great mother part better in order to be more real in my own little part. Then, too, I thought that there might be many mothers who, if they knew me, would be glad to lend me their children for the summer, so that they themselves might rest or travel. So I advertised in several papers and got out little circulars describing a charming cottage, in a New England town, which would be used as a boarding house for children. I called it the 'Kinderheim,' and said that it would be under the direction of a kindergartner. Several answers came in, and by the first week in June I found myself the mother of four charming children. By the middle of

June I was settled in my little house, a cottage of eight rooms, and I had a good servant and my younger sister to help me. Oh, yes; I worked very hard all summer; but I felt that I was really living, and what rich experiences have I not gained! Now, my mothers' meetings will be a different thing, for I know the joys and sorrows of keeping house and something of the responsibility of bringing up a family of children."

Here Agatha stopped to laugh with the Eleven, and then said: "I was fortunate in having a most successful summer. The children grew rosy and strong, and were as happy as the day was long. We had no accidents or illnesses, and just met expenses. Of course, the four did not make it financially profitable; but, as a first venture, I am glad that there were but a few. Now, after this experience, I could have a large family and still keep the sweet home feeling.

"I was anxious to carry out some of Pestalozzi's ideas, and I wanted to see if an American mother could not have time to live with her children even if she did a great deal of her own work; and I wanted to find an answer to some of the 'whys' that have come up in the mothers' meetings. The children were with me for three months, the parents not being able to see them at all during that time. I have found that there are really many people who would send their children away for the summer, just as they would to boarding school in the winter, if they had confidence in the place and people. Next summer I hope to have another 'Kinderheim' on a larger scale. And this is the end of the story!" said Agatha, as she looked about on the circle of expectant faces.

"Oh, no!" they cried, "you 've only given us an outline; we want some details. Tell us about the children."

"Very well," said Agatha, "I could talk for a week about the Kinderheim. In the first place, the house was very well arranged for our purposes. It was just large enough, and was homelike without having anything in it to be hurt by little hands or feet. The stairs were easy to climb and the piazzas just a step above the lawn. There were a great many beautiful trees and some very useful ones, for climbing and for swings, on the eleven acres of ground. Beyond this clearing were the dense woods, and before us stretched away a country road with only two neighbors in sight. There was a tiny brook, but no place where the children could be injured.

"My oldest child was a girl of thirteen, sweet and womanly, fond of books and housework. Jay came next, a dark-faced lad of ten. I really feel that I owe more to Jay than to all the rest, for to know and understand a boy of ten is something of which very few people can boast. Gwen was a delicate, sensitive child of eight, and last was Santa, the sweetest and merriest of five-year-olds.

"Calling them my children makes me think of two amusing incidents. We had a beloved old horse, named Dick; and one day when the four children and my sister and myself were out driving, we stopped to ask an old farmer for a drink of water. With country courtesy he brought a

shining tin cup, full of delicious spring water, and, looking wistfully at me, he said: 'Ah! ma'am, you have a fine family there. Take my advice and enjoy them while they are all yours.' I wanted to laugh; but afterwards I thought: Was I not feeling as if every day was like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver'? Mine, yes; but for only three months. This knowledge made me try to make the most of every moment.

"Another day when I was driving, I stopped to ask the way of a buxom woman who had a baby in her arms and another clinging to her skirts. She came out to the carriage, glad to have a little chat. I asked that my baby, Santa, might see her baby; and when she told me its age she said: 'And how old is your little girl?'

" 'About five, I think,' I said, absently.

" 'And this one,' said the woman, pointing to Gwen.

" 'You 're eight, Gwen, are you not?' said I.

" 'Yes,' replied Gwen.

"The woman's face darkened, and she said: 'Well, I 've heard many queer things about city mothers, but I never before met a woman who did n't know her own children's age.'

"I was quite delighted, as I drove on, that she had taken me to be really the children's mother, thinking I must be acting as I felt toward them. But suddenly I realized what a character I was giving to the city mother; and, hastily turning the horse around, I drove back and explained matters to the good woman, who looked relieved and yet, perhaps, a wee bit disappointed to lose so choice a bit of gossip.

"Our horse was a source of the greatest delight to the children. Jay learned to harness and care for him and took quite long rides alone. At first Dick objected a little to being ridden; and as I saw him prance about, with the tiny resolute figure on his back, I wanted to snatch Jay off, for fear he would get hurt. But I restrained myself, knowing how often I had wished that parents would not indulge in foolish fears and prevent the children from having helpful experiences, and so, although I kept Jay in sight and was ready to assist at a moment's notice, he had all the glory of conquering and subduing the 'fiery steed' which to others appeared (and really was) a most docile old beast.

"Besides the horse, the children had a pet chicken and a kitten and any number of special birds' nests that they were watching. A little wren boldly built in the vine on the front porch. When the mother bird was on the nest every one was warned by the children not to go on the front porch, but in the side door, on tiptoe. At first, we feared that the kitten would eat the chicken, as it was a most enticing little ball of yellow down. It was very funny to see the chicken chasing a grasshopper, while the cat went after the chicken and Santa went after the cat. But as the chicken grew older it also grew very fearless, and would climb up on the kitten's back and put its head down in his furry coat when it wanted to sleep. Often at the children's five o'clock supper, which they had under the

trees, on a little table that Jay had made in his carpenter's shop, the two little girls would share their bread and milk with the cat and the chicken. When supper was done, they would both clamor for a bedtime story.

"Every morning after breakfast we met in the sitting room for a short reading of the Bible and a little prayer,—a sort of 'morning circle' at home. This morning circle in the home showed me a likeness between the home and the kindergarten that I had not thought of before. The ideal home day begins and ends with a peaceful circle; and, in between, all should have their work and play suited to their strength.

"At first I did not think of asking Jay and Helen to share in our little bedtime hymns and stories, which represented our good-bye for the day. But one night Jay came in and threw himself down on the children's bed to hear the story. When he had listened to the prayer, which was 'Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,' he said: 'Won't you teach that to me? I don't know that one.'

"I reproached myself for forgetting that Jay might be longing to be petted a little, in spite of his boyish desire to appear very brave and big indeed. We had some precious times after that, when we were alone, for then the barrier came down and Jay sat on my lap with his arms around me, and was as confiding as the little ones. That was after he had learned to trust me and knew that I would neither laugh at him nor betray his confidence.

"The children all helped in the work, and that not only delighted them but gave me more leisure to spend with them in their play. They felt that the house was theirs as well as mine. Helen was very indignant one day when a neighbor asked her how she liked boarding with me. 'I 'm not a boarder, am I, Miss Agatha?' she demanded; and I replied, 'No, indeed; you are a partner in the concern.'

"Helen developed quite a talent for cooking and went home armed with a receipt book, every receipt in which she had tested. Just think, I had forgotten so much about children that I did not know what they meant when the four presented themselves on my first baking day and asked for 'lickings.' We had jolly times mixing cake, cutting out cookies, rolling pie crust, and kneading bread. Everybody helped, and I learned as much as the children did; for boarding so long had made all those things very indistinct to me.

"I tried to make government easy by arranging so that I would have to say 'don't' as little as possible. One instance of how I managed was concerning the tablecloth. I had visions of little arms knocking over glasses of milk and spilling berry juice on the table. I thought the spirit was worth more than custom, so I bought a piece of very nice white oilcloth and some very dainty Japanese napkins. A napkin was placed under each plate, and the children took great pride in arranging these and choosing the color, putting the pink-bordered napkins on with pink flowers and the dainty green ones with ferns, etc. The

result was very attractive, indeed, and the lack of table linen did not make the children careless, for they thought the table most beautiful. But if an accident did occur, the table was quickly wiped with a clean towel and only a slight ripple disturbed the serenity of our meal.

"In regard to punishing, I did not have to do any at all. I found that when I was patient and good the children were the same. I talked with them a little the first day, and told them that I did not like to punish children, and that I was sure they knew what they ought to be punished for, and how they ought to be punished. The result was very funny. They had a serious consultation, and after much thought drew up some rules with corresponding penalties, such as:—

"If I come late to dinner I must lose my dessert.

"If I tell a story I must go to Coventry. (Not speak for a time.)

"If I am saucy, I must go to bed one hour earlier.

"Taking charge of their own punishing certainly had a good effect upon these children. Sometimes they would say to me: 'I may not speak for an hour, Miss Agatha; will you keep time?' Or, 'Will you remind me that I have to go to bed an hour earlier to-night?' They gave me their entire confidence, and my position was that of comforter instead of imposer of punishment.

"After the children were in bed, my sister and I read or rested, and even received calls from some of the delightful young people of the town near by. They thought the Kinderheim a great joke, and often came up in the morning, when they would catch us in our big gingham aprons, with wooden spoon and yellow bowl, concocting some dainty, or sitting on the grass with the children in a merry circle, shelling peas, husking corn or peeling apples. However, we often found that the most fastidious of these visitors felt a relief in the utter simplicity and naturalness of our way of living. They would share our occupations and afterwards enjoy the bountiful meal of wholesome food which they had helped to prepare. Indeed, my sister and I grew to depend on one or two neighboring youths, who seemed to prefer cutting grass, making ice cream, chopping wood, and carrying water at the Kinderheim to dancing or idling at the hotels.

"But that 's another story," said Agatha, with a smile. "Yes," she continued, "it was all a glad experience for me. All the work and all the play was like food,—strengthening my flabby moral nature. Having said: 'Come, let us live with our children,' we allowed them to guide us into their world, and they showed us the Kingdom which is reserved for those who can become as little children."

CONCERNING MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

By Charlotte Sherwood Martindell.

WHILE many mothers are capable of following courses of reading for the purpose of preparing themselves to take wiser care of their children and to give intelligent answers to their children's questions about natural phenomena, such mothers are in the minority. In fact, they are not found at all in the mothers' meetings connected with many of our public school and mission kindergartens. Think of the conglomeration of Irish, German, Swedish, Mexican, and American mothers who gather together in the average kindergarten mothers' meeting. Probably a third of these mothers have no books in the house other than a Bible, prayer book, and perhaps a few picture books, and some of them cannot read even in these; while anyone knowing their cares and duties would realize that sitting down to read or study for even a half hour each day is as far from their possibilities as would be a trip to Europe for a much-needed rest.

But these mothers need much of what we kindergartners have to give them if we can only come close enough to them to feel their needs. It seems as difficult for us to realize how little the average mother understands our beautiful kindergarten ideas as to realize how little of our grown-up language the average kindergarten child is able to grasp.

Are not most of us "shooting above the mark"? Have we not all experienced ourselves, and noticed in others, how the first year's work in the kindergarten is the most complex and involved, much being attempted that is never realized? The second year's work is more simple, and the third more simple still; until the experienced kindergartner (that is, the one who has profited by experience) has simplified her work by a very great degree. She at last comprehends the limits and possibilities of the child.

These untaught and overworked mothers who come to our mothers' meetings stand in much the same relation to us as the child does. What should we ourselves have known had motherhood come to us before we had ever thought of the kindergarten course?

To teach these mothers a few very simple home occupations for the children, to make them see the use of personal cleanliness, to explain why bread, milk, fruit, and oatmeal will make their children healthier and better-natured than pie and bologna sausage, to call their attention to any tightness or rough seams in the children's garments which may chafe the

flesh and induce habits which a lifetime may not break, to persuade these mothers to stop and think just one moment, before they cuff or punish a child, as to whether they are simply gratifying their own ill temper or whether what they are going to do will help the child—are not these some of the things that we most need to do for the mothers?

And the care of the baby's eyes—do not our kindergartners themselves need a few quiet half-hour readings on some of these points which ignorant mothers need so much to know and may never know unless we tell them?

Many a pretty pair of eyes may be saved from being crossed and weakened if we instruct the mothers in time. Physicians do not tell them, and few mothers ever read about these things.

One thing more: Is it less pure and holy and scientific or harmful to tell a child—no matter how young he is if he is old enough to have asked and to have thought about it—that he came from his mother instead of evading his honest question by telling him only that he "came from God"? This answer is far too indefinite to satisfy any intelligent child. His mother may wish to wait and not give a more definite answer as yet; but when his playmates or the children at school begin to tell him of these things he is not going to put his fingers in his ears and run away to wait until his mother chooses to tell him. I think it is safe to say that nine out of ten children learn about these truths outside of their homes because parents are afraid of informing the children when too young. The miracle of birth is most beautiful, and the innocence of childhood will be no less spotless if the young child's honest questions concerning birth are answered honestly. This subject is apt to come up in mothers' meetings, and the kindergartner should be prepared to give wise counsel.

ONE OF POLLY'S DAYS.

By Helen P. Haskell.

POLLY had finished her breakfast and was wondering whether to have one of her good cries or take a nap, when her busy eye spied something which caused her to scramble quickly down from her perch.

No! the door of her cage was not firmly fastened, and Polly did not take long to open it and climb out. The large yellow jasmine, full of buds and blossoms, caught her eye; and, with a chuckle, she went to work, and in a short time had bereft the poor bush of its wealth of beauty.

The window sill next received Polly's attention, and such fun as she

had, her strong bill tearing off piece after piece of wood! Finally she concluded to start on a tour of investigation.

Across the sitting room she waddled, and into the dining room, where a door stood open a crack; through this crack she managed to squeeze, thus entering the kitchen. No one being there she climbed upon a chair that stood by the table. On the table she saw a bowl. "What can be in it?" she asked herself; "I believe I 'll find out!"

The bowl proved to be half full of something so delicious in odor that she could not resist the temptation of tasting. In her eagerness to get all that was possible of the dainty, Polly stepped into the bowl with both feet; and when Bridget entered the kitchen, what she saw caused her to rush into the hall and call: "Miss Cora! Miss Cora! plaze come and see what your baste of a parrot's doing! Shure it is meself that could have kilt her intirely!"

Miss Cora heard the call and came quickly, and on the table where the indignant but laughing Bridget pointed, she saw a mass of green feathers in the midst of a yellow compound. At the same time a giggle was heard, and Polly lifted up her bedaubed face, saying in her sweetest tones: "Cora, Polly 's all right."

As soon as Cora's laughter permitted, she took up the sticky, greasy bird. "Where were you, Bridget," she asked, "to let her get on the table?"

"Shure, miss," answered Bridget, "I put down me bowl, with the eggs, butter and sugar in it that I was bating for an iligant cake, and went to the door a minute to spake to Ned, the grocer boy; and when I came back, there was that bird in the bowl, ating as fast as she could."

"Well, Bridget, I am very sorry; there is nothing for you to do but to make another cake, while I try to clean my naughty Polly," said Cora.

So she carried off her bird, gave her a bath, put her back in her cage (with the door securely fastened this time), and told her to be a good Polly.

With a graceful bow, Polly replied: "All right; shut up." Then she immediately commenced singing, crying, and screaming: "Cora!" until, to stop so much noise, Cora came back and took her uproarious pet with her to the room where she had been sitting. Polly always enjoyed the privilege of being with her friend, for she loved her dearly; and nothing pleased the loquacious bird better than to stand on the back of a chair near to Cora and chatter to her. On this particular day, Cora was painting and Polly was having a splendid time, when something called Cora out of the room. Before going, Cora put all her painting materials away where she supposed they would be safe from Polly's vandalism. But Polly, not liking to be left alone, decided to see what those funny things were that Cora had been using; and in some way, no one knows how, she managed to get at them.

Hearing the peculiar chuckle that always betrayed Polly when in mischief, Cora hurried back into the room, and such a looking Polly as she

saw! A tube of vermilion paint was in her claw and she was busily tearing it to pieces. The result was a Polly with head, breast, and claws covered with fiery red paint, while even wings and tail showed some splashes of it. Cocking her wicked black and yellow eye at Cora, Polly called out: "Pretty Poll!"

What happened next, Polly did not like. In spite of all her scolding and struggling (fortunately, her love for Cora prevented her from biting), she was scrubbed in soapsuds—her mouth and throat being scrubbed with special thoroughness, the latter as far down as possible.

When night came, Polly doubtless thought that she had spent a beautiful day, notwithstanding the scrubbing; but the next morning a blistered tongue, the effect of either paint or soap, may have caused her to change her mind.

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CHILD, HIS NATURE AND NURTURE. By W. B. Drummond. J. M. Dent, London. $0.40.

This is one of The Temple Primers, and is a skillfully prepared introduction to the study of the physical and mental development of the child. It is a little book, not formidable for the general reader, giving sound doctrine in a simple, readable form. It would be an excellent book to use in mothers' classes. Dr. Drummond is physician to the Western Dispensary, Edinburgh. His child study has been extensive and his understanding of the kindergarten is proved by his setting forth of its principles and practice in the final chapter of his book.

THE STORY OF A CHILD. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Caroline F. Smith. C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston. $1.25.

The previous American translation of Pierre Loti's story of his childhood, by Mrs. Clara Bell, was entitled A Child's Romance, and through it the work has become already well known among our educators. The newer translation brings out more of the charm of the author's style, and it is prefaced by a delightfully written estimate of the high worth of such biographies "in developing appreciation of those inner deeps of child life that escape definition and evaporate from the figures of the statistician." The author of the preface is Prof. Edward Howard Griggs, who also says: "It is peculiarly necessary that teachers harassed with the routine of their work, and parents distracted with the multitude of details of daily existence, should have such windows [as this autobiography offers] opened, through which they may look across the green meadows and into the sunlit gardens of childhood."

STORIES FOR KINDERGARTNERS AND KINDCHEN. By Mary E. Bakewell. J. R. Weldin Co., Pittsburg, Pa. $0.50.

The kindergartner-in-search-of-a-story is no personage of the past although many collections of kindergarten stories have been published, and she holds out her hands for Miss Bakewell's book with eager expectancy. As she leafs over and rapidly scans the pages, another kindergartner and another look over her shoulder, and we transcribe the comments on some of the stories.

Why the Ear of Wheat was Glad. "That 's a kind of story that is always needed." "It 's the best of its kind that I ever saw." "Slightly sentimental, *I* should say."

A Story of Truth. "Striking and beautiful." "Yes; but above the comprehension of the average kindergarten child." "So I should think." "Yet I 've heard that in Miss ——'s kindergarten the children love it."

"Oh, this story of Ted and his morning glories is a good seed story, is n't it?"

"And this Beaver Story will be fine for my children who have seen the beavers at the park!"

How the Storks Came and Went kept the kindergartners quiet for several minutes as they read, and they pronounced it beautiful. "It is a quiet story but I believe that my children would like it," said one; "I wish I could tell it as Miss Bakewell has, — in as beautiful language, I mean."

A Spring Song. "Pretty story for springtime." "To have the piano played during the telling of a story seems rather theatrical to me."

"That Nautilus story is one thing that I want. We have so few about the sea."

The Lark. The Swan's Song. "Well written but not childlike."

How Christmas came to Bertie's House. "Best of all." "Yes; that *is* a good story."

The Knights. "Good companions for the Knight Songs and pictures of the Mother Play."

The stories to use with the Gifts were pronounced "too mature," and the Third Gift Game was voted "slight, but perhaps useful sometimes."

The reviewer will only add to these comments, that although Miss Bakewell may not always judge rightly as to what is within the child's mental grasp, all of her work shows a fine spirit, a literary perception, and a delicate touch that are most welcome in kindergarten literature.

Eyes and No Eyes and Other Stories. By Dr. Aiken, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Marcet, and Jane Taylor. Edited by M. V. O'Shea. D. C. Heath and Co., Boston. In paper, $0.10; cloth, $0.20.

Fortunate people who had Evenings at Home to read in their childhood will be glad to find in this number of Heath's Home and School Classics, so well edited by M. V. O'Shea, that old-fashioned but never stale tale, Eyes and No Eyes. Oliver Wendell Homes in Over the Teacups, Archibald Geikie in Teaching of Geography, and Charles Kingsley, all stand sponsor for it in characteristic manner, recommending it as worth-while and delightful reading for every child, Dr. Holmes placing the age of the child as "anywhere under forty-five." Travelers' Wonders is a second story from Evenings at Home, and will captivate children of to-day quite as much as those of a century ago, when these and a very few other stories were as sparse flowers blooming in a desert of child literature. Travelers' Wonders and also A Curious Instrument are stories with a *dénouement*, striking to a child because he can perceive this *denouement* for himself although it is not so palpably patent as to deprive him of a quite proper sense of pride and satisfaction in having perceived it.

The Three Giants is a well-told allegory in which Water, Wind, and Steam (*Aquafluens*, *Ventosus*, and *Vaporifer*) figure as magical doers of the world's work. Although not simple enough for kindergarten children, these four stories are stand-bys for almost any age beyond.

Holiday Songs and Every Day Songs and Games. By Emilie Poulsson. $2.00.

Not only songs, games, and finger plays for all the holidays of the year, and for ordinary days besides, are contained in Holiday Songs, but its large pages display also attractive pictures by L. J. Bridgman, designed in the spirit of the songs which they accompany. Mildred J. Hill, Josephine Sherwood, J. H. Chapek, Clare Sawyer Reed, and W. W. Gilchrist are among the composers who have furnished the childlike and tuneful music which characterizes the book. Emilie Poulsson has contributed the words to more than forty of the songs, and the verses by other writers afford a charming variety. Most of the contributors' names appearing in the book are familiar in connection with acceptable work previously done for the child world, and the new names which appear are happily introduced by the quality of the contributions to which they are signed. Owners of other song books will be glad to know that only six of the one hundred and three songs are to be found in previously published collections and, although some of the songs have appeared in magazines (chiefly Kindergarten Review), many are entirely new, with music written expressly for them.

The songs are, in most cases, simple and short, the capacity and taste of little children being chiefly consulted; but there are some songs which are intended for older children, and in which, consequently, a wider, range of thought language, and musical expression could be presented.

A few *errata* are noticed in the music; these will be corrected in the new edition.

Raphia and Reed Weaving, including also Cardboard and Paper Construction. By Elizabeth Sanborn Knapp. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. $0.50.

The constructive work suggested through text and illustration of Mr. Knapp's prac-

tical book is enough to make even an idler's fingers tingle and to open unobservant eyes to most interesting possibilities in paper and bristol board, while the chapters on reed and raphia weaving will arouse a wish to experiment with these also. The objects made are simple and mostly in the line of childish interest, whether they are toys or useful things like boxes, bags, frames, etc. A course of constructive work is outlined for classes all the way from the elementary first grade through the fifth. The author has accomplished well the object of her book as stated in her preface, *i. e.:* "to give to class teachers a complete series of models arranged in graded sequence, and extending from the kindergarten to the grammar grade. Though well aware," says Mrs. Knapp, "that no book can be a substitute for an efficient instructor, efforts have been made to give the operations in minute detail in order to assist those teachers who, untrained in manual work, appreciate its value as an educational factor and believe that the development of the senses, touch included, and the training of the hand in artisanship must be the root of mind growth."

Topical Studies and Questions in History of Education. By Mary M. Conway. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y. $0.50.

In seventy-five pages this author presents outlines of study and review questions on the epochs of educational history, with tabulated lists of the Humanists, the innovators, and the educators of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The development of education is shown in its relation to political and social history from the earliest times to the present day. Special books are suggested for supplementary reading in connection with each epoch. Planned as a manual for general training schools, these "Topical Studies" would be serviceable in the kindergarten training school also.

Bird Day, How to Prepare for it. By Charles A. Babcock. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

The first observance of Bird Day was in May, 1894, at the public schools of Oil City, Penn., under superintendency of Mr. Charles A. Babcock, with whom the idea of keeping such a day originated. Eight states have now adopted Bird Day for their schools, and the national Department of Agriculture has urged its adoption in Circular 17, which is full of information and presents a strong case. Mr. Babcock advises that Bird Day exercises shall be largely representative of the pupils' previous work if it is to be educational at all. He tells how to set the children at work, early in the year, how to keep up the interest, and also gives, in a compact, unpretentious way, quite a bibliography of bird literature. He aims to assist children in the accurate study of a few birds, believing that the further study will then be assured. The bird pictures given are of common birds and are in black and white. This is not a book planned to look pretty and catch sales. The literature recommended is *literature*, not cute and trivial effusions; and the whole is a labor of love put forth by a sincere and capable man.

Nature Study by Months. Part I. By Arthur C. Boyden. New England Publishing Co., Boston. $0.50.

The fourth edition of Nature Study by Months needs announcement only, since the book has stood the test of use and won the highest approbation from teachers everywhere.

Nouveau Livre de Morale Pratique. Avec 79 Gravures. Par G. Manuel. Hachette et Cie., 79 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris. 1 franc.

M. Ferdinand Buisson, one of the most eminent of French educators, calls this book "a precious tool," for use in the moral education of children. It consists of one hundred and sixty-five anecdotes gathered from literature of various ages and countries, with no stated moral attached, but all bearing on right living and right feeling in such a way as to attract and interest a child and sink into his heart. Certain headings occur,— only a few, however,— and these are not for the observation of the child but to indicate to the parent or teacher the structural plan according to which the anecdotes were selected and arranged. *La Morale*, as taught in the public schools of France, comes under the general heads of duty to family, country, humanity, and the lower creatures; and that is the general method of division in this book. Our own Washington and Franklin figure in some of the good stories. The greatest number, naturally, are from French authors and while some seem to us rather sentimental, the whole is a choice and varied collection of anecdotes well calculated to accomplish the purpose for which they were designed.

Some Ill-Used Words. By Alfred Ayres. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.00.

Who feels no qualm of conscience when the rightful demands of the great English language and our daily use of it are brought into critical comparison? The study of advanced English grammar having been dropped to a large extent in the schools, there is, consequent upon this, a wide lack of knowledge concerning points of correct use. Is every one sure about the use and form of the subjunctive? as to which relative pronoun to use when discrimination is to be made? Who might not be guilty, unthinkingly, of "the *New York Sun's* Special Abhorrence," which Alfred Ayres says might be called the "he-was-given-an-ovation" locution, in which the Latin "indirect object" instead of the direct object is thrown into the nominative case on the verb's being made passive in form?

Some Ill-Used Words calls attention to many such points: and, while the author's *dictum* is not always to be accepted, a reading of the book will perhaps rouse us to a critical study, or recall to us the knowledge of some distinctions and restrictions about which we have become lax.

Laureata. A Book of Poetry for the Young. Edited by Richard Wilson. Edward Arnold, 37 Bedford Street, Strand, London. One shilling and sixpence.

Opening with Shakespeare and closing with Kipling, Laureata offers poetry from forty-seven authors, Longfellow being the only American included. Every boy and girl should own some collection of famous English verse, and Laureata will be found an excellent school and home poetry book for the young.

A Nest of Girls, or Boarding School Days. By Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. $1.50.

Miss Timlow has given in A Nest of Girls not only just such a book as girls anywhere from thirteen to seventeen will like thoroughly but one which will contribute to their understanding of what is true worth in life and character. The girls at St. Ursula's (a boarding school in a college town) are full enough of pranks to make the story lively, and full of an enthusiasm which is sometimes mistaken in its object, to be sure, but in the main rightly placed. Gay and serious, frivolous and high-minded, pretty and plain, repellent and lovable, these boarding school girls are like those we meet every day. Many have high ideals of character and conduct, and the girl-reader will be helped in her own strivings as she reads of theirs. On two points Miss Timlow speaks with no uncertain sound. Through an intimate talk between a teacher and Hester, the queen of the school, she shows the brutal, unconscious rudeness of some people who are undoubtedly "well-bred"; and at another opportunity she gives a most enlightening view of true honor as distinguished from the schoolgirl and schoolboy idea of honor. To reveal wrongdoing is sometimes the bravest and noblest thing that a person can do, and does not always imply a "cowardly telltale." To keep silence about wrongdoing is sometimes cowardly and mean. Success to a book which conveys such thoughts as these through such a spirited and enjoyable story.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

New England Publishing Co., Boston. Nature Study by Months. By Arthur C. Boyden. $0.50.

E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. A Nest of Girls or Boarding School Days. By Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. $1.50. Mistress Dorothy. By Fred O. Bartlett.

Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. Holiday Songs and Every Day Songs and Games. By Emilie Poulsson. Illustrations by L. J. Bridgman. Music by various composers. $2.00. Raphia and Reed Weaving. By Elizabeth Sanborn Knapp. $0.50.

C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y. Topical Studies and Questions in History of Education. By Mary M. Conway. $0.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The Science of Penology. By Henry M. Boies. $3.50.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

The Art of Saving Character. (George Junior Republic.) By R. E. Phillips. Child Labor in Southern Cotton Mills. By Irene M. Ashley. The World's Work, October.

The New Psychology. By G. Stanley Hall. Harper's Magazine, October.

The Criminal Negro (Childhood Influences). By Frances A. Kellor. The Arena, October.

The Laughter of Savages. By James Sully.

Joseph Le Conte. By Josiah Royce. The International Monthly, October.

The Art Problem in the United States. By Ada Cone. The Contemporary Review, October.

NATHAN STRAUS, PHILANTHROPIST.

A BRIEF item in the newspapers recently announced that the Straus milk depots had closed for the summer. We do not think that a casual news item quite does justice to the annual lesson in philanthropy, in good government and in true humanity which marks the closing of Mr. Nathan Straus's public benefaction for the summer. We ask you to read a few very dry statistics. To those who can afford to pay for the specially prepared milk which he distributes, Mr. Straus allows a charge to be made which does not cover the cost, namely, one cent a glass. In a great majority of cases there is no payment whatever.

Professor R. G. Freeman, a distinguished scientist, prepared, at Mr. Straus's request, a formula for the preparation of modified milk. This is known as formula No. 1. Of this 256,131 bottles were distributed.

Dr. A. Jacobi, a great specialist in infants' diseases, has prepared for Mr. Straus a formula known as No. 2. Of this special food for children, 267,376 bottles were distributed.

Of a third and fourth formula prepared by Professor Freeman, 139,806 bottles and 107,387 bottles, respectively, were distributed.

In addition to these distributions of bottled milk for poor and ailing children, millions of single glasses were distributed at a maximum cost of one cent per glass.

Many charitable institutions availed themselves of Mr. Straus's generosity during the past summer, receiving from him supplies of milk free of charge; and in addition, at any of the Straus depots, the prescription of any physician ordering specially prepared milk for a poor child was filled free of charge.

Every bottle of the milk distributed has meant a day of comfort, a good supply of strength, a chance for life to some poor little human creature. And every bottle has meant happiness to some poor mother who, without the help afforded, must have watched her child suffering or dying for the lack of proper food. It is literally true that thousands of lives are saved every year by the charity to which Mr. Nathan Straus devotes his energies and his private fortune.

The charity was established in memory of a promising child who died and upon whom the hopes of his parents were centered. How beautiful was the inspiration which impelled the stricken father and mother to turn their sorrow into happiness for others! How noble was the thought which determined that their loss should be the means of saving the lives of thousands of poor children!

—*Selected.*

THE EASTERN KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION.

A MEMORIAL MEETING.

The first meeting for this year of the Eastern Kindergarten Association was held October 15, at Dr. Edward Everett Hale's church. At the business session, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Laliah B. Pingree; recording secretary, Mrs. Channing Rust; corresponding secretary, Miss Gertrude Gove; treasurer, Miss Lucy Kummer.

The main part of the afternoon was devoted to a memorial service in honor of Miss Mary J. Garland, who died July 28, and a short sketch of whose life is given in KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, September, 1901. The meeting, a beautiful one in every respect, was opened with the singing, by kindergartners, of the Mother's Hymn, "Up to me sweet childhood looketh." Miss Pingree, who presided, spoke briefly but feelingly of the fitness of a memorial meeting held by the Eastern Kindergarten Association in honor of Miss Garland, who had been the president of the association from the beginning until two years ago, and its honorary president since then. She spoke also of the awakening and development which had come to her as a student in one of Miss Garland's early classes. She then introduced

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, who said: —

In this church, we loved Miss Garland and Miss Weston both, as leaders in what is the highest duty of all, as the trainers of the teachers of the children of a republic, as unselfish, thoughtful, far-looking women, who did not disdain the simplicities of education and of life. I sat at the feet of both of them in all matters which related to the school training of the young. I am speaking to many who know the details of that method much better than I did, but I can say that it was always a pleasure when either one of them notified me that there was to be some exercise in the school in which I could be of any possible assistance. They were privileged, I think, in many cases, by the distinguished character of the children intrusted to them. I have a right to say this because, at the end of so many years, some of those boys and girls have shown the results of their training, in their after life; and I have never forgotten the enthusiasm by which both of these teachers were resolved that those children should be true to the best historical traditions of Massachusetts. They knew that freedom of religion was born here, that freedom in the state was born here, and they did n't mean that the children should go through State street or Washington street or Newbury street without seeing what those words meant; or that they should pass the 19th of April or the 17th of June without knowing what they meant; that Paul Revere's grandchildren should know what Paul Revere's ride stood for; and that when children went into the Old South or Faneuil Hall, they should know the heritage of trust which is confided to a Boston child. I think the boys and girls respected this enthusiasm for liberty, and I am sure that all who knew these teachers respected it. They have been called to higher service and we wait here; but the memories of such lives must be eternal.

After a prayer led by Dr. Hale, Miss Symonds, representing the training teachers of Boston, spoke as follows: —

MISS LUCY H. SYMONDS.

In the early seventies, I met Miss Mary J. Garland, as it was then my privilege to become a student in her first kindergarten training class. One of my classmates was Miss Weston, later connected with Miss Garland as an associate teacher, and always a valued friend. Both as a teacher of children and young ladies Miss Garland showed rare power combined with a degree of refinement which is not often met. Espousing the kindergarten cause in the early days, before the public or many educators knew and appreciated Froebel's teachings, there was much to dishearten and discourage; but as Miss Garland was possessed of an indomitable will, was self-sacrificing,

and had the courage of her convictions, she persistently and gradually overcame much of the prejudice and opposition, living to see her efforts crowned with success, to see the kindergarten accepted by the public and recognized by most thoughtful and intelligent people. She enriched her own life by giving to others, and in the early days allowed her students the privilege of listening to Dr. W. T. Harris, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Horace Mann, and others, who presented the highest ideals widely and broadly, inspiring while they instructed.

Her influence was very strong for truth and righteousness, her standards always the highest, and the success attained in life by those who were pupils in her kindergarten, as well as by members of her training school, speaks volumes for her wisdom and her devotion as teacher and guide; surely she has done much to mould character, and educate public opinion, and deserves the gratitude of all interested in the uplifting of humanity and the betterment of the world.

In the death of Mary J. Garland, not only the kindergarten cause of Boston, but of New England, of the East, and of the whole world has lost a friend,— one who cannot be replaced. May we emulate her spirit, may we consecrate ourselves anew, working as unselfishly and devoutly for the cause which she loved and honored and to which she gave her life.

Miss Emilie Poulsson was asked to speak as one of Miss Garland's pupils and intimate friends. Her subject was Miss Garland's personal relations to her students:—

Among the letters that I have received expressing the sorrow of different friends at the loss of our dear Miss Garland, one contained a simple word which seemed to voice the general feeling of Miss Garland's students. The writer said: "*She was just the best friend a girl could have.*"

I am sure that these words will bring a leap of the heart, a rush of memory, to many here to-day, whether they were students long ago or had but recently gained her as teacher and friend. Each member of each class had her own share of Miss Garland's solicitude and affection, and each one knew this to be the case. Not only during our actual time of study with her, but lastingly, was this true,— so constant was her heart.

> "And after many a year
> Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
> Like daily sunrise, there."

No personal joys or sorrows, trivial or great, were taken in vain to that ever-ready friend. Sympathy, comfort, counsel, were always forthcoming. Whatever the need had been, we always felt that the response had given us exactly what would help us most. If we had done well, no weakening praise was given us; but a genial, happy recognition of the good in our effort or accomplishment cheered us on to new endeavors. If we were discouraged over mistakes, over discovery of our inefficiency, who better than Miss Garland could lift us up and turn our faces forward again and gird our loins afresh for the struggle with our foibles or faults?

"She was the best friend a girl could have."

We all had friends, we girls of long ago; and you have friends, you girls of to-day. Can we tell anything of *why* Miss Garland was the best friend a girl could have? Was it not because she was the friend of what was *best* in us? — the cherisher of our noblest self? It was not only that she opened to us some lofty life-truths through or in connection with our studies. It was her faith in our desire for truth, in our intention to follow truth, which made her friendship of such worth to us.

Friendship is shown in a holy light in those lines of Emerson's where he sets aside all trivial congenialities and commonplace intercourse as a basis for friendship,— where he says: —

> "You shall not love me for what daily spends;
> You shall not know me in the noisy street
> Where I, as others, follow petty ends;
> Nor when in fair saloons we chance to meet;
> Nor when I'm jaded, sick, anxious or mean."

— That is, of course: Let us not count these things as realities, these temporary interests and these infirmities which belong to the passing earth-life. Let us be friends by communion in the highest things. Let us look for and love only the noblest self of the friend. For Emerson continues: —

> "But love me then and only, when you know
> Me for the channel of the rivers of God,
> From deep, ideal, fontal heavens that flow."

It is because Miss Garland, as a friend, *did* call her students to this high plane, and meet them there, that made her to them always "the best friend a girl could have."

The presence of Miss Fanny Field of Cincinnati, and her tribute as a Western kindergartner, were much appreciated by the association.

Miss Fanny Field.

It is a satisfaction to me to be with you to-day, to add my few words of tribute. Personally, I have known Miss Garland to love and revere her. Her name has stood for what was highest in kindergarten ideals. In our Cincinnati training school, we did not know Miss Garland as you do here, but her influence was with us and I am sure our work has been brighter and better because Miss Garland was one of the leaders of the kindergarten movement.

In the West, we honor Miss Garland and I am sure that I voice the feelings of Western kindergartners when I say that they are in sympathy with you, and that if they had known of this meeting to-day they would have sent you a greeting and have been with you in spirit in your sorrow. Miss Garland did not belong to you alone, but to the West also. Her work was felt in all our work at large. I am glad to speak these few words to-day for the Western kindergartners.

Handel's *Largo*, with violin *obligato*, was then sung by Miss Garland's last year's pupils, and then followed remarks by

Dr. Michael Anagnos, Director of the Perkins Institution for the Blind.

Dear Friends: How sweet, how helpful, how reassuring it is to leave the noisy parts of the town and come here under this roof, where one of the noblest voices of the community has been heard for a long time; how sweet, I say, it is to come here and pay our tribute to a life which stands for what is noble, high-minded, pure, patriotic, humane. * * * When Miss Garland came to Boston she found congenial spirits. Here was Mrs. Mary Mann, the wife of the great educational reformer of Massachusetts. Here was that saintly woman, Elizabeth Peabody, to whose untiring efforts it was due that this system of Froebel's became productive in American soil. Under this influence Miss Garland was drawn to the kindergarten system. She studied it thoroughly, became a teacher, opened a class. From that day to the end of her life, her influence was a constant stream, reaching not only every part of the city but to the extreme ends of this country through the influence of the earnest young women who came under her training. I have, many a time, had occasion to know just exactly what her influence was, how great her work was, how large her heart, how much she wished to do for all classes of children. She was always a helpful friend to the class of children in whom I am interested. * * * To her spirit all the children of this community owe a great deal. It has produced educators, reformers, helpers; men and women that are earnestly at work to remedy the evils that beset society, and to bring to the world a new order of things. To that spirit we owe gratitude, reverence, and an affection which I am sure will last as long as our lives last.

A poem, written for the occasion by Miss Caro Atherton Dugan, was then read:—

She lives! — she never felt the chill of death;
She knew no bitterness, no pang, no strife,
For her so gently did the gates of sleep
Swing open to the other, larger life.

She lives! in every heart that holdeth dear
Her memory; in each life that her touch
Has stirred to finer issues, nobler aims;
In the great cause she served and loved so much.

She lives! Down from the height she has attained
Thrills the old trumpet call of "Come up higher!"
She leads the way, as erst of old, and flings
Back the glad summons, bidding us aspire.

She lives! for with her courage, noble thought,
Unfaltering truth, the very air we breathe
Is all instinct, and she is with us still;
Herself unto us all she doth bequeath.

Comrades, stand closer, and march bravely on,
Guarding this sacred trust unto the end;
And with high thought and deed keep ever green
The memory of our leader and our friend.

Letters, each one bearing its own peculiar message, had been sent to the association by Mme. Kraus-Boelté, Miss Blow, Frau Raydt, daughter of Mme. Kriege, Miss Caroline T. Haven, and Mr. Arthur D. Hill. Extracts from these letters were read, as were also the resolutions which had been adopted by the association in the business session. The last speaker was

Rev. Charles G. Ames, President of the Elizabeth Peabody House Association.

After a good life is finished I always hesitate to speak of loss, not because I do

not know what it is to miss dear, familiar faces, but because through a finished life has been given all God meant to give through that channel; and what we have to speak of is of gain, of enrichment, — of that life which has been given and given forever, given to the human race, henceforth to be a part of its possessions. Names and forms vanish and are forgotten but no spiritual force which passes into this world ever dies out of it, and her contribution is as rich as it is imperishable, for it is a contribution to the real life, the moral life, the spirit life of humanity itself, like all such gifts. * * * It seems to me that there is something in such a life as hers which has a strange, mysterious power to draw and then impel. She drew around herself a body of disciples, of learners, whom she trained, and then she impelled them to go from her into orbits of their own, her influence reaching therefore into farthest parts. * * * She put into her own life and actions the precious lessons which she communicated to so many others. I do not think that it can be said of her, as a certain critic said of a certain author, that she raised ideals for the market and not for her own table. There was no ideal of life in Miss Garland's mind and heart which she did not seek to realize for herself as well as to make public property. As a disciple of Froebel she did not mimic her master; she was an original person as he would have had her be. * * * She took nothing from Froebel except what she made her own, seeking to incorporate it into her convictions that she might incorporate it into her life and ours. The largest service of such a life is not rendered while it is visible with us. It comes in the very memories we cherish this afternoon. She comes in all the gracious influence which, through her, has passed into the working forces of all kindergartens, present and perspective. * * * More than one of us can recall something of the brightness of her speech, of playfulness, as though the play element in the kindergarten was not meant for children alone, but for us all. And no sweeter lesson is to be drawn from such a life than the preservation of the playful element in our being, by which we make each others' lives bright and shed sunshine along the common path. * * * The best thing we can do to celebrate her memory, is * * * to incorporate into our life that same freedom and gladness, that same wisdom and goodness, which she toiled to make the dear possession of the human world.

At the close of Mr. Ames' uplifting address, the whole of which could not be given here, the kindergartners sang the familiar Child's Hymn, Father, we thank Thee, written by Miss Weston, and sang also Come let us live with our Children, written by Mabel Frost Rust, secretary of the association. A benediction, invoked by Dr. Hale, closed the service; and many felt that they had not only reviewed precious memories of a loved leader, but that they had rededicated themselves to the cause of childhood.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Items of news and reports of the work for the news departments are solicited from kindergartners in all parts of the country. Copy should be received before the tenth of the month to insure insertion in the next issue.

Richmond, Virginia.

Opening of a Kindergarten Training School.

The establishment of the Robert E. Lee Kindergarten Training School under the auspices of the Richmond Educational Association means new life in the educational work of Richmond.

The school will be the first of its kind in Virginia and its establishment will supply a need which has long been felt.

The services of Miss Parker, a graduate of the Phœbe Hearst Kindergarten Training School of Washington, and a kindergartner of successful experience, have been secured as director of the school.

Through the kindness of Miss Grace Arents, the training school will be given the privilege of using the kindergarten rooms of St. Andrew's parish school, and it is thereby made possible to offer the best

facilities for training in this field of work to those in Richmond and Virginia and the South who are unable to go to the training schools of the North.

As a result of the lectures delivered in Richmond last winter on kindergarten instruction, a very general interest has been awakened in the subject. It is hoped that a general system of kindergarten instruction may at an early date be inaugurated in connection with the lower grades of the schools of the city.

Through the generosity of some of those interested in the development of kindergarten methods, there have been established several full scholarships. There are also some half scholarships which are to be awarded.

Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Report of School Board on the Kindergarten.

Perhaps the most important action of the year in Pawtucket was that which incorporated the kindergarten as a regular part of the school system and which put the board on record as favoring increasing the number of kindergartens until every part of the city should be supplied. The development of kindergartens in the city is interesting. The first kindergarten was established at Cherry street in 1889. Then followed the Grove street kindergarten in 1892, the Middle street in 1893, the Garden street in 1894, the Hancock and Broadway kindergartens in 1899, and the Fairlawn in the spring of 1901. After twelve years of trial, during which the number of kindergartens had increased from one to seven and the number of kindergarten children from twenty-eight to three hundred and seven, it was felt that the kindergarten had demonstrated its usefulness and had won a right to a firm and honorable place in the school system. In order to get an expression from the supervising principals and first grade teachers as to their estimate of the value of kindergarten training the following list of questions was submitted :—

What differences have you noted between the average child coming from the kindergarten and the average child coming to you with no kindergarten training? Please reply under the following heads :—

1. Behavior.
2. Powers of observation.
3. Powers of expression.
4. Control of body, especially of the hand.
5. General ability to take hold of the work.
6. Ability to do the work of the grade in one year.

In answer to the first question one teacher reported that the kindergarten children are more independent and more polite, but less orderly. Another said that kindergarten children, although less quiet in behavior, are more natural, and not being hampered with restraint on account of the strangeness of it all, are ready at once to enter upon the work. The teachers were almost unanimous in their testimony that children from the kindergarten had superior powers of observation and of expression, that they had better control of the body, were better prepared to enter upon the work, and could in general finish the work of the grade in a single year.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

Influence of the Kindergarten on Free Play.

In the report of the New Orleans Free Kindergarten Association, Miss Eleanor McMain says: In all of our work, what we have had most at heart was the creation of an environment which should be so real to the child that its interests and experiences would replace those of the home and streets that were bad in their influence. We have had an opportunity to judge whether or not we are in any sense accomplishing this ; for every day we give the children a period of free play in the yard when they do exactly as they please without any suggestion or leading from us. For the first few months we were much discouraged. The children were interested while in kindergarten, and much of their play there seemed spontaneous. But in the free play in the yard, we saw no trace of the kindergarten thought.

A little inclosure in one corner was always a jail where drunken men were being constantly taken by policemen. Occasionally, for variety, they played fruit stand, each child choosing a fruit to represent and the dealer selling them to the various mammas who came to buy. The girls always played "ladies" and were mothers with large families, but the "loving mother" of the kindergarten ideal was not reproduced. But one day, a little while before Christmas, we saw in a corner of the yard a truly loving little mother dividing her bread and jelly, that she was prone to be rather selfish with, into tiny bits for her numerous children ; then she got them ready for kindergarten, washing faces, and putting on wraps, ministering to them with the tenderest solicitude. About the same time, the jail, drunken men, and policemen disappeared. The little inclosure was sometimes Santa Claus's house, sometimes a house on fire, with horses and engines dashing over the yard.

After a time shepherds with sheep and dogs took possession of the place — the lawn was the meadow, and the little inclosure the sheepfold. Now little gardeners are busy with rake and hoe in the bright spring sunshine and eager little eyes are watching for the plants that are beginning to "wake up" from seeds sown some weeks ago.

Should not these things encourage us to hope that the little "human plants" intrusted to our care will grow up towards higher things in the sunshine of happy influences?

Boston, Massachusetts.

University Lectures. The education committee of the Twentieth Century Club announces two courses for the fifth season of its university lectures. The first series will be devoted to a consideration of the needs of popular education in the United States, viewed in the light of its triumphs and failures. The subject will be treated in the following order: —

General Introduction and Survey, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, November 9; The Public School System, Dr. William DeWitt Hyde, president of Bowdoin College, November 16; Supplementary Educational Agencies. Dr. George Harris, president of Amherst College, November 23; The Place of Industrial and Technical Training in Popular Education, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, December 7; The Place and Function of Science in Popular Education, Dr. Ira Remsen, president of Johns Hopkins University, December 14; Comparison of American and Foreign Systems of Popular Education, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, December 21.

The second course will comprise ten lectures on Moral Leaders, by Prof. Edward Howard Griggs, as follows: January 11, The Function of the Moral Leader; January 18, Socrates; January 25, Marcus Aurelius; February 1, St. Francis; February 8, Savonarola; February 15, Erasmus and Luther: February 22, Bruno; March 1, Victor Hugo; March 8, Carlyle; March 15, Emerson.

The lectures will be given at Tremont Temple, beginning November 9, on Saturday mornings at eleven o'clock, except during the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays.

Norfolk, Virginia.

Kindergartens Opened. Miss Lillian Wadsworth of Chicago started a kindergarten at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Edward Mack last year and the venture was so successful that the Norfolk Kindergarten Association was organized and is now in a flourishing condition.

Two kindergartens were opened this year, one private, and the other, which will be maintained by charity, is free. The private kindergarten, in charge of Miss Wadsworth, is located in the Lowenberg building, near the Ghent bridge, and was opened October 1.

The free kindergarten which opened October 7 is in charge of Miss Edna Wood of Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Elizabeth Pickett, of Norfolk, will act as assistant in both kindergartens.

The training school has been opened by Miss Wadsworth, who now has a class of six young ladies, with prospects of many more in the near future.

The following are the officers of the association: Mrs. Edward Mack, president; Mrs. Willoughby Cooke, first vice-president; Miss Margaret Roper, second vice-president; Mrs. W. W. Freeman, recording secretary; Mrs. William T. Brooke, corresponding secretary; Mrs. M. K. King, treasurer.

Brooklyn, New York.

The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences offers the following attractive program of lectures on the kindergarten under the auspices of the Kindergarten Section of the Department of Pedagogy, Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, chairman: —

First Course, The Evolution of the Kindergarten Program, by Miss Susan E. Blow, on Monday and Thursday afternoons, four o'clock, at the Art building, 174 Montague street, on the following dates: —

Thursday, October 17, From the Home to the Kindergarten.

Monday, October 21, Interpreting the Child's Experience.

Thursday, October 24, The First Climax of the Program.

Monday, October 28, Gift Exercises and How to Develop Them.

Thursday, October 31, Stories and How to Tell Them.

Second Course, Froebel's Mother Play, by Miss Blow: —

Monday, November 4, The Family Song.

Thursday, November 7, The Target (Industrial Games).

Monday, November 11, The Knights and the Good Child.

Thursday, November 14, Hiding of the Child.

Monday, November 18, Little Sisters and Brothers.

December 5, Conference on The Kindergarten and the School. Prof. Marcus White, Principal of the State Normal Training School, New Britain, Ct., will be the opening speaker at the conference.

January 9, Address on the Significance of Genetic Psychology from the Standpoint of Froebelian Pedagogy. Luther F. Gulick, Ph.D., Principal of the Pratt Institute High School.

February 13, Miss Amalie Hofer of Chicago has been invited to lecture.

March 6 (3 P. M.), Convention of Members of Mothers' Clubs in Association Hall. Address by Rev. G. D. Egbert of Norwalk, Ct. Miss Lucy Wheelock of Boston has been invited to speak.

April 3, Lecture on The Relation of the Living Animal to School Work. Miss Mary E. Burt, New York city.

A course of four lectures by Prof. Earl Barnes, Ph.D., on Child Study on Friday evenings at 8.15 o'clock, beginning October 4.

A course of three lectures on The Aims and Methods of Education, by Prof. John Dewey, Ph.D., of Chicago University, at 4 P. M.

Thursday, March 20, The Unity of Educational Process.

Thursday, March 27, The Unity of Educational Material.

Wednesday, April 2, The Unity of Educational Method.

St. Louis, Missouri.

The St. Louis Froebel Society held its first meeting for the current year Saturday, September 28, at the Crow School Kindergarten, President Miss Mary C. McCulloch occupying the chair. After a few appropriate words of greeting by the president all joined in singing "Good morning to all, 'T is love brings us here," after which followed a general hearty hand shaking.

Miss McCulloch's address, which was the next feature of the program, was in her usual inspiring style. The progress of the past year was reviewed, the activity and growth of the movement being especially commented upon. We must look backward as well as forward to see progress. The coming of the great World's Fair in 1903 next engaged attention. Miss McCulloch said in part: "It is a great thing to have a World's Fair right at our own door where we may make a study of art, of color effects, of architecture, and of sculpture; and where we may, in studying the progress of humanity, perceive the analogy between the development of the race and that of the child." "We must obtain a wider knowledge of subjects which lead to a better appreciation of the conditions favorable to nourish the inner life of the child."

After the reading of the minutes by Miss Jennie Taylor, reports were read by Miss Nellie Flynn, treasurer, and Miss Annie Harbough, president of the Library Association. The officers were all re-elected.

ELIZABETH LONGMAN,
Cor. Sec'y.

Germany.

The *Allgemeiner Kindergartnerinnen Verein* (the German I. K. U.), which was founded in 1892, and had its headquarters until recently in Eisenach, held an interesting convention (its fourth in Blankenburg, Schwarzathal) during the past summer. Kindergartners from many parts of the country were present and several new members were received. One of the customs of the *Verein* is the bestowal of diplomas upon honorary members and upon such kindergartners as have served honorably for twenty-five years in the work. Two members were this year celebrating their "twenty-fifth jubilee": Fräulein Emma Schrieber, of Berlin, who was at the convention and had the pleasure of receiving her diploma in person; and Fräulein Marie Hertzsch of Dresden, whose diploma was "signed, sealed, and delivered" to her by mail. The convention lasted three days, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 27-29. On Saturday, the morning session was given up to reports, greetings, and address of president; the afternoon, to a visit to Froebel's monument, where songs were sung and wreaths laid down by the children; and in the evening there were addresses and music. On Sunday morning, the members of the Union attended in a body the church where Froebel used to worship; in the afternoon they took a trip by carriage through the beautiful Schwarzathal; and in the evening they gathered together to sing in chorus songs from the old Froebel days. The songs had been selected by Fräulein Heerwart, for their connection with Froebel's "first principle," —that of educating the child in his relationship to Nature, Man, and God, —and short addresses were made on this subject. Monday morning was begun by a visit to the kindergarten, which is under the charge of Fräulein Grossart, and is the successor of the one established by Froebel himself. At a later hour the Union was addressed by Fräulein Heerwart on the subject of Froebel's Building Gifts. After an afternoon spent in sociability the members gathered again in the garden of Schellhorn's Hotel and planned a trip for the next day,

— a walk over the hills to Keilhau,— to be made by those who wished it before dispersing to their homes. On this walk, the graves of Middendorff, Barop, and Langethal were visited and decorated with flowers. At Keilhau, the party was received by Frau Barop and her son-in-law, Dr. Wächter, at the school; and Dr. Barop made with them the visit to the old church, where there is an oil painting, by Friedrich Unger, of Christ Blessing the Children.

THE LATE PASTOR BAEHRING, ONE OF FROEBEL'S KEILHAU PUPILS.

By Eugen Pappenheim, of Berlin, Germany.

The great circle of Froebel's friends has lost its senior member. On the twenty-fifth of June, 1901, at the age of 82 years, Pastor Georg Bernhard Karl Baehring of Minfeld, Pfalz, passed gently away after a short illness. Who among us is not the better for having met this excellent man on life's way? Who did not always receive from him the impression of a harmonious personality? With a warmly sensitive heart, he united, even to the last years of his life, an active, clear, wisdom-seeking spirit; and, whether speaking to one person or to a wide circle of hearers, there poured forth in his ready words a richness of knowledge and a spirit of noblest manliness, sure to work toward "Life, Light, and Love." To this end all the longing of his soul had been directed ever since that time at Keilhau, in his boyhood, when his "never-to-be-forgotten teacher and benefactor" had enkindled it. For him, eye and heart had been closed to worldly prosperity by Froebel, who had taught him that the highest possessions of mankind were humbleness of heart, freedom of spirit, clearness of understanding and pureness of action, the ability to discourse, like John, with gentleness and meekness, and yet, when it was needful, to flame with zeal, like Paul.

Pastor Baehring undertook, as one of his life's tasks, the promulgation of Froebel's teachings and ideas; and the joyful sincerity of his service while he dwelt among us, may well be our model now that he has gone.

CURRENT EVENTS IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

The Kindergarten Association of Hillsboro, Texas, has raised one thousand dollars for a kindergarten, besides forming a stock company and building a four hundred dollar building. Miss Rebecca J. Martin of the Chicago Kindergarten College has accepted the position as director of their kindergarten.

At Oshkosh, Wis., a kindergarten was added to the normal school model department this fall. It is located in the room occupied by the first primary last year and is in charge of Mrs. Maud S. Curtis. Mrs. Curtis is a graduate of the New Britain, Ct., Normal School and of the Teachers College of New York city. The new kindergarten has had a very favorable start and is progressing finely. There are now twenty pupils in attendance.

The Mission kindergartens of Columbus, O., are full and overflowing, and pleas have come from numerous schools asking if it is not possible to have kindergartens in their immediate neighborhoods, as they are an imperative necessity in localities crowded with children.

Miss Evelyn Waldo, who resigned the principalship of the Normal Kindergarten School at New Orleans, La., has accepted the principalship of the Normal Training School at Franklin, La., and has entered upon her duties in connection with the establishment of kindergartens in the public schools, also the establishment of a free kindergarten training school. Miss Waldo intends to enter upon state work, and this was one of the reasons for her going to Franklin. She will be succeeded in New Orleans by Miss Edith Woodruff, a graduate of the Louisville training school for kindergartners and for the past three years superintendent of the kindergarten training school of Birmingham. Miss Woodruff will form one of the group of young ladies living at Kingsley House, in the Social Settlement which has been built out in that neighborhood by Trinity parish. She feels

her best work can be done among just such people as the kindergarten in the normal school reaches.

A new kindergarten was added to the work of the New York Kindergarten Association this season, making twenty kindergartens now sustained by the society, the largest number in its history. Owing to the lack of room in the College Settlement at No. 96 Rivington street, the kindergarten was transferred to No. 239 Spring street, leaving behind a large constituency. The University Settlement, seeing the situation of those deprived of former privileges, asked that one be opened in its building, No. 184 Eldridge street. With one exception, rental, light and fuel are furnished to all the kindergartens by the churches, settlements, or other organizations giving them shelter.

The kindergarten department of the Whittier House Settlement, Jersey City, N. J., has resumed work in the Whittier House annex, 143 Sussex street. This is the eighth season for the kindergarten, which is one of the most interesting parts of the Social Settlement work, and one of the most appreciated by those who look upon Whittier House as the source of many good things. Miss Stohr has been in charge for several years, and this year she will be assisted by Miss Moreley of East Orange, a new settlement worker. There are from fifty to sixty children in attendance. The kindergarten occupies the first floor of the annex.

The Connecticut Valley Kindergarten Association will hold its annual meeting in Hartford, on Saturday, November 9. Preceding the morning business meeting, Miss Alice O'Grady of New Britain will give a paper on "Children's Humor"; Miss Susan E. Blow will give the address of the afternoon.

The city of Montpelier, Vt., opened its first public kindergarten September 3, in the new school building on East State street. This building is one of the finest in the state and the large, airy room set apart for the kindergarten is thoroughly equipped with the latest and best furniture and material. There were forty children in attendance the first week. Miss Alice L. Beckwith, who organized a kindergarten at Newport, Vt., last year, is the director, and Miss Carrie Stevens is the assistant. Miss Beckwith is a graduate of the Chicago Froebel Association, Hull House, and Miss Stevens comes from Miss Page's school in Danvers, Mass.

The Friends' high school and kindergarten at Moorestown, N. J., in order to offer better facilities for the increased attendance, have erected during the summer an attractive second story to the kindergarten building, and have enlarged and improved the playgrounds. New and complete sanitary arrangements have been added to both buildings. Under the present liberal management the school has shown a steady and healthy growth. The number of pupils in the kindergarten building has increased within the last few years from ten to forty-nine. Miss Lucretia M. Gaskill, graduate of Baltimore kindergarten training school, is in charge of the kindergarten.

The new building of the Perkins free kindergarten and nursery, at the corner of St. Clair street and Sterling avenue, Cleveland, O., was dedicated September 27 with appropriate exercises. Mrs. M. E. Rawson, president of the Free Kindergarten Association, spoke of the growth of the Perkins kindergarten and of the excellency of the work which is carried on under the direction of Miss Wass. The new building is for the kindergarten class, and is an addition to the main structure, which was too small to accommodate the growing work of the school. The building was presented to the Cleveland Day Nursery and Free Kindergarten Association by Douglas Perkins. The main structure was presented to the association in 1883 by Mr. Perkins' father. The possession of the new building makes it possible to utilize the rooms formerly used as class rooms, for nursery and sleeping rooms. Since September of 1900 the kindergarten has increased its average daily attendance from fifteen to fifty-five. The Perkins kindergarten was the first one in the city and the only one without endowment until December last, when it was endowed by the Hannas to the amount of $14,000.

The free kindergarten at Perth Amboy, N. J., which is now considered a part of the public school system and is under the able direction of Miss Calhoun, opened with an attendance of twenty-seven pupils. The parents are quick to grasp the opportunities offered to their children and the kindergarten is filled to its capacity. Miss Calhoun has received application for the admission of twenty-seven more than she can accommodate.

Miss Edna Snyder, of Louisville, Ky., has succeeded Miss Edith Woodruff at Birmingham, Ala., as principal of the training school and superintendent of kindergarten work, under the auspices of the Free Kindergarten Association.

The first step towards the establishment of a public kindergarten at Janesville, Wis., has been taken and, while the promoters do not hope to do all that they would like to do this year, it is expected that the movement which has already been started will broaden until the city is provided with a few public kindergartens for which such a great need exists. At a meeting of prominent ladies of the city, held at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Robt. C. Denison, a plan was devised for the establishment of a kindergarten which will accommodate forty children. This was opened in October and will continue for seven months. It is to be supported by a kindergarten association, the membership in which is to include all interested people who are willing to contribute $3 or more for the promotion of the worthy object.

A Kindergarten Association was organized in Revere, Mass., in September and a kindergarten has been started in the Unitarian vestry under Miss Thayer, of Chelsea, with Miss L. Crosby as assistant.

A pretty and almost pathetic little story is told in the last report of the Grand Rapids Kindergarten Association. A graduate writes: —

"We are having such an interesting time with nature work. We have a great variety of tin cans, old pails, broken pitchers, and glasses in which all sorts of seeds are sleeping. The children plant them at home and bring them, and sometimes they will not tell me what is planted, they want to surprise me and see if I can guess when I see it first peep out. One little fellow came to me the other day with a beautiful bouquet of Lady Washington blossoms, and, with tears in his eyes and half averted face, thrust them into my hand. Of course I thanked him, but could not account for the evident sadness. At last he faltered, 'She would n't give me anything else, and they 're not asleep.

"I called upon his mother that afternoon, and she said that he had told her just what he wanted, that he had found an old tomato can and filled it with soil, but that she could not believe that any teacher would want such truck around, so she had given him the flowers instead of a seed.

"A few days later, however, he came, his face beaming with smiles, and in his hands his can with a calla lily bulb sleeping in it. The first morning that it peeped above the earth he held it all through the morning circle, and when he put it in the window, later, he kissed the side of the can and stood a moment with his hands spread out over the top. I think that no father ever felt greater intensity of protective love than thrilled through the little lad at that moment."

The address of Miss Susan E. Blow before the alumnæ of The Philadelphia Training School for Kindergartners on Saturday, November 2, at 1122 Chestnut street, will have for its subject, The Criteria of Development.

A kindergarten department has been opened in the public schools of Yankton, S. D., with Miss Amy Ohlman as director and Misses Laura Wooley and Maud Ohlman as assistants.

Miss Harriet H. Barnes of South Norwalk, who has been engaged by Prof. Joseph B. Tlach to assist at the West Side Institute, Meriden, Ct., will have charge of the primary classes and will establish a kindergarten in connection with the institute.

Miss Axtell's private kindergarten opened its eleventh year October 14, at Wendell Hall annex, Pittsfield, Mass.

A demand for another kindergarten at Evanston, Ill., has been so great that Mrs. J. H. Van Vlissingen will reorganize the one she superintended so successfully for two or three years. The board of education will furnish the materials and the Chicago Kindergarten College the teachers. Miss Laura Cragin will be the director. The school will open about November 7. The fund will be subscribed to by patrons at the rate of $5 per month for each pupil.

An informal reception, held September 26, marked the opening of the new quarters of the training school of the Baltimore Kindergarten Association, 1429 McCulloh street. The entertainment was given by the Kindergarten Club.

The Springfield, Mass., Kindergarten Club has elected the following officers for this year: President, Miss Carolyn S. Bailey; vice-president, Miss May L. Price; secretary, Miss Clara M. Lewis; treasurer, Miss Edith Donald.

One room of the new Chatham Academy building at Savannah, Ga., has been set aside by the trustees and board of education for the use of the Kate Baldwin Free Kindergarten. This room is furnished and equipped in the most approved manner, was open on October 1, with Miss Ophelia D. Pritchard in charge, assisted by members of the training school.

The training school at Cincinnati, O., opened this year with a large enrollment. A Saturday morning class in manual training, for public school teachers, has an en-

rollment of seventy-six, many others having promised to attend. A mothers' study circle was opened October 2 and there will be a special one year course in kindergarten work for graduates of normal schools who expect to become teachers.

The board of education of San Juan, Porto Rico, have opened a free kindergarten at the Boys' School, 15 Allen street. Miss Zillah J. Levy, of New York, who conducted the kindergarten at Beneficencia last year, will be in charge.

The free kindergartens of Atlanta, Ga., opened October 1, under Miss Madge Bingham, Miss Elizabeth de Graffenreid, Miss Emma Coulter, and Miss Hicks.

Prof. Earl Barnes began a course of four lectures on Child Study before the Brooklyn Institute, October 4. The subjects of the first two lectures were The Imagining Child and The Thinking Child. The course is under the auspices of the departments of psychology and pedagogy.

The sixth annual meeting of the National Congress of Mothers will be held in Washington, D. C., in February, 1902.

The three public kindergartens in Camden, N. J., accommodate about sixty children. Miss Frances Reynolds is in charge at Cooper school, Miss Marjorie Plaisted at Wildey Hall, and Miss Edith Anderson at the East Side patrol house. An afternoon session is held to accommodate the overflow of children.

Miss Katherine Koon, who has been the kindergartner at the South street school, Auburn, N. Y., has resigned her position to go to Havana, Cuba, where she accepts a position as kindergartner at $900 per year.

Miss Rose Dean has charge of the public kindergarten just opened by the school board at New Richmond, Wis.

The Washington Avenue kindergarten, Portland, Me., opened October 7, with over twenty pupils and more are coming. There is no doubt that the rooms will be filled to their capacity. The teachers in charge are Miss Bertha Hyatt and Miss Adelaide Kohling.

The public schools of Auburn, N. Y., opened September 9 with the addition of three kindergartens, the number now being four, each in charge of a director and assistant. Mr. Clinton S. Marsh, who went to Auburn in September as superintendent of schools, shows a ready sympathy with kindergarten work and the outlook for its development in that city is an unusually bright one.

During this summer the many visitors to Roland Park, Baltimore, have been attracted by a building in the colonial style which was gradually growing into shape at the southern extremity of the Country Club grounds. It is now completed and has been opened for the season. Over the main entrance is the name "The Baltimore Country School and Kindergarten." The building is a model of twentieth century equipment. It has seven class rooms, a large lunch room, a gymnasium, a kitchen, toilet, and other rooms, and will accommodate one hundred children. The Brooklyn Free Kindergarten Society reports that eighteen kindergartens are open, with an attendance of 969 children, the largest number on record, and each kindergarten has a long waiting list. Miss Porter is the director of the Cuyler Chapel Kindergarten. The new kindergarten lately opened at No. 1660 Fulton street, in one of the rooms belonging to the Bureau of Charities, is named the Bedford Kindergarten. Miss Mary I. Bliven is the kindergartner.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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A PICTURE PROPHETIC.

By M. R. Libby.

A humble Babe, in the humblest place
  That ever a babe was born;
Save those that were set in the mother's face,
No signs were there of the Heavenly grace
  That his matchless life would adorn.

Poor as the poorest of human kind,—
  Begotten of love, 't is true;
A manger with commonest grasses lined
Was the only cradle that love could find;
  Above it the stars shone through.

And unto him then, 't is said, there came,
  Led by the light of a star,
Wise men from countries of wealth and fame,
Men who had power and place and name,
  With gifts from their lands afar.

And they bowed themselves before the shrine
  By that Baby and mother made;
And worshiped the little life divine;
And choicest gifts from field and mine
  At his feet in offering laid.

The picture shines with prophetic light
  O'er the days that are to be;
I see earth's wisdom and wealth unite
And offer their gifts, with loving rite,
  At the shrine of infancy.

THOUGHTS FOR TOY-BUYERS.

By Laura E. Poulsson.

ONCE, the best uncle in the world (so far as one who has seen a good deal of children and uncles can judge) came home from a long stay as student in Germany to live again with his family in America. What a joy it was to have him back! How the little children who had been born while he was away delighted in him from their very first acquaintance, and how welcome were his frequent calls at their different houses!

Whatever the child's age, Uncle Herman was friend and hero. There was a joke here, a kiss there, a toss in the air, a pull of the sled, an interest in the study, a look at the sewing or fancywork,—what was n't there that could make an uncle dear and honored? When the children, some of them, had practiced their parts in a little play to be given before their parents and a few friends, who surprised them with neatly mimeographed programs, print-like in text and with a simple little picture and motto at the head? Who helped in all the exigencies of the final performance and clapped the heartiest when he could get glimpses between-times at the Alice-in-Wonderland or Kate Greenaway darlings? And who took the trouble to dress up as Santa Claus, and swelter in a fur coat and big artificial beard in the warm drawing room of his own home, at a Christmas-tree party given to all the families by the grandparents? And who kept account of all the forty-'leven birthdays in the big circle, and never failed to have some beautiful gift for each person at every birthday as well as at Christmas and Easter? It was Uncle Herman, again and again!

Such presents as Uncle Herman gave! There was so much personality about them. Geordie did not get something that was very nice in itself, but much better for Henry, his big brother. Effie and Maud had either what they had ardently wanted for a long time, or something so absolutely rare and delightful that they never could have dreamed of such a wonder or imagined that it could be theirs. And so it went. The gifts, especially those for the younger children, had generally one common characteristic. See if you can guess it if I name a few of Uncle Herman's gifts.

There were balls of every sort: the soft gay worsted one, with a bell in it, for the baby to toss, or the brightly painted big ball for him to roll on the floor; the light, bouncing ball, with or without a rubber string to it, for the small girls and boys; and base balls, tennis balls, and foot balls for the boys and girls who were growing

up toward the plays of their elders. There was a German *Wunder Knauel,* —a huge bunchy ball made of pretty worsted, lightly wound (enough to make something really useful), with tiny packages of knickknacks scattered through it, and something very choice in the middle to reward the busy worker for her pains. (This was for the oldest girl, and when crocheting was more in vogue.) A four or five-year-old, who wanted to be busy when the rest were, and to have some work as well as play, received a toy knitter, which is the present-day substitute for the spool-and-pin affair of old-fashioned childhood. With the toy knitter came a few skeins of red and green variegated worsted, and, out of these, what entrancing horse-reins and gorgeous mats could be made! Another child of about the same age was delighted with a box of selected shells, which he enjoyed laying out in rows, groups and patterns; still another, with a box of beads to string,—good-sized beads of various colors; and both boxes had such pretty pictures on them!

There were skates and sleds of all sizes and kinds; games of all sorts for outdoors and indoors: solitaire board with fascinating marbles, checker-board, letter games, authors and other card games. There were grace hoops, battledore and shuttlecock, and ring toss, for throwing and catching; dissected pictures and Chinese puzzles; tops, kites, garden tools; toy iron and iron-stand, and washing outfit; toy kitchen with a working pump; a toy churn in which a tiny pat of real butter could be made, if a child had patience enough,—and she had, again and again; a stable with horses and wagons; a farm with a separable fence; a simple playhouse, with not too fragile furniture; a rocking-horse and smaller horses on wheels or with carts; a stout little express wagon, for carrying stones and apples and all sorts of parcels in; a workbox daintily fitted up,—in these days it would have to be a workbasket or workbag; a hockey-stick, a croquet set, a pair of stilts, a velocipede, a bicycle; a toy table, with leaves that could be put down or raised, large enough for the largest doll and doll tea-set; a bed and bedding for the same important and beloved creature; a child's table and chair; a child's (not a doll's) tea-set; a substantial little rocking-chair; a child's desk of simple kind for the small individual who was beginning to want a place of his own for his special treasures, and a comfortable place for drawing, painting and writing; a blackboard for the home school-room or playroom; drawing book and pencils; a box of paints and book or block of paper; a window garden box and some seeds; a Japanese dish and some lily bulbs; hyacinth glasses and a bulb apiece for them; a rolling hoop or "hoople,"—iron for the boy and wooden for the girl, with hoople-stick to correspond (the girls used to put bows of favorite colored ribbon on the end of their "hoople-sticks"); a box of tools, few and strong, or a box containing hammer and tacks merely (and, parenthetically, some provision of place and material for their legitimate use); stout jackknives for the boys,—one blade at first, more as the

boys grew older; pearl or ivory-handled knives for the girls; and—and—well! these will do for samples of Uncle Herman's gifts.

Uncle Herman did, indeed, give a good many things, first and last. Probably not a quarter of them have been named. They would furnish ample stock for setting up an ordinary toy shop, just by themselves, if they were gathered together. But then, Uncle Herman had three big families of nephews and nieces,—two families with seven children each; and birthday and Christmas and Easter gifts count up rapidly when you allow one a year for each girl and boy, and when many boys and girls are growing up together, with one special uncle who does more than his loving duty by them all!

Has anyone guessed the particular characteristic of Uncle Herman's happy gifts?

Whatever he gave ministered to the child's desire for activity,—the boys and girls could *do something with the gifts,* and so the pleasure from them was not evanescent, but lasting. And besides, although the gifts in the aggregate were many, we must remember that each child received only his one-at-a-time share. For too many gifts, even of the best kind, are cloying. When there are too many toys, no one of them has its fair chance for developing thought and activity, and thus much power of concentration and much development are lost.

Only one or two presents, of all that Uncle Herman gave, can be recalled as failures when tested by their power of promoting the activity of the child. One was a scarlet-suited swimmer, an expensive mechanical toy, which, when wound up and put in the water, would swim about, turning its head from side to side and looking very lifelike and clever. Certainly, he was a finely constructed little fellow. Every now and then, after the water had been turned on in the bath tub for the purpose, he would be brought out of his box and his powers exhibited, and sooner or later all the members of the household were called upon to look at and admire him. It was hardly best to let the boy-owner wind the swimmer up, for the toy was "made in Germany" in days when not so many things were sent over the seas from that country as now, and it had cost a good many *Marken.* If broken, repair would have been difficult. After the family and the children of the neighborhood had seen the swimming doll perform a few times its attraction waned. All that its owner could do during the performance was to head the figure around when the end of the bath tub had been reached, and then, like the rest of the children, keep "hands off."

If Uncle Herman had seen the sand boxes that are in toy shops now, for children three years old or even younger to play with, he would have given one of those to little Susie or Baby Tom, instead of the expensive sand-box-toy with a glass front, which, after being turned upside down for a while would, when righted, show a pretty pictured scene, with a moving mill-wheel and a boy and girl actively seesawing in the foreground.

All the pleasure that the small child could get out of the latter toy was through *seeing* the motion. He could not cause the motion or understand how it was caused. If he had had the sand box (about twelve or fifteen inches long and with a wheel like a water wheel in one end), he could have had lots of fun ladling the sand up with a spoon on the steps of the wheel, thus making the wheel go around, and at the same time giving himself something to think about.

Another thing that Uncle Herman would have given to the child in the nursery, if it had then been invented, is the un-upset-able high chair, the "Kly-mup" chair, made in Chicago, into which and out of which a child capable of walking can climb alone and with safety, and which gives him much excellent exercise and endless gratification. And I am sure that, if he had ever heard of such a thing, Uncle Herman would have had made for the nursery one of those small platforms two or three steps high, for the toddlers to clamber upon, thus exercising arms as well as legs, and gaining skill and poise with growing strength.

Apropos of these reminiscences about Uncle Herman, a little sketch, translated from a German periodical "*Kindergarten,*" is appended. The author is Prof. Eugen Pappenheim of Berlin.* He also would have the test applied, before toys are bought for children: What can the boy or girl *do* with it?

Not far from my dwelling, in the third house around the corner, is a beautiful show window. I often stand before it, a delighted spectator, sometimes alone, but oftener in the midst of a happy company of girls and boys. For when the clock strikes at noon or when the afternoon school session has closed, out swarm the little folks from the schools, laden with books and slates; and one or another of these busy bees as they hasten along invariably stops here for a quiet look, while some of the others rush to the window and catch a hasty glimpse of its tempting show, and then fly on. At such times, I gladly mingle with the eager little crowd and gaze as ardently as any of them through the shining windowpane.

The whole world lies displayed before us,—God's rich creation as well as the handiwork of man. Here are lions and tigers, trees and shrubs, knights and cavalry, freight wagons and railroads, kitchen and fine lady's dressing room, theater and fort. In one corner a lady in elaborate ball costume looks with languishing eye upon the world; in another, a chubby, red-cheeked child, with nothing on but a little cap and shirt, dangles from a line.

At wonderful sights like these, what child would not dance delightedly about and shout for joy! My little fellow-gazers, cheerful and unspoiled, crowd around, all trying to see everything at once. Every one is picking and choosing,—the poorest among them, as well as those in better circumstances to whom every Christmas Eve brings laden trees, and who always find little tables richly

*See The Berlin Froebel Society, KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, June, 1900.

decked with birthday gifts at their bedsides each year.

The foolish children! I should not like to be the one upon whom a king or a good fairy should bestow the whole contents of the show window all at once! It would not be many days, in that case, before a smarting sorrow took the place of joy. I can remember clearly, even now, a toy huntsman that my father gave me as a present when I was six years old. I had wished for this huntsman a long time; and when the graceful fellow with his pretty jacket of green was really mine, my delight knew no bounds. When night came, I could not be parted from him; he had to stand under my bed to be near when I awoke. But as the days went on, what was there that I could do with him? Not very much surely. And yet, a lump of wax had been my proudest possession, the limit of my desires, for over a month; and I could amuse myself for hours lying outdoors playing in a heap of sand or with a bit of clay. What did I do with the wax, the sand and the clay, do you ask? Ah! you were never a care-free, joyous, playful child!

What a foolish fellow I am! When I see the dressed-up dolls in the shop window, I wish that I could talk to the man who offers them for sale, beguiling the hard-earned money from the pockets of the kindly parents, while the children are gratified only for the moment and are soon filled with longing again.

There is a well-known saying: "The best is"—what?—"*good enough* for the children." Has anyone ever heard the rights of children claimed more expressively? The best teachers, the best books, the best pictures, —these you have tried to obtain for your children, and you will soon be seeking the best toys that you can buy for your children's Christmas gifts. Before you set out to buy these toys, these playthings, pray stop and consider. The Creator has endowed the child with two arms and a hand on each. They are not fixed and stiff, like boughs and branches of trees, but restless and full of activity, like the soul of man. The arms are attached to the body midway between the head and heart, and these are the masters whom the arms serve. When a wish, hope, or fear arises in the head and heart, hand and arm are at once ready for action,—ready to defend, perform, create. *To do, to create,*—this desire and this power comes to us from the Creator himself in whose image we are made; and the children, our offspring, are likewise human beings and made in the image of God.

That is the secret which lies at the bottom of the children's play. If play were concerned with seeing and hearing rather than doing, eyes and ear would have been enough, hands could have been dispensed with; but the child has hands, and it is the desire and necessity to use these which makes every child delight in the chance of playing in a sand pile.

I have known of children who were not allowed to play in the sand,—being denied this simple pleasure because, as their elders think, there are much better playthings to be had for

the children of the rich, playthings much more suitable for highly-bred children to enjoy.

"Better?" There is nothing better, although there are all sorts of things that are very good. Certain it is, that the more any plaything resembles sand, wax, or clay in being *susceptible to change,* the better a plaything it is. The less elaborately individualized a toy is, the less finished and complete, and the more it admits of being changed about or lends itself to the making of other things,—the better toy it is and the more it will amuse, occupy and teach a child. A box of soldiers, a Noah's ark with its various flying creatures and cattle, are very suitable gifts for younger children. Such children like to arrange the figures in rows and groups; and a clever mother or an imaginative child will give life to each of these new arrangements by some little story. Mosaic blocks of artificial stone of one or more colors (like Richter's) are also good for younger children, who will enjoy piecing them together according to their own fancy or after a given design. If gun and sword, trumpet and drum are desired, these can easily be improvised for the occasion. A lively boy can find many things with which to represent them.

What I most delight in their having is a box of building blocks, a simple doll, and an earthen or metal cooking outfit. Here we have, above all, life, —rich life. With these things the child creates richly, making form after form. It is true that in doing these things the child is imitating us grown people largely. He cooks and builds as we do, and pets his doll as we adults do our babies. Nevertheless, in all this he is following out a purpose and attaining it somewhat; therefore I do not consider such doings as beyond his years. Such play not only keeps a child occupied; it enlivens and educates him!

But what about the stiffly dressed doll, the knightly castle, the mechanical little railway train? If anyone wishes to see *ennui* in a nursery, let him go into one where people have tried to "give the children pleasure" by means of such toys. With mere newness of color and shape, the young soul is soon cloyed. The delight which he experienced when he was looking in the shop window passes quickly away.

Little Fritz wrote on the "list" that he prepared before Christmas "a locomotive with cars." Now,—and it is only the second day of the holidays—he is wearily rolling the train across the table and back again, across and back again. How long would you wish him to keep up this monotonous occupation? He puts the cars together, first in one way, then in another; but by New Year's day he is teasing his mother with the question: "What shall I play?"

Karl has an expensive set of fine lead soldiers. He stands them, garrison fashion, inside the fort; then he puts them outside as besieging warriors. What else can he do with them? He *could* do one thing more with the fort, and as a valiant soldier he might do it well,—but—

Little Anna has received the doll

in ball costume. The little girl longs with all her heart to dress and undress the wonderful dolly; but its clothes are too elaborate, and they were not made to be taken off. She would like to wash it, to comb its hair, to take it to walk through the house and out into the garden. All this she could do with a simply dressed rag doll, a washable, "indestructible" doll; but with this finely-dressed, distinguished lady? Heavens, no! This elegant creature cares only for her dress and shoes, and must be treated in very gingerly fashion! She will not suffer any familiarities!

Stiff, heartless, inanimate human beings never become our good friends; and playthings which do not allow themselves to be used according to the changing fancies of children and do not adapt themselves to the children's small attempts at doing, will never (or at least for any length of time) become the children's friends.

Doing, creating, is the soul of the child's play. One who has not learned this is greatly astonished when he sees troops of happy children playing in villages and cities, on the streets or in open places. Rampantly active and joyful in companionship, these children have only such unformed "play material" as street and field furnish. Sticks, stones, earth, air, water, offer continual challenge to their creative power, and what they need in their play they find pleasure in providing. The same person wonders how it is that our "more fortunate" children on witnessing such a scene feel themselves magically drawn by it; while, in their richly furnished and amply provided nursery, they are continually longing for new toys.

Give your children such playthings and teach them such plays as will draw out their power to do, and their little life-weariness and satiety will quickly pass away.

Children's eyes are soon sated. When you stand before a toy shop window, think first of the children's hands.

Be embraced in love, ye millions,
  Here is joy for every one,
Far above yon sky pavilions
  Stands our common Father's throne.
Full of worship, all ye millions,
  Seek your loving Father's throne.

—*From Schiller's Ode to Joy.*

CHRISTMAS RADIANCE.

By C. Jelf Sharp.

When day draws near its close,
The liberal radiance of the western skies
O'er land and sea before our gladdened eyes
A sunset glamour throws.

And Christmas-time thus comes,
Heaven-sent, to light the evening of the year
And scatter kindly radiance far and near
Upon our hearts and homes.

Lift up your eyes, and fill
Your minds, my friends, with freely given light!
Open your hearts to radiance still more bright—
The spirit of good will!

—*Selected.*

By Fritz Koch.

When I unpacked my trunk after last summer's vacation, a small pair of wooden shoes fell into my hands, reminding me vividly of a pathetic little incident that happened during my stay in Germany. The shoes are not new ones; they had been used much by the tiny feet of their

owner, in and about the old peasant house across the street from where I lived.

How often did little Lisbeth hobble with them over the rough pavement to the dingy shop on the corner, just to take a long look at the lovely two-cent doll in the window there! And on the way home she always hugged her old stick-in-a-rag doll very fervently, either because she felt that to wish for a new baby was wronging the old one, or because she found some comfort in having the old one, at least. Still, the desire for a real doll always returned, and when I asked her one day if she would like that doll in the shop window, her face was all sunshine and she surely would have answered yes if she had not been such a shy little being.

If I had only bought her the doll at that very moment! But for some reason or other I did not, and then I forgot about the matter. This was not only inconsiderate, it was, indeed, cruel, for I had intensified the child's desire for the new doll a hundredfold.

If I had only known that which the timid mother told me afterwards, amid many tears! How, from behind the low garden wall, Lisbeth had watched me every morning when I left the house; how she would clap her little hands when she saw me approaching the shop; and how often she turned quickly about, burying her pale little face in her mother's lap, when alas! I had again passed by the shop! Truly, it never occurred to me that I was creating so much disappointment. And how many tears I could have prevented from flowing out of those dreamy eyes,—all for two cents!

Lisbeth was a sickly child. She did not play with other children, but usually found all her contentment in sitting behind the garden wall, rocking her formless stick-in-a-rag doll to sleep.

Weeks passed by after my chat with Lisbeth, and I never thought of the doll. Then Lisbeth was sick abed, and a neighbor told my mother that the child was very ill. I went to see her. There she lay in a cupboard-like affair in the wall, whose sliding doors shut out the flies—and the fresh air! The bed was soft enough, with all its feather pillows; but it was very hot, and the flies were troublesome.

When Lisbeth's mother told her that I had come, she turned her face toward me, aglow with excitement and anticipation. But this lasted only a moment; for when she saw my empty hands, her joy terminated in a painful smile, and when she turned her head to the wall, she did so to hide a tear.

Like a flash my question came back to me and I hurried away, returning soon with the two-cent treasure. Lisbeth had wept herself to sleep. So, laying the doll loosely within her hands, I went out again to get a few yards of mosquito netting, which we fastened so as to keep the flies away from the child.

In the night, Lisbeth awoke once more, and those who saw her say that her joy over the doll was indescribable. Even the doctor, a most prosaic man, was touched by the soft words

of the child, as she caressed the doll, and had to go to the window to hide his tears. She chattered for a while incessantly, telling the doll all her little troubles, and how she would take her along to heaven, and how they would never, never part thereafter. Then her voice grew weaker and finally she again fell asleep, clasping the tiny doll with all her feeble might.

When I saw her for the last time, as she lay there with her sweet but sorrowful little face, and with the white wreath encircling her head, she had in her hand the two-cent doll. Dear little Lisbeth!

DECEMBER DOINGS IN A LOS ANGELES KINDERGARTEN.

By Florence Lawson.

"It is not quite a Christmas here with this unclouded sky,
This pure, transparent atmosphere, this sun mid-heaven high;
To see the rose upon the bush, young leaves upon the trees,
And hear the forest's summer hush or the low hum of bees.

"But cold winds bring not Christmas-tide, nor budding roses June,
And when it 's night upon your side we 're basking in the noon.
Kind hearts make Christmas, June can bring blue sky or clouds above;
The only universal spring is that which comes of love."

—*Christmas in Australia.*

KINDERGARTNERS of Southern California are often asked: "What do you do for a winter program, since you have no changing seasons in your region?"

It *is* a trifle more difficult, in our climate, to secure, for instance, the Christmas cheer and spirit which seems to pervade the very atmosphere of the East during the last weeks of December. Unquestionably the crisp, frosty air of the colder region invigorates the system, and even the most modest home has its cheerful coziness emphasized by contrast with outdoor ice and snow. Our December days are full of sunshine and warmth, but in our different environment and temperature we have the same animating thought in our work. Let me tell you of what some of us did last December.

Just after Thanksgiving we sought the co-operation of the mothers by discussing plans and devices for making the thought and work at home and in the kindergarten even more of a unit than it had been. The air of beautiful mystery which was to pervade the kindergarten while the chil-

dren were preparing presents for the surprise of the parents, was to be created in the home also by the mother in her preparation for the festivities; and the mother's familiarity with the stories told was to aid in making them more interesting and impressive. With the children themselves, we led from the talk about the Thanksgiving holiday just passed to a general talk of the coming holiday. Blackboard pictures proved a point of departure for the stories of Santa Claus Land and The Great Walled Country. These stories were followed by three others: the Little Pine Tree, Why the Chimes Rang, and The Birth of Christ, these finding their reflection in photographs of last year's tree, Blashfield's Christmas Chimes, Murillo's Holy Night, and the Sistine Madonna.

The large sand pile, which is inclosed with boards, filled with river sand, and plentifully supplied with rocks and shells, was the scene of much animated work and play in the free play periods. Santa's workshop, constructed of stones and large building blocks, was filled with sets of furniture and wagons made from the Third and Fourth Gift blocks, while garden-beds of all sizes and shapes, outlined with shells and stones, stretched on either side. In some of Santa's garden-beds, balloons (First Gift balls) were springing up; in others, dolls (of peanuts, guavas, or cranberries, mounted on stick legs and dressed in leaf garments); in still others, spinning tops (of eucalyptus pods and rose hips). One group of children folded and cut paper dolls and their wardrobes, while others painted these with broad washes of color.

The story of The Great Walled Country had its representation in a somewhat similar fashion. Just outside of the great wall of mingled sand and rocks was Santa Claus' house, with its great chimney. It was constructed of the building material and the Second Gift blocks, and was a most impressive edifice. The forest (of eucalyptus and pepper boughs, gleaned from the gardener's cuttings) was truly realistic. The value of these self-planned and self-directed plays was not only in the incidental grouping, measuring, and fitting of material, but in the happy coöperation and play.

One morning was spent by the kindergartner and children in a walk through some of the streets, gazing into the decorated windows of the stores and visiting the toy departments. After this walk, the work at the tables reflected the children's experiences, through the graphic use of sticks and rings, squash seeds or small clam shells; and, with the Third and Fourth Gift in combination, also with the Fifth and the Sixth Gifts, were formed marvelous stores, wagons, engines, hook-and-ladder trucks, and oil derricks. The occupation work for this first week consisted chiefly in making fancy chains with links of alternate green and red tissue paper for the later decoration of the room. The older children did the cutting, and the younger ones put the links together.

During the last two weeks of our

Christmas preparation, the regular work was put aside for the making of presents. Our room became Santa Claus' workshop, and we became Santa Claus' helpers—such merry, happy helpers!

The presents themselves were simple, and could be made entirely by the children, without overtaxing muscles and nerves. The periods of relaxation were frequent—one of complete rest on the floor after the exercise of the march, and one at each of the table periods. The two out-of-door recesses, one spent in garden work, and the other in the swings, or on the ladders, ropes, and poles of the gymnasium, also gave a fine chance for relaxation.

The oldest children made photograph frames of heavy water-color board, painted with a design of poinsettias in a broad free wash. Red cardboard, cut into the shape of fat Japanese lanterns and decorated with India ink and gilt paint, made a combination blotter and calendar, acceptable to the father. Boxes from the paper box factory were covered with bright paper and decorated with patterns of tiny clam shells. These boxes contained sets of miniature furniture, for the brother or sister. These sets of furniture were made from oak balls or sheet yucca, with orange thorn legs and backs. The orange thorns were wound with worsted or pliable grass.

The second group of children wove wide palm strips into simple baskets or brush-broom holders for the mothers, and blotters for the fathers. The underside of a fern or pepper leaf was washed with sepia, and then carefully laid upon an oblong piece of yucca, so as to leave an impression. After the leaf was lifted, the resulting impression was retouched with a brush. This ornamented piece of yucca was then tied by a worsted cord to leaves of blotting paper, and served as a pretty cover. We preferred the cord to ribbon, because it was less expensive, and was, besides, great fun to make. The third present made by this group was a scrapbook. The children decorated the cover, and filled the book with pictures which they neatly cut and pasted.

The youngest children wove large mats of folded tissue paper strips, an inch wide, of contrasting colors and with fringed edges; or, they made cardboard pin-trays of winding-work for the mother. There was also the ever-present shaving-ball or a calendar for the father. The calendar was made of cardboard, decorated with parquetry circles, which, by a few touches of India ink, were made to resemble a string of Japanese lanterns. A fluffy worsted ball made a simple and pleasing present for the baby at home.

The indoor games showed clearly the influence of the stories and experiences. In Welcome Little Travelers, the children returned from Santa Claus land representing the different toys found there. This led to a dramatization of the stories of Santa Claus Land and The Great Walled Country. For another game, a representation of the pine forest was made (children as trees), one of these "trees" being chosen, cut down,

and erected in the play circle as a Christmas tree.

The selection of the real tree is not an easy matter, a straight, symmetrical one of fair size being difficult to obtain. We talked much with the children about the tree's journey from its home on the top of the mountains, miles back in the country; of the difficulty of getting it down the mountain side; of its long journey and final unpacking in the markets. When, at last, the actual tree really arrived at the kindergarten, we welcomed it with joy, as though it were an old friend; and we watched the carpenter with interest as he fitted it into its standard. Then came the dancing about the tree and the plans for its decoration.

As the presents were by this time finished, marked, and all ready to hang on the tree, the last two days were devoted to making the decorations and putting them in place. The tables were arranged in a semi-circle and all of the children worked together. There were paper chains of all colors, and of gold and silver; cornucopias of the large cutting paper, tied with worsted; stars of gold and silver paper; "bird cages" cut from folding paper; lanterns of large weaving mats pasted to cylinders of gold and silver paper; and strings of pop corn and cranberries, of parquetry papers and straws. It was a very gay little tree even before the presents were added; when they were on, it was fairly resplendent.

With fluffy chains of red and green stretched from the chandelier to the corners of the room, and to the centers of the side walls; with fresh pepper boughs and bunches of California holly decorating the tops of the blackboards; with vases of scarlet geraniums and brilliant red poinsettia, the Mexican Christmas flower, on the tables and in the white curtained windows, our room was ready for the parents' surprise.

Next morning, when the parents came, there was a great shaking of hands and exchange of greetings. Then, after our simple morning prayer, we sang our "song presents" for the visitors,—Clap, Clap the Hands, What Shall Santa Claus Bring Helen? Bells are Ringing in the Air, There 's a Wonderful Tree, and In Another Land and Time. A march followed, its distinctive features being countermarching, marching in circles in opposite directions, marching under arches in single file, circling in groups, tripping as fairies and striding as giants. The parents then formed a circle outside of ours, and the children distributed to them their tokens of love and affection. Finally a parting song was sung, and then the long-looked-for day was over.

The following morning we talked over all the details of the happy celebration. Then we packed the tree decorations, adding to them our offerings of toys and books, and of flowers and vegetables from our gardens. When these were all ready, the expressman called, took the boxes, and the bare but still beautiful Christmas tree, and put them in his wagon. We watched him as he went down the hill and out of sight toward the settlement. Our tree was to pass from

club to club of the settlement, carrying with it not only its own message of cheer and good will, but our contribution of good fellowship as expressed in its gay trappings. We had had our Christmas with full measure of love and its true expression in service.

THE OLD STORY OF SANTA CLAUS.

Retold by Emilie Poulsson.

Where Santa Claus lives, there is no one that knows,
Nor where Santa comes from, nor whither he goes;
But always and always at each Christmas-tide
Abroad in his sleigh does old Santa Claus ride.
He never comes out in the light of the day,
Oh! no, indeed! *Never!* That is n't his way.

He waits and he waits and he waits,—oh! until
The bright busy world is all dark and all still;
He waits and he waits till the dear children all
Have hung up their stockings, the large and the small;
He waits and he waits till the good Sleepy-heads,
With eyes tightly closed, are asleep in their beds;
Nor will Santa start till the last Wide-awakes
(No matter if hours and hours it takes!)
Are every one sleeping as sound as can be.
Ah! then good old Santa Claus chuckles with glee,
And quick to his reindeer he calls out: "What ho!
The children are sleeping. 'T is time we should go."

The eight tiny reindeer all jump at the word.
One shake of their bells, one glad clatter is heard
And there they are, harnessed; and there stands the sleigh
All filled full of toys in some magical way,
While more toys and goodies are stuffed in a pack
Which, all of itself, jumps to Santa Claus' back!
And these things all happen more quickly—just think!
Than even the quickest of winkers could wink!
For Santa Claus has magic ways of his own
And the whys, hows, and wherefores he never makes known.

Well! All being ready in one fairy flash,
Away and away do the fleet reindeer dash;
They gallop and gallop afar through the air,
On roads or on cloud-banks, it matters not where;
They gallop and gallop, with fast-flying hoofs,
Why! even up house walls and on the house roofs!
Among the tall chimneys they prance on their way,
With jolly old Santa, his pack and his sleigh.

Wherever a stocking is hung, Santa knows.
Wherever a stocking is hung, Santa goes.
And when he has come to the right chimney top,
His merry laugh signals the reindeer to stop.
He 's out with a bound and has just the right toys
To leave in this house for the girls and the boys.
No windows or doors does old Santa Claus choose,—
Those ways are too common for Santa to use.
He takes his own way to get in, I declare!
(If children could see him, my! how they would stare!)
For right through the chimney old Santa Claus pops,
And into the room where the stockings are, drops.
He fills them all full with the toys from his pack
And *fff!* up the chimney he bobs himself back.
(I told you he had some queer ways of his own
Whose whys, hows, and wherefores are not to be known.)
He 's down and he 's up, like the bounce of a ball,—
Indeed, he takes less time than no time at all!

Well! The minute he 's up and again in the sleigh,
The eight tiny reindeer go dashing away
To some other house-top and chimney; and "Whoa!"
Here, too, down the chimney does Santa Claus go.
He fills all the stockings with toys from his pack
Then *fff!* up the chimney he bobs himself back.
(I told you he had some queer ways of his own
Whose whys, hows, and wherefores are not to be known.)
He 's down and he 's up, like the bounce of a ball,—
Indeed, he takes less time than no time at all!

Well! the minute he 's up and again in the sleigh,
The eight tiny reindeer go dashing away
To some other house-top and chimney; and "Whoa!"

Here, too, down the chimney does Santa Claus go.
He fills all the stockings with toys from his pack,
Then *fff!* up the chimney he bobs himself back.
[Repeat these six lines *ad libitum.*]
So Santa keeps on; and he thinks, as he flies
From this house to that house, of all the surprise,
The joy, and delight of the girls and the boys
Whose stockings he 's crammed full of goodies and toys,
And how they will say—and this pleases him so—
"It 's just what I wanted. How *did* Santa know?"

When Santa Claus every child's stocking has found
In city and country, and everywhere 'round,
And when he has filled them as full as can be
And laughed as he thought of the dear children's glee,
Why, then, full of happiness up to the brim,
He 's off and away. There 's no more known of him
Until comes another glad Christmas time near.
Then, surely as Santa Claus ever was here,
He 'll be here again, with his pack and his sleigh,
The stockings to fill in his own merry way.
The night before Christmas he 'll be here again,
So don't you forget to be good children then,—
Go early to bed, and keep fast-shut your eyes
Until Christmas morning shall dawn in the skies;
Until Santa Claus has had time for his fun,
And big, bulging stockings show what he has done.
Then may you be happy and grateful and gay
As every one should be on glad Christmas Day.

THE CHRISTMAS CAT.

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

IT was not the day before Christmas, but the day before the day before Christmas; and Robbie was shut up in the house because there was a big snowstorm. Now that was a very hard thing to bear, because, as every one knows, the last two days before Christmas are the longest, slowest days in the year. And if one has to stay in the house and just *think*, it seems as if the time would never go by!

Robbie wandered about the house trying to find something to do. There was no one to play with, for Robbie had no brothers and only one baby sister, who was too young to play anything except "little pig toes"; and that was n't much fun for a big boy like Robbie. He looked into the play room. The toys were lying about looking very lonely, as if they would say, "O Robbie! Do come and play with us!" But Robbie was tired of all the old toys; he had played with them so many, many times. He hoped that Santa would bring him some new ones on Christmas morning, if Christmas morning would ever, ever come.

Robbie went down into the kitchen. But Katie was too busy baking the Christmas cake and pies to bother with little boys. She would not even give him a bit of dough to play with, but told him to run away and play somewhere else. Where should he play, and what should he play with? Mamma was busy with the baby, and Papa was down town in spite of all the snow. Robbie wished that he, too, was a big man who could go out of doors in spite of all the snow.

Robbie flattened his nose against the dining room window and wished that Christmas would hurry up and come. He watched the snow spreading itself smoothly over everything, just as Katie was frosting the cake downstairs. Big drifts were piling up beyond the curbstones, and he wondered if it was going to be so deep that even Santa Claus and his reindeer could not get through to fill Robbie's stocking. Supposing, oh supposing it should storm for two whole days! The drifts might be as high as the parlor windows, and then what would Santa do?

As Robbie was thinking these things he saw something black moving along through the snow on the sidewalk. It moved by little jumps, each time sinking down almost out of sight, and stopping to rest between jumps as if it were very tired. At last it came to the flight of front door-steps, which looked like a smooth toboggan-slide of snow. But the little black creature seemed to know what they were, for it hopped up on to the lowest one, and then hopped up step by step, leaving tiny tracks behind, to the landing where the snow was not so deep.

"Why, it 's a poor kitty!" exclaimed Robbie pressing his nose still closer to the pane, in order to see better. Sure enough, it was a poor, wet black kitty who had stopped to find a little shelter from the driving snow and rest on Robbie's father's steps. "Poor Kitty!" said Robbie, "how cold she must be!" And just at that moment, as if she heard him, the black cat looked up at the window where Robbie stood and said "Mia-o-u!" so sadly.

All this time it was snowing harder and harder, and already the tracks which the kitty had made in the snow were filled up smooth. "Oh, I must not let the poor kitty stay there," said Robbie, "she will be all drowned in the snow, and frozen, too." So he went around to the front door, and, opening it, called "Kitty, Kitty!" gently. "Miaou!" said the black cat; but this time it was not so sad or lonesome a word. "Thank you!" it

seemed to say, "may I come in?" "Come in," said Robbie; and the black cat walked in. She was wet and draggly, but Robbie took her up in his arms and carried her to his mamma, where she sat by the library fire. "What have you found, Robbie?" she exclaimed, in some dismay.

"I brought the poor kitty in to get warm and comfy for Christmas time," said Robbie. "You will let me keep her, won't you, Mamma?"

Mrs. Carrol hesitated. The cat was very wet and homely, and she had meant to give Robbie a pretty little kitten some day. But just then the poor hungry animal gave a howl, and Mrs. Carrol remembered how dreadful it was that any creature should be miserable and cold and homeless at the happy Christmas time. "Yes, you may keep her, Robbie. Keep her and make her have a merry Christmas."

So Robbie took the kitty down and gave her a good dinner. "But you shall have a better one on Christmas Day," he promised. He found her a basket and made her a bed beside the fire in the dining room. And there she slept all that afternoon. She was so tired, and so glad to rest and be warm! Robbie sat beside her, stroking her soft fur, and the time went before he knew it, so that it became evening and there was only one more day to wait before Christmas.

Now the next morning when Robbie woke up it was bright and fair, and he could play out in the snow all he wished. He built snow forts, shoveled pathways and had a fine time, so that he forgot to wish that Christmas would hurry up. And, before he knew, it was evening again, and time to hang up the stockings. What fun it was! Over the fireplace they tied them up, Robbie's long black stocking and the baby's short white one. Then Robbie said,—

"I must hang a stocking for the kitty, too. I don't believe Santa will forget a poor little kitty like her." So Mamma found one of the baby's smallest socks, a "teenty, weenty" bit of a thing, no bigger than a doll's stocking. "This shall be the stocking for your Puss in Boots, Robbie," she said. And they hung it right between the other two stockings,—between Robbie's and the baby's. Then everybody said good night and Robbie went to bed.

It was very, very early in the morning when Robbie opened his eyes and said out loud, "It is Christmas Day! Oh, at last it is Christmas Day!" Then his eyes opened very wide indeed and he said nothing at all. The bedposts looked so queer! He sat up and scrambled over to see. On each post at the foot of the bed was a big yellow orange. These were the first signs of Christmas, and they kept Robbie busy for some minutes. But when he had eaten one of the oranges he could not wait any longer. He ran to Mamma's room and thumped on the door. "Merry Christmas, Mamma! Merry Christmas, Papa!" he cried. "I am going to get up and look at my stocking to see if Santa really did come last night." Papa and Mamma sighed a little, for they were both still sleepy, but Mamma said: "Yes, Robbie. But you must

dress yourself before you go down, dear, and we will come down, too."

But Robbie was dressed first. He ran down to the library, and there hung the three stockings, bulgy and knobby and queer. Robbie jumped up and down. "He came! Santa came!" he shouted, "and he did not forget even Kitty." Kitty and the baby were not there, but he could examine his own stocking, at any rate. So down he sat upon the floor, and out came the "plums," one by one, as this little Jack Horner put in his thumb. First there was a big, red apple, and under it hid a bag of lovely marbles. Then there was a new game done up in a box, and a horn of candy. Robbie dived down lower and fished out a toy cart, and next there was a ferry boat that took to pieces and when set up on the floor would "go" all by itself. There was a box of dominoes, too, and a humming top. And at last Robbie reached down to the toe of the stocking where there was just one thing left. "I think it is a stick of candy," said Robbie, feeling of it. But when it came out, it was a jackknife with four blades. You can fancy whether Robbie was happy or not!

While Robbie was sitting on the floor looking over his treasures, in came Papa and Mamma and the baby. "Well, well!" said Papa, "you are rich, Robbie! And Katie says that there are more things down in the dining room, which evidently Santa could not crowd into your stocking. Suppose we take Baby's stocking down there and see what she has at the same time."

"I 'll take Kitty's too," said Robbie. So down they went into the dining room, and there lay Kitty in her basket by the fire. Robbie ran up to her with the tiny stocking. "Oh! Kitty, see what Santa brought you!" he cried. Then he stared hard into the basket where Kitty lay. "Oh-h-h!" he said, "Papa, Mamma, see what Santa has brought Kitty!"

For there, cuddled close up against Kitty's black fur, were two tiny little things mewing with baby voices; one little black kitten, and one as yellow as Robbie's hair, both with their eyes shut tight.

"Well, well!" said Mamma, "you see Santa could not put them in your stocking nor in Kitty's. So here they are, Robbie, one for you and one for her."

"One for me? One all for me?" cried Robbie. "Which one is mine, Mamma?"

"I think the black one must be Kitty's very own, because its hair is just the color of hers. And the yellow one matches you nicely, Robbie. So that one must be yours," said Mamma.

"But there is n't any for the baby, is there?" said Robbie looking sad.

"Baby is too little. Besides, she has all she wants in her stocking, see?" and Robbie's mamma pulled out a splendid coral ring, a string of bells, and a rubber doll, which the baby seized with delight, and she never once again looked at the little wrigglers in the basket.

Then Robbie took out Kitty's presents from *her* stocking. There were a pretty collar, and a bow of satin rib-

bon, yellow, which was Kitty's most becoming color. And there was a little bunch of catnip instead of candy. Santa seemed to know just what a little cat would best like. But nothing seemed to please Kitty so much as the tiny ball of black fur in her basket. And Robbie did not blame her. For, indeed, of all his Christmas gifts, the one he liked best was the yellow kitten which Santa had brought him.

"I am so glad I took you in out of the snow, Kitty," he said. "If I had n't, perhaps Santa would never have thought of giving me this dear little kitten." And I should n't wonder if Robbie were right.

"SKEEZICKS."

By Edna Southwick.

THIS is a story about a very small boy with a very long name. He was so small that sometimes his papa carried him upstairs to bed, just for fun; and his name was Robert Napoleon Marmaduke Brown. No one ever knew how he happened to get so many names, but it really did n't make much difference, anyway, for no one ever used them all at once. Most people just called him "Mr. Brown's Little Boy," and his father called him "Skeezicks."

One Christmas eve, Skeezicks sat very still before the fireplace. He had sat there on his little stool ever since supper, staring with big round eyes up the chimney. If Santa Claus would only hurry and come before he had to go to bed! Would n't Santa get his bright red coat and white fur all dirty coming down the black chimney? Which part of him would come down first, his head or his feet? "And oh! Mamma, won't he get burned when he comes down on that hot fire?" But when Skeezicks was told that Santa would not come at all till all the children were in bed and asleep, he almost cried; for he had been thinking and dreaming of Santa Claus for weeks and weeks, and he did want so much to see him.

After his mamma had tucked him up snugly in his little white bed and had kissed him good night, she and his papa went into the parlor and closed the door. They never told me what they were doing in there, but I know that they were busy,—so busy that they did not hear two little feet in red slippers coming down the stairs, did not even hear the front door open, and did not see the little

boy, all wrapped up in a great white blanket, as he went out of the door and closed it behind him.

Yes, it was Skeezicks. After his mamma had left him, he had thought that he would go out and climb up on the roof and wait for Santa Claus. "Then I 'll see the sleigh and the tiny reindeer, and may be he 'll take me down the chimney with him. I 'd better not ask Mamma; I 'll surprise her. What will she think when she hears the two of us tumbling down the chimney?" And Skeezicks had laughed so loudly it is a wonder his mamma did not hear!

And now, here was Skeezicks out in front of the house looking up at the chimney on the roof. How high the roof was, and how far away the chimney looked! It seemed almost to touch the stars in the sky. No, he could never climb away up there. There was no use trying. He would just have to go back to bed without seeing dear old Santa, after all. And again he almost cried, for he had been thinking of Santa Claus for weeks and weeks.

But just as he turned to go back a thought came into his head. "I will go to meet him!" he thought. "I will go right down the street and watch for him, and maybe he will give me a ride in his sleigh!"

Skeezicks thought this would be great fun, so he wrapped the big blanket about him more tightly, and started on a run down the quiet street. He had not gone far before he tripped on a loose end of the blanket, and down he fell, and he and the blanket were all tangled up for a minute. But he jumped up quickly and started on again. There was some snow inside the blanket now, and it made him shiver. He did not know it was so cold. "Wish I had my rubber boots," he said to himself, "and my red mittens." It began to snow. Skeezicks could not see very far ahead, but he walked on the edge of the sidewalk nearest the road and listened for Santa's merry bells.

Why did n't Santa come? It was getting so very cold, and oh! what a dreadful thing happened now! He lost one of his red slippers in the snow! He hopped about on one foot as long as he could, then tumbled right over sideways into a great bank of snow.

When he got up he had almost forgotten Santa Claus. He wished that he were at home in his little warm bed; but now he had forgotten which way he was going before he fell, so he did n't know which way home was! Yes, he was really lost. Poor Skeezicks! He stood quite still for a minute and looked up into the sky. The snowflakes fell down upon him. His face was so cold that the snowflakes did not melt as they touched him, but made him white all over; and now, at last, the tears did come, and Skeezicks fell down on his knees and prayed. "O God," he said, "please take this little boy home. He went away without asking his mother."

Suddenly, through the air, came the sound of jingling sleigh bells, and a great black horse came dashing down the street, drawing a sleigh in which sat a big fat man with a long white beard. He was all wrapped up in

furs, but the minute he saw the figure of the little white boy on the sidewalk, waving the end of a blanket at him, the big man with the long white beard stopped his horse in an instant and jumped out of the sleigh. "Bless me! bless me!" he cried; "and who are you? Who are you?"

"I 'm Skeezicks, and I 've lost one slipper; and I 'm cold, and I want to go home;" said Skeezicks. "But you could n't get down our chimney! You 're too big around."

The big man with the long white beard took the child up in his arms and getting into his sleigh, wrapped him up in the big fur robe and then started off again. By the time they reached Mr. Brown's house, Skeezicks was fast asleep, and the big man with the long white beard put him, a great white snowy bundle of boy, into his father's arms, saying, "Here 's a Christmas present for you, Mr. Brown."

And when Skeezicks opened his eyes he was all curled up in his mamma's lap before the fire, and she was rubbing his little cold feet to get them warm. "Has Santa Claus gone?" he said, and then he went right off to sleep again, to dream of all the things that Santa must have had in that sleigh.

MOLLY'S CHRISTMAS.

By Eliza Orne White.

CHRISTMAS was coming again, and, better still, Molly's cousin Priscilla and Priscilla's mother were coming also. Molly went down to the station with her aunt Mary to meet them. The station was a dingy, unattractive place, and when the man in the ticket office told them that the train was half an hour late, Molly grew very impatient. At first she amused herself by dropping a penny in a slot and getting weighed; and then she looked wistfully at another slot, where, if you dropped in a penny, you could have some violet perfume on your handkerchief. Molly did not have any money with her, and as she had already borrowed one cent of her aunt Mary she did not like to ask her for another. She tried to content herself with watching the people; but, as it was only a country station, there were very few people; and presently, when a train came, they all went off to take it except one old man. At last Molly got so tired, and the thought of the violet perfume was so distracting, that she screwed up her courage.

"Aunt Mary," she said, "will you please lend me another cent so I can have some violet perfume on my handkerchief?"

Her aunt Mary was reading the

book that always went with her whenever there was the slightest chance of any time. It was not always the same book. Sometimes it had a gray cover, and sometimes a brown or a blue one; but it always looked equally tiresome to Molly, for it never had any pictures.

Molly had to speak twice before her aunt Mary answered. Then she said, "Molly, I wish you would n't interrupt me so often. Don't you see that I am reading?"

Molly thought this was very unkind, for she had tried so hard not to interrupt, and she had only spoken to her aunt four times.

"It is something very important, Aunt Mary," she said. "Please, just this once more, and I won't ask you another question."

"Well, what is it?" her aunt said in a resigned way.

"Please will you lend me a cent so I can have some violet perfume on my handkerchief?"

"Indeed, I will not. I won't have you wasting your money on cheap perfumery. You can get something very nice for a cent,—a postal card, or a lead pencil, or a paper doll."

Molly did not care about the postal card, and she had plenty of lead pencils at home. If there had been a paper doll in the station, she would have preferred it to the violet perfume; but there was not. She did not say all this to her aunt Mary, for she had found that there was no use in arguing with her. She was very much disappointed, and went over again to the place where the violet perfume was, and looked at the slot with longing eyes. The old countryman who was waiting for the down train eyed her with interest.

"You want to see how that thing works, don't you?" he asked. "So do I, but I was kind of ashamed to try it just for myself. Put out your handkerchief, and I 'll drop in a cent."

Molly's face brightened, then she grew grave. "Are you sure you can spare the money?" she inquired. "You can get something very sensible for a cent."

The old man smiled. "Well, I 've got sensible things all my life," he said. "I 'd kind of like a change."

The old man dropped a cent into the slot, and Molly put out her handkerchief. To her great delight the perfume came down on it in a shower. If it was not so much like the scent of real violets as she and the old man had thought it was going to be, they never told each other of their disappointment.

"Thank you, ever so much," said Molly. "Have you got any little grandchildren?" she asked presently.

"Yes, two. A boy and a girl. I 'm waiting to meet them now."

"And are they going to have a Christmas tree? We had one last year. Or are they going to hang up their stockings, or have their presents in a big basket? We are going to have both," she informed him; "the stockings before breakfast, for the little things, and the big basket after breakfast for the regular presents. What are you going to have?"

"Molly," her aunt Mary called

out, "come over here"; and she added in a low voice, "You must not talk to strangers."

"But he is such a nice person, Aunt Mary, and he has grandchildren, and he was just going to tell me what they do on Christmas."

"You must sit quietly by me, Molly. Don't you see that the old man wants to read his newspaper?"

It seemed a long time to Molly before she heard the distant whistle of the engine, and then she was so impatient she could hardly wait for the train to come into the station.

"There she is, Aunt Mary!" she cried; "there 's Priscilla and Aunt Flora," and presently the children had their arms about each other's waists.

The old man was walking down the platform, with a little girl holding one of his hands and a little boy holding the other.

Molly was very glad his grandchildren had come, but she was sorry she should never know how they were going to spend Christmas. She forgot them directly, for the prospect of her own Christmas was so exciting.

"Come and look into the big basket, Priscilla, and see the outsides of all the presents," she said to her cousin as soon as they reached home.

The basket was round and very large, and it had a cover. It had been used as a laundry basket once, but for many years it had stood in the storeroom and only came out for the Christmas holidays. Molly opened the cover, and she and Priscilla peered into the depths of the basket. There were square packages and irregular ones, round parcels and mysterious looking express bundles that had come from distant cities.

"It is even nicer than a grab-bag," said Molly. "And look, Priscilla, at my present for you. Don't touch it; you might guess what it is, even although it is in a box. I was so afraid it would be broken that I put it on top of the heavy things; and I wrote on it 'This side up with care,' for the poor thing would be so uncomfortable if it were upside down. I could n't get one with just the kind of hair I wanted, but it has a very sweet expression. Oh, dear! I 'm afraid you know what it is."

"It might be a goat," said Priscilla, with a mischievous smile.

Molly laughed. "It 's lots nicer than a goat," she said.

"There 's a big square express bundle from grandmother for your mother," said Priscilla.

"It 's got lots of presents inside for the rest of us," said Molly.

"How do you know?"

"Because it always does have."

"You can't judge by that," said Molly's brother Turner, who had just come in. "You might as well have said you were sure Priscilla's hair would be loose down her back, because it always has been; and instead of that it is braided. Things change in a year. It may be grandmother has sent mother a box of patent medicine."

"Oh, Turner, you know that could n't be true," said Molly reproachfully.

Just then the door opened and Molly said, "Here is Julia!" and she flung her arms about her little friend

who lived across the way. They had not met for twenty-four hours, so they had a great deal to tell each other.

"Julia is going to spend the night with us," Molly confided to Priscilla. "And we are going to sleep three in a bed made up sideways so there will be room for us all."

Priscilla was not sure how well she should like this; she preferred to have Molly all to herself, for Julia Esterhazy always had to have things her way, and this is a very inconvenient trait in a friend when you happen to want things your way and it is quite a different way.

"I speak to sleep in the middle," Julia said, after the three children had gone upstairs for the night.

"All right," Molly said. She had hoped to have this place of honor herself, but it was glory enough to be sleeping three in a bed made up sideways even if one could not be in the middle.

"But I 've got to sleep next to Molly," Priscilla complained.

"You can't, if I sleep in the middle," said Julia.

"I could sleep in the middle, or Molly could sleep in the middle," Priscilla suggested.

"I spoke to sleep in the middle," said Julia.

"But I am Molly's cousin, and I 've got to sleep next her."

"All right. If you are going to be so disagreeable I 'm sure I don't want to sleep next you," said Julia. "I think you are a horrid thing."

Poor Molly felt very unhappy. To have her two best friends begin Christmas eve by a quarrel was tragic.

"I know Priscilla will like to sleep next you, Julia," she said, "for she is going to sleep with me for a whole week. It will be more of a change. Dear me, what a lot you 've grown, Julia! I do believe you are taller than Priscilla, and you used to be shorter. When you get your shoes and stockings off I 'll measure you."

The two little girls stood before the long, old-fashioned pier-glass and Molly put a book on their heads. It slanted a little. Julia was half an inch taller than Priscilla. This restored her spirits, and she and Priscilla made up their quarrel. Priscilla was not quite satisfied to have Julia sleep in the middle, but there seemed nothing else to be done.

Molly, Priscilla, and Julia talked a long time together; then Julia whispered a secret to Molly. This was very hard for Priscilla to bear, but Molly presently made up for it by climbing out of bed and going around to Priscilla's end to tell her a secret. It was a very nice secret and helped to comfort Priscilla. It was that they were going to have vanilla, strawberry, and chocolate ice cream mixed for dinner the next day.

Molly was the first to go to sleep, Julia went to sleep next, and Priscilla stayed awake a long time. At last she got out of bed, and, going to Molly's end, touched her softly.

"What is the matter?" asked Molly in a sleepy voice.

"I want you to wake up and talk to me. I can't go to sleep. The moon is shining in on my face so bright, and I keep hearing sleigh bells and pretending it is Santa Claus; and I keep

thinking of your present and wondering what kind of hair she's got."

"Oh, please, please, I 'm so sleepy," said Molly. "Christmas will come a great deal sooner if you go to sleep, Priscilla."

Christmas did come at last, and in the gray, shadowy morning the three little girls dressed as fast as they could and ran downstairs to the dining room where their stockings were hanging from the mantelpiece.

They got down so early that they found the dining room door locked, and Molly's mother called out, "You will have to wait a minute, children. I am helping Santa Claus with your presents. There are so many of you I am afraid he will get things mixed."

The stockings of the three little girls hung at one end of the mantelpiece, and the stockings of Molly's brother and of her older sisters, Ruth and Flora, hung at the other end. As soon as the door was open, Molly, Priscilla, and Julia rushed across the room to look at their stockings. They could hardly believe their eyes, and gave little screams of delight, for in each of the three small stockings was something alive, and over the top of each peered a furry head. The furry heads were all different. The one that looked out of Molly's stocking was gray and white, Priscilla's present was yellow, and Julia's was black with some white marks under its chin.

"Kittens!" Molly cried. "How perfectly lovely! One for Julia and one for Priscilla and one for me. Are they Nonesuch's children, mamma?"

"Yes, darling. I could n't let Santa Claus give Nonesuch's children to any other little girls."

Molly hugged her kitten tight and kissed it over and over again. Then Molly's mother said, "Now, children, the kittens must go down cellar to their mamma, for they are too young to be played with."

"Is that why Nonesuch has been going down cellar so much lately?" Molly asked. "Mamma, did you know the kittens were there, all the time, and never told me? Or did you just happen to find them this morning?"

"Ask Santa Claus the next time you see him," said her mother, "and he will tell you all about it."

Down at the bottom of the stockings were oranges and candy; but these seemed very commonplace in comparison with a dear, fluffy, live kitten!

After breakfast the presents were taken out of the big basket, one at a time, by Molly's father. The first one he took out was an oblong box. Mr. Benson read aloud, "Priscilla, from her loving cousin, Molly. This side up with care."

Priscilla stepped forward shyly, quite embarrassed to be the first, and feeling very conspicuous because all her relations, and, what was much worse, Julia Esterhazy and the two maids had their eyes fixed on her.

Priscilla took the box and fumbled awkwardly with the string.

"I 'll cut it for you," said Turner. "Don't bother to try to untie it."

He took out his jackknife and cut the string. Priscilla had felt very much afraid of him before that be-

cause he was so old and made so many jokes; but after that she felt he was kind, although he was so big, and she began to admire him very much.

Priscilla's doll was a charming person with yellow hair that was a little stiff and straight, and friendly blue eyes that opened and shut. She wore a blue cashmere gown, a gray jacket and a gray felt hat trimmed with a blue ribbon.

"Mamma and I made her clothes, Priscilla," Molly explained, proudly.

Priscilla hugged her doll tight, and at once named her "Molly." She hardly knew which present she liked best, the doll or the kitten. The kitten had the advantage of being alive, but on the other hand the doll could wear clothes.

The next present to come out of the basket was a small doll's sofa for Molly, from her father; and then came a family of paper dolls for Priscilla, from Flora. There were so many presents that it took more than an hour to distribute and look at them all. Nobody was forgotten; even the maids had a large share. Molly and Priscilla arranged their presents together on a table, and Julia piled hers up on a chair. Molly had three small dolls, and Priscilla had the large one Molly gave her and one other, while Julia had four. The table and the chair were heaped with books and games and toys.

"I am so sorry I can't put my best present on the table," Molly said, when she was showing her presents after dinner to her great friend, Miss Sylvia Russell.

"Why can't you, dear? Is it too large?"

Molly laughed. "Oh, no, it 's small enough; that is n't the trouble. It is too young; it has to stay with its mother. Oh, Miss Sylvia, it is the loveliest present! You can never guess what it is. It is a live, furry, purry kitten."

Miss Sylvia had come to take the children on a sleigh ride. Molly thought she looked more like a fairy princess than ever, in her long dark blue coat trimmed with fur, and her fur-trimmed toque over her yellow hair.

That was a delightful drive. Molly and Flora sat on the back seat with Miss Sylvia, while Priscilla and Julia sat in front with the driver. They went over snow-covered hills, and beneath snowy pines and hemlocks, and along by the river, where Ruth and Turner were skating with some of their friends. Molly was sure there had never been such a merry Christmas since the world began. She was sorry to have it over; sorry, when she went to bed, to think that there would not be another Christmas for a whole long year.

"Don't you wish Christmas came every week, mamma?" she asked, as her mother was tucking her and Priscilla up for the night.

"Every week! No, my dear, I do not. If Christmas came every week we should have nervous prostration, Santa Claus and I."

JAMIE'S INVENTION IN STICK-LAYING

By Emilie Poulsson.

I made a little Christmas tree,—
It was n't hard to fix;
A long, long stick,—*that* made the trunk,—
The boughs were shorter sticks.

And shorter yet, and shorter yet,
For higher boughs I took;
Till like a pointed Christmas tree
My tree began to look.

It was so pretty and so green,
I thought I 'd trim it, too;
And so I took more tiny sticks
Of yellow, red and blue,—

These were the candles that I put
Along on every bough.
(I 've seen real candles on real trees,
And so I knew just how.)

And then before it came the time
To put the sticks away,
I made a picture of my tree
That I could keep all day.

Teach your child that every one
Loves him when he 's good and true,
But that, though so dear to others,
He is doubly dear to you.

—*Miss Blow's Mottoes and Commentaries.*

GAMES IN DETROIT KINDERGARTENS.

By Clara W. Mingins.

For Precision or Self-Control.

With Balls.—Let child bounce large ball five times, catching it each time with both hands.

Same, catching with right, and then same, catching with left hand.

Same, throwing ball up in air.

Let child bounce ball to this rhyme:

"One, two, buckle my shoe,"

catching the ball after the counts and after shoe, and driving the ball down with one hand on the last three words. Continue through rhyme. A child will work hard to accomplish this.

Lay ladder on floor and let child, at side of ladder, bounce ball into each opening successively without touching ladder.

Same, using rings of the ring toss game laid in a row.

Same, catching with one hand.

Other exercises:—

Throwing up and catching one or two balls.

Throwing ball to floor and beating it down repeatedly.

Teacher bouncing ball to child.

Same, letting ball bounce two or three times.

Bouncing on floor and against wall.

Bouncing in holes of ladder, or in rings (not necessarily in successive holes or rings).

Bouncing ball twice in center of circle and letting child run to catch it.

With Bean-Bags.—Place ladder in horizontal position, ends resting on seats of two small chairs. Let child stand four feet in front of the center of the ladder and toss a bag into each opening.

Same, with ladder in vertical position, one long edge resting on floor.

Let children stand in circle or straight line, teacher in center of circle or in front of line. Let her order the bag to be caught at first in both hands, then with right or left; then let the children (fifteen at a time,—not too many) take turns in catching the bag thrown by the teacher over her head with her back to the child, the child returning the bag in like manner and the teacher facing about to receive it.

Other exercises:—

Throwing bean-bag between teacher and child, forward and overhead.

Throwing up and catching.

Throwing into holes of ladder.

Throwing through ladder holes, right to left, up and down; ladder flat, on chairs, on edge.

Passing bag from hand to hand up and down through ladder.

Throwing bag back and forth between two lines.

THE GAME OF RING TOSS—JUSTICE, ATTENTION.

By courtesy of Mr. Wales C. Martindale.

True Aim, Training of Eye and Hand.
Ball is to be Thrown through the Ladder Spaces.
By courtesy of Mr. Wales C. Martindale.

Same, using the ladder.

Miscellaneous:—

Follow the leader.

Do as I do.

One, two, three, roll.

Marching,—single file, by twos, fours, etc.

Racing to place, Indian clubs.

Merry-go-round.

Still pond.

Games of Agility.

Flag race.

New post office.

Spin the platter.

Days of week.

Punching ball across circle.

Bean-bag races,—placed in rows, carrying from chair to chair, placing on or under.

Racing to place, tenpins or Indian clubs.

Spoon and potato race.

Passing bean-bag around circle.

Passing bean-bag hand to hand.

Passing bean-bag down two lines.

Racing to end of room and back.

Obstacle race.

Poise, Courage, Self-Reliance.
By courtesy of Mr. Wales C. Martindale.

Musical chairs.

Vaulting tables.

Rope and bag.

To music.—jumping, running, hopping, skipping.

Cat and Dog.

Looking for lodgings.

GAMES OF GRACE.

Rhythmic movements, — dancing, swaying, clapping, etc., in marching.

Apple Tree Dance, — Singing Verses for Children. Coonley.

Grandma Told Me,—Small Songs for Small Singers. Neidlinger.

Let us play we 're old folks, too,—Small Songs for Small Singers. Neidlinger.

Heel, Toe,—Polka.

In and Out, Up and Down,—Singing Verses for Children. Coonley.

GAMES OF STRENGTH.

London Bridge.

Tug of War.

Pulling two and two.

Racing.

Vaulting.

Lying on floor and rising with hands on chest.

Jumping down from chairs.

Pulling imaginary chest exerciser.

SIMPLICITY AGAIN.

BY KATE KINCAID.

WE are all more or less familiar with tourists who go through Europe, notebook in hand, scarcely looking at the objects of interest, so busy are they with their pencils. Not long ago I happened to be sitting near one of these harmless individuals on the deck of the steamer as we went slowly up the Clyde to Glasgow. The channel of the Clyde is extremely shallow, and great precaution is necessary in threading it. In fact, on all projecting points of the bank are the words "Dead Slow" printed in great letters, that the officer in charge may not be over-zealous in his efforts to reach the city. My traveling companion glanced up, and, seeing the first of these signs, asked its meaning. An officer standing near answered, with more humor than veracity: "That 's the name of the dock." Down went the words in the little book. We all smiled quietly to ourselves; but the words "Dead Slow" have remained with me. Would they not form a good motto for kindergartners to adopt in the first of the year?

Everything is new to the little people in our care; merely to be with so many children is exciting; and if we add the working with a multitude of objects and materials, surely this provides more than their minds are able to grasp. Let us not, by being heedless of this, prepare the little one for a nervous breakdown when he is older.

"But he enjoys it?" Bless me! yes. Are we not all hungry for excitement? But is it a healthy appetite?

Surely the child who goes home

at the end of the first week with a confused jumble of "sunflowers," "kicking babies," "thumbs and fingers," "marching," etc., has not been helped physically or mentally. Neither is it necessary that one should wait until a child of three has grasped any one thing in its entirety before proceeding to something else. Life is far too short for that; and surely the accumulating of songs, stories, ideas from the Gifts, etc., should fill the year, not the first few days.

Undeniably, if there is one thing more than another that chills the heart of a kindergartner, it is to see a bored look come over the face of a child. It makes one feel as though she had mistaken her vocation entirely, and had better go to a commercial school and learn typewriting. It is far more interesting to have all the children at her table intent upon what is being done, their cheeks pink and eyes dancing with excitement. Then her heart swells with honest pride and she feels that she is not living in vain. And to an extent this is true. It is a beautiful thing to have the power to hold and interest a child, but let us not give the children too much, or make them more intense than they naturally are. Better, fifty times better, to have a child look bored and unresponsive, than to send him home to his mother, tired and worn out in mind and body, and cross because of the monotony of the home after the novelty of the kindergarten. Let us sum up the perils and the needed caution in two words and say to ourselves, "Dead Slow."

POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

When the wise man, with senseless civility, made first a big hole for the cat and then a small one for the kitten, the action of one of the parties concerned may be guessed with tolerable accuracy. It is morally certain that the kitten snuffed round the smaller hole and continued to follow her parent through the larger. It is not otherwise with the volumes of poetry for children which parents buy and children don't read. Because a lamb and a bird and a flower are small and young and innocent, it does not follow that a child — already a little impatient of the same qualities in himself — should find them interesting. On the contrary, he is sure to be absorbed in battles, ships, and sieges, or in railways and engines; and he leaves to his mother — who can never have enough of young things — the lamb with "its innocent call" and the "Sweet Joy but two days old," and whatever else is young and soft and inarticulate. In the meantime he himself keeps the bridge with Horatius, or — good Englishman and recently breeched — he leads, "the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows," or, if works of the right kind grow on the nursery shelves, he learns the easy galloping verses of Bonnie Dundee, and takes the Border Minstrelsy to bed with him.— *Selected.*

THE HAPPIEST DAY.

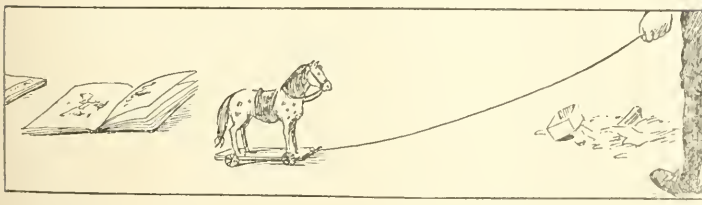
R. J. Weston. Mildred J. Hill.

1 Of all the days of glad - ness, We lit tle chil - dren say That
2. And yet it is not on - ly Be-cause of gift and toy. That

none is half so hap py As mer - ry Christmas day. With
Christ - mas time is hap - py; For sweet - er is the joy That

stock - ings in the morn - ing, And Christmas tree at night, And
ev - 'ry one is lov - ing And kind to all the rest, Re -

all the glad sur - pris es, The se crets brought to light
mem - ber ing the Christ Child, The lit tle Christ-mas guest.



This page is a much diminished reproduction of a page in Holiday Songs and Every Day Songs and Game by Emilie Poulsson, published by Milton Bradley Co.

THE PERFECT DAY.

I have done good work; I have seen a friend
  Who cheered me with cordial look;
And I found a sweet half-hour to spend
  With a child, and a rare good book.

What more could I ask than this, I say?—
  A book—a child—a friend,
And my honest work! 'T was a perfect day,
  From dawn till the starlight end.

—*Grand Rapids Press.*

SOWING TARES. A HOME OBSERVATION.

By Alexis C. Ferm.

IT was playtime after supper and the four children—nine, seven, five, and two-and-a-half years old respectively—were in the music room with their mother and several other adults. A friend was at the piano, singing some of the children's play songs. When she played the Shoemaker, the three older children each had a shoe on her lap and, as they sang, they made the motions of nailing and sewing.

These motions called forth praise and laughter from the adults, the five-year-old receiving particular attention. The nine-year-old, finding that she could not do it as "cutely" as the others, stopped in disgust. The two-and-a-half-year-old, who had been playing by herself in another part of the room, happy in feeling her power to do, soon noticed what was going on and so sat down to imitate the others.

Her motions were so "cute" that they drew out unbounded praise, attention and laughter. This, she had observed, was what the children received, so she wanted some of it for herself. Consequently, her doing was mere acting. There was no joy in the doing except as it brought praise. She was amusing an audience and she did it well. All good actors, as such, deserve praise.

But is praise what we wish our children to work for? Will working for praise bring out their finer qualities? Do we want them to enlarge their lump of conceit?

When children so treated have grown into adulthood and have lost all joy in doing for the sake of doing, we are likely to deprecate the show of desire for praise. Would it not be well for us to bear this in mind when we have the inclination to laugh at a child's doings, and thus divert him from his concentrated effort to do for the sake of doing, and learning to know his powers?

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS' SONGS in The Song Knapsack has a hearty Christmas ring to it, especially in the chorus. It is called The Christmas Welcome. We quote a part:—

"When the summer time is passed and the harvest housed at last,
And the woods are standing bare and brown and sere,
When the frost is sharp at night, and the days are short and bright,
Comes the gladdest, merriest time of all the year."

Chorus—

"Shout, boys, shout the hearty welcome!
Greet old Christmas with a roar!
He has met us with good cheer for this many a merry year.
And we hope he 'll meet us all for many more."

Sung to the old war tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," by a hundred lusty-throated men, it would be stirring, indeed; and if the verses bring to us a thought of our thousands of soldiers keeping their Christmas in sunny lands far from home, the thought will not come amiss. We shall, most likely, send them nothing tangible, and they may never know that we think of them; nevertheless, a little remembrance and good will sent out into the air, as it were, by whoever has these feelings in heart here at home, may get wafted around to the Philippines and to Porto Rico, and add a little to the Christmas-y feeling and give an unaccounted-for warmth to the Christmas memories of our exiled soldiers.

A Merry Christmas to all! May the spirit of Christmas-tide spread farther and farther over our everyday lives as each year goes by!

SANTA CLAUS seems to have brought a plentiful supply of kittens for the little people this year, according to the charming Christmas stories contributed to the REVIEW by Miss Abbie Farwell Brown and Miss Eliza Orne White, for each story contains a kitten incident. But who would have had the heart to turn either family of these new-born kittens,—"furry, purry," Christmas-story kittens,—out in the cold at this joyful season, even if they were born only in manuscript?

THE RIGHTEOUS CONQUEST of the Chicago teachers over the defrauding stock companies is a cause for serious rejoicing because it shows what can be effected under apparently impossible conditions, when the power of Right is wielded with courage, judgment and persistency. Because of that deed of the Chicago school teachers, other wrongs will be more easily overthrown. Honor to Chicago! When the "I Will" of her citizens is directed to the glorious Right, Chicago forges ahead, a magnificent spectacle, and mighty for good, for the rest of the world.

THE LATEST REPORT of the Commissioner of Education, like its predecessors, is full of strongly compacted information and writings of absorbing interest. Among the subjects receiving prominent treatment in connection with Education in Central Europe, is that of Child Labor, the subject being brought forward under the caption of Children's Claim Upon Childhood,—that is, upon their own childhood. As we of this country are now undergoing a revival of child labor (in Southern cotton mills backed by Northern capital), this is a good portion of the report for us to devote special study to.

Again, how eminently to the purpose is it to have just at the present crisis in English school matters, a résumé of the state of education in Great Britain and Ireland! How convenient to have a "brief conspectus of the system" and a clear statement of the present "urgent problems" put before us, with two or three reprints of enlightening addresses by English educationists, by way of real flavor. To those who have not had the opportunity of following the course of recent educational affairs in England, this chapter and the one on English Secondary Schools for Boys will be of particular service.

About kindergarten specifically there is an article translated from the *Dresdner Anzeiger,* by Baroness von Bülow Wendhausen, in reply to certain opponents of the kindergarten in Germany. In this article valuable information is given about the spread of the kindergarten in each of the European countries and in various parts of the civilized world, even the most remote.

Other topics treated at length are Education in Porto Rico, Truant Schools, Educational Extension in the United States, High Schools and Libraries. There is also a continuation of the history of education in the South, the common schools from 1830 to 1860 being considered.

COMPLAINTS AGAINST "THE CHILD" have been rather frequent of late. He is accused of trying to squelch all in-

dividuality out of his brothers and sisters. It is said that he does n't like what they like, and won't play what they want to play; that he is priggish, goody-goody. His "best literature," according to some complainers, is of a gentle, proper sort, mostly in rhyme and not at all "bluggy" or funny, as the real children want it.

Every once in a while, some one says or writes: I am dealing with a family of *real* children and I find them quite different from "the child." I tried to read to my children something that "the child" is said to like; and they did not like it. I tried to tell them stories approved for "the child"; and they would none of them. "The child" is said to be thus and so; my children are not at all "thus" and a great deal more "so." "The child" is a humbug. Out upon him!

But is "the child" to be decried altogether? The caviled at, non-existent yet recognizable, typical child represents what has been learned about the nature of children by generations of parents and educators as they have lived with flesh and blood, individual children. And certainly, generalizations based upon many instances are better than generalizations based upon a few. "It takes a thousand cases to make experience," say the doctors.

Because "the child" is typical, degrees of variation,—some extreme variations,—in individual children are presupposed. Is it not more reasonable to base a judgment as to what children in general like or need upon what has been found out through observation of many Johnnys and Marys, rather than to generalize from the particular observation of one Johnny and Mary?

A consideration of "the child's" desires, needs, and characteristics does not debar from a rightful consideration of the special desires, needs, and characteristics of individual children. On the contrary, it enforces individual consideration and aids us in understanding, gauging, influencing, providing for, and affiliating ourselves with children. For instance, as regards children's liking or not liking the best literature. "The best literature," even for children, is a wide term. All children do not care for every piece of "the child's" best literature, any more than every grown-up person, even among those of literary taste, will enjoy every variety or specimen of the world's good literature. The best literature, either for children or adults, is not all metrical, legendary or of a mild and gentle sort. If one thing in the best literature will not suit, something else, as good but different, will. Choosing from the wide range of "the child's" liking, we shall be more apt

to come upon what our particular children will like than if there were no ascertained knowledge as to what, in general, children do like;—*i. e.*, what "the child" likes.

"LIGHT TWO CANDLES WITH ONE MATCH" was the prompt answer, when a kindergartner was asked if she could suggest a non-murderous substitute for the old proverb, "Kill two birds with one stone." Is n't this good enough for general adoption?

TAKING time by the forelock, we wish to suggest to our readers abroad, and especially to those in the British Isles, that next spring would be a particularly fortuitous time for kindergartners and other teachers to come to Boston, because of the prospective meeting of the International Kindergarten Union in this east coast city. Think of the nearness of Boston to the cities over the sea,—a distance of but a few days and not so very many dollars! The convention will be a thousand miles nearer to our English friends than it was last year. A large representative body of American kindergartners attends the I. K. U.; notable persons make formal addresses; kindergartners of acknowledged power lead the discussions; and in no other way could a foreigner get, in a short time, a comprehensive and vivid knowledge of the American kindergarten work and workers, as by attendance at this annual meeting. We are sure that a hearty welcome will be accorded to any of our English cousins who will venture upon the expedition.

A LITTLE WHILE IN KINDERGARTEN.

BY FLORENCE GLEED TEARE.

ALTHOUGH our kindergarten was always full (a chronic condition in free kindergartens), we could always stretch out and make room for one child more. In fact, our kindergarten and all its contents were extraordinary when it came to the matter of stretching. For instance, our supposed number of pupils was forty, while our real number, through some elastic power, was usually forty-five. When it came to luncheons, this elasticity seemed again to be strongly in evidence; for I have known one banana actually to allow itself to be cut into over forty pieces.

I remember, too, the day when three small oranges allowed the same operation to be performed. The latter operation, to be sure, was a trifle more difficult than the one with the banana, and (pardon me if I speak with a certain degree of pride!) could be performed by an expert only.

Once, when Millie's grandmother came from far-away sunny Italy, she gave Millie two small figs. Millie straightway brought the treasures to kindergarten and announced that we should have a party.

Now Millie was very business-like in everything she did or said. Consequently, when she announced that we should have a party, I felt quite sure that the party would follow; but the figs were so very, very small! And still, when two clear blue eyes like Millie's look up and say that, with the tiny gift, is offered the child's very heart, you find that you do not even dream of saying, "Oh, bother! Figs are too sticky!"

No, you just open your long-suffering penknife, glance around, and find that the blue eyes and many other eyes are looking on with evident approval and satisfaction; and, by this time, having gained the much-needed confidence, the cutting is begun—and finished, too, in perfect silence. Now this silence is very unusual; so, as the last cut is made, a deep sigh of relief is heaved, either in recognition of the fact that no finger tips are mixed in with the bits of fig, or else because the penknife had not folded itself up, as it often did, before the task was finished.

I think that the sigh must have been given for one of the above-named reasons; for I do not think that a single child feared, for a single moment, that there would not be enough of the fig for all. Yes, we certainly had enough, although perhaps the bits of fig were difficult to see with an untrained eye. But the spirit of participation can make any feast a right royal one.

Millie belonged to a rather remarkable family, the oldest member of which went by the name of Joe Cuppel. Next in order of age came Tommy; but when I enrolled him as Tommy Cuppel they told me that I had made a mistake, that his name was not Tommy Cuppel but Tommy Roxie.

When I went to headquarters to see, as I supposed, Mr. and Mrs. Cuppel, I found that the parents of Joe and Tommy were Mr. and Mrs Castragnanio. This name was certainly rather a long one, and perhaps a trifle hard to handle. As far as I could make out, Mr. and Mrs. Castragnanio desired to give various surnames to their descendants. After Tommy Roxie came Millie Deni; but at this point the supply of names seemed less than the demand, and Mr. and Mrs. Castragnanio went back a little and used names more sparingly. They called the next arrival simply Deni, and the next after Deni, plain Roxie.

It seemed quite plain sailing until, one day, twins presented themselves. The parents were then at a loss; for although they named one of the twins Cuppel before he was twelve hours old, they seemed quite unable to decide upon a name for the remaining

twin, even after long and serious deliberation, and with help from the neighbors and myself; and they always spoke of him as The Other One. I write the title with capitals, as it was the only approach to a name that the little fellow ever had while I knew the family.

My great difficulty with the twins was that I never could tell which was Cuppel and which was The Other One, for to me each looked more like the other than like himself. But it is safe to say that Cuppel and The Other One were a couple of very sweet brown-eyed babies. Before very long, however, they were hustled out of babyhood; for George Washington Castragnanio demanded recognition.

The name of the last baby showed that Mr. and Mrs. Castragnanio were becoming quite Americanized, which was, I think, chiefly due to Millie's patriotic spirit. One day I held up a new flag in kindergarten and Millie exclaimed, "O children, see the nice United kindergarten flag!" I imagine that Millie named George Washington Castragnanio. When last I saw Mr. and Mrs. Castragnanio they were talking of going back to Italy to visit relatives, and they proposed to take with them Joe Cuppel, Tommy Roxie, Millie Deni, Deni, Roxie, Cuppel, The Other One and George Washington Castragnanio, if they could procure reduced rates.

Application to enter the kindergarten was usually made in the following formal terms: "Say, kin I bring anudder kid along wid me?" It was in this way that Frank made application for his little brother Louie.

Now some one may say, and perhaps justly, too, that we should not have allowed this manner of speech. In defense, I can only aver that it was the fashion of the neighborhood long, long before the advent of our kindergarten; and don't you know that in speaking of matters which are of deep importance, we are apt, in spite of a little newly acquired polish, to fall back into first-learned ways?

I told Frank that we had no chair; but in answer to this he said: "I 'll sit on the soap box and he can have mine." The soap box was a reserved seat which was frequently pressed into service. Frank next added, with the skill of a diplomat, "Gosh, but he 's a funny kid! You know, Miss Beth, his legs ain't never growed." This of course settled the case, for certainly a little cripple could never be refused; and from Frank's words I quickly understood that the little brother must be deformed.

Frank brought the soap box out of the cupboard, and placed it in readiness for the next morning. But when the next morning arrived Frank came alone. When questioned about Louie he said that he "could not make him wake up." He came alone for several mornings, and always gave the same reason for Louie's non-appearance.

One bright, cold morning, however, Frank came bounding up the stairs and into the rooms in the wildest spirits imaginable,—nevertheless, alone! Upon this particular day I think that even Louie was forgotten, for Frank

was happy in the possession of a new baby sister!

He went into raptures over the smallness of her hands, feet, ears, eyes, nose, and so forth. To hear Frank's description of the dear little stranger one would have thought that such an event as the arrival of a new baby was of rare occurrence in the neighborhood.

I have often noticed that even if the new baby is unwelcome to the parents, it is to the other children of the family the all-important member. Now in the neighborhood of this kindergarten there exists an unwritten law to the effect that a new baby brings a visit from the kindergartner. Consequently the kindergartner had every opportunity of being well acquainted with the families.

Well, the morning passed quickly and happily, as mornings have a habit of doing in kindergarten, and more than once I saw admiring eyes wandering in Frank's direction. Of course, on this particular day Frank stayed to help put things away; but that was soon accomplished, and a few moments later we were traveling up and down side streets and back alleys to Frank's home. I use the word home not merely because it is more poetic than house, but because, since six other families were sheltered by the same roof, it is also more definite.

When our destination was reached, I noticed a quantity of straw lying around; and Frank remarked that he supposed some one had moved out. The straw seemed to him evidence enough.

He was right, for in the front yard stood a mass of furniture which looked as though it had seen better days. Rooms in this neighborhood must have been very desirable, for they seldom stood empty over night. This sad-looking pile of furniture was waiting to be carried in, although the last article belonging to the late tenants had only just been carried out. We were about to start up the stairs when a voice called: "And is that yourself, Miss Beth?"

I turned back to affirm that I was myself, and saw that a woman had emerged from the pile of furniture. She carried a large doughy feather bed, whose sole object seemed to be to get away from her, and a few smaller articles. She was meekly followed by her meek husband, who was laden with a lamp and an empty soap dish. A glance at either husband or wife was enough to convince one that the soap dish had long been empty.

During the conversation that followed, I asked the wife why she had decided to move again so soon, for I knew that less than a month before I had seen her in the same plight; and she answered, pointing to the meek-looking man: "Well, he was out of work, and I thought he might as well be doing something." Then, not quite satisfied with her reasoning, she added: "And another thing, we have got to have a little change once in a while if we is poor."

I knew that by the claims of friendship I was expected not to go up the stairway empty-handed, so I took a picture and Frank took the teakettle. I led the procession, for although the

owner seemed now to have a pretty firm grip on the feather bed, I did not know but that at some unguarded moment it might break loose; and in that case I should not care to be behind it on the stairway. We parted at the door of the new home, and my friend was profuse in her thanks.

The opposite door on the same landing led to Frank's home, which we now entered. As we did so, Mrs. Jerach, Frank's mother, reached out her arm and made a frantic dive for the chair nearest the bed. This she dusted off with the corner of the pillowcase and I was then invited to sit down. The windows and doors were all securely fastened, and a kettle of cabbage, which was boiling on the red-hot stove, made the air rather heavy. But when the baby, strapped to a board, although not yet twelve hours old, was placed in my arms, I forgot the heavy air, I forgot even the odorous cabbage.

The baby was a dear little thing, as babies always are. Frank showed me her wonderful accomplishments and attractions, all of which I greatly admired. This being done, I inquired concerning a queer looking bundle which lay at the foot of the bed, and was told that it was Louie. I lifted up the shawl, and saw a sleeping child with rosy cheeks and long, very long, black eyelashes. Then with broken English, broken Italian, and strange wild gestures, Mrs. Jerach and I conversed. We often called upon Frank to act as interpreter, otherwise we should have made little headway. Millie used to teach me Italian; but, when I came to talk it, the only word I could remember was the one for chair!

Among other things, I learned from Mrs. Jerach that little Louie, deformed as he was, made the greater part of the income of the family by singing in saloons in the evening; and that he was often carried home, sound asleep, by his father.

Our feelings are often expressed in our faces, for although I had said nothing, Mrs. Jerach, half in defense, half in apology, exclaimed: "What a can do? Got a so much a trub! Got a man, but got a only one a leg!" Poor soul! she certainly had "Got a so much a trub," and she poured out a long tale of family miseries in my ear; but still the family had managed to live, in one way or another. They had sometimes received help from "the city,"—that very wonderful institution which is often expected to furnish everything, from shoes to real estate. But when Louie began to show his wonderful ability in singing, he was taken to saloons, where he was quite generously paid for the entertainment which he furnished, and so the family grew more prosperous.

Poor little child! he was kept up half the night, and only carried home after he had fallen into a stupefied sleep, brought on by breathing air filled with smoke and the fumes of liquor! Usually, he slept on until the afternoon of the next day, and when I came to know him I never looked into those bright eyes without wondering why they were not dull and heavy. One would surely expect them to be, considering the life the child led.

Frank had grown tired of his mother's and my conversation and was refreshing himself upon some green peppers which were in a barrel of brine on the other side of the bed. I asked Frank if they did not burn his tongue; whereat his mother, thinking, I suppose, that I, like herself and family, had a very "strong weakness" for peppers, gave some order in Italian. Frank darted into the next room and quickly returned with a large fork and a rather soiled looking towel. Mrs. Jerach took the fork and poked around in the barrel with it (the barrel was conveniently near the bed); at last, growing impatient, she dropped the fork, rolled up her sleeve, thrust her hand into the barrel, and brought up a handful of peppers.

I was at first quite interested in the proceedings; but my interest turned to dismay when, a few minutes later, I found that the first handful and several other handfuls were to be done up in the towel and presented to me. I accepted the gift, but had vague misgivings as to what I should do with the watery bundle when I boarded a street car!

We sometimes think too much of the actual value of a gift and too little of the spirit in which it is offered. In this case, I would have been willing to dispense with the gift, while valuing, in all sincerity, the spirit in which it was offered.

Mrs. Jerach had the pickles speedily wrapped up,—first in the towel and then in newspaper,—and with the damp bundle on my arm, I soon made my farewells and set out for home.

To be continued.

RECENT LITERATURE.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS REVIEWED.

THREE CHOICE BOOKS.

THE LONESOMEST DOLL. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $0.85.

If there is some little girl (preferably a lover of dolls) whom you would like to make happy over and over again, give her this prettily illustrated, well printed, and really low-priced book. The little girl will revel in the contrasts of princess and porter's child, of the magnificent, lonesomest doll and the much-loved wooden dolls; in the treasure room of the castle, the adventure with the robbers, and all other things romantic and mediæval. She will enjoy the naturalness and originality of the story in its setting of ancient forms and scenes. And she may feel as the reviewer does when reading it,— as if she were quaffing a draught of clear, sparkling water from a little silver drinking cup, battered but quaintly jeweled, of some child of long ago.

GALOPOFF, THE TALKING PONY. By Tudor Jenks. With illustrations by Howard R. Cort. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. $1.00.

Could anyone conceive a dearer, cleverer little story than this? Galopoff is a wonderful Russian pony, a tiny creature, who, after a life of possible and impossible adventures, comes to live with an American family. With the children he is a talking pony, and, to their astonishment and delight, tells them tales of his career. The story is brimful of fun and sense,— some of it "horse sense," but none the worse for

that. Pat, the stableman, is a racy individual, and the little girls are of the right sort, natural and winsome. While unfailingly lively and captivating, the book touches with a delicate ethical force on many little points that Russian ponies and little girls sometimes go astray upon, and these touches cannot miss being appreciated. One who buys this book for reading aloud to children, gives himself a treat in the bargain. *The Outlook* reviewer was so bewitched by Galopoff's charms, that, after reading part of the book to his children, he at once ordered a dozen copies for the pleasure of giving them away. It would be difficult to find a flaw in the story, unless it were in the Gudgins episode. That does not ring on the same clear pitch with the rest. However, that is a small matter. As for the pictures, you can't possibly resist buying the book if you look at them!

THE VIOLET FAIRY BOOK. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50 net.

An association between fairy tales and prisms seems natural, and Mr. Lang, in the happy naming of his fairy books after the prismatic colors, has now made use of at least five. The tales in the violet book are drawn from remoter sources, perhaps, than those in previous collections; but there is no depreciation in the quality of the stories and no evidence of mere book-making. Roumania, Servia, Scandinavia, Japan, and Africa provide their quota for this volume, and the pretty brilliancy of the violet and gold binding is a fair indication of the bright worth within. The illustrations, by H. J. Ford, suit the stories "to a T." Thirty-three of them are full page, eight being richly colored. Thirty-three other illustrations of good size are scattered through the text. It is a lovely gift book, on which nothing has been spared.

STORY BOOKS FOR SLIM PURSES.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROBINS. By Mrs. Trimmer. THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE. By Mrs. Ewing. WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, AND OTHER STORIES. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Paper 10c., each. Cloth, 20c.

Up, children, and make a bow of gratitude to D. C. Heath & Co. and any other publishers who will provide for you such good reading in such good form as is found in Heath's Home and School Classics. Three volumes are at hand. Mrs. Trimmer's History of the Robins has been the "delight of thousands of children for over three quarters of a century," and should be in every child's library.

Waste Not, Want Not, and Other Stories have been time-tested. They offer, as Professor O'Shea says in his introduction, moral pabulum made assimilable by being diluted with the dramatic. The Story of a Short Life is a book beyond praise, with its gallant-hearted child and his victorious struggle to live up to the family motto, *Laetus Sorte Mea*. All the volumes of the Home and School Classic series are bound in a useful-looking brown cloth cover; but when the casual opening shows such easily-read print and such fascinating stories as do most of the thirty odd volumes already issued, the children will pass by gayly dressed books for love of these.

MARCIA AND THE MAJOR. By J. L. Harbour. HOW DEXTER PAID HIS WAY. By Kate Upson Clark. THE LITTLE CAVE DWELLERS. By Ella Farman Pratt. THE FLAT-IRON AND THE RED CLOAK. By Abby Morton Diaz. LITTLE SKY HIGH BELOW STAIRS. By Hezekiah Butterworth. IN THE POVERTY YEAR. By Marian Douglas. THE CHILDREN OF THE VALLEY. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. LITTLE DICK'S SON. By Kate Gannett Wells. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Each $0.35.

A letter was received: "Can you tell of some books, low-priced, but good for Christmas presents for boys and girls? Our Mothers' Club would like to know of some."

Here are eight,— right in one set, and by well-known and successful writers. Marcia and the Major is a tale of Rocky Mountain life, with a kind old hero, two little girls, a snug hut, exciting adventures, a fortune, and, lastly, a boarding school in Denver. Helpfulness and kindness and courage give this book its tone.

How Dexter Paid His Way, tells of a young village boy of scant opportunities, who, by dint of making the most of himself and his chances, and by his real force of character, gets a good start in education and wins the hearty respect and affection of all who know him. The story is very lively and Dexter is a fine fellow.

The Little Cave Dwellers are New Hampshire boys, fond of Indian lore, who really learn much of the history of the Indians formerly occupying their state. They discover a cave, and give a feast in it to their fathers and mothers. One of the boys is falsely accused of theft; but all

turns out well. Honor, and trust between mother and son, are prominent qualities of this story.

The Flat-iron and the Red Cloak is a New England story. A little girl, thought to be an orphan, who lives with a hard-working, kindly granny, is made happy by the return of her sea-faring father. There are old-fashioned child doings, and the flat-iron and red cloak bear their proper part in the little tale.

Little Sky High Below Stairs is a Chinese boy of high rank who is sent to America to learn about the home life as well as the customs of the country. The secret of his rank is known only to the consul in Boston, who places him as a servant in the family of a wealthy friend, a merchant dealing with China. His wonderful robes, gifts, and polite manners enchant the children and when they all go to China conducted by Sky High, it is like a fairy tale.

In the Poverty Year is a story of New Hampshire in 1816, a year of famine, almost. Little Phily is the heroine, loving, plucky, and wise. After the hardest sort of fortune she is blessed with comfort and happiness. Phily drops many a word of wisdom and is a most lovable little body.

The Children of the Valley tells of Southern children who came North to live with uncles and aunts, a jolly company. There is quite a variety of incidents, one the adoption into the rather conglomerate family of a fresh-air child and her beloved baby.

Little Dick's Son is not so successful as its companion stories in some respects. It is somewhat confused and unnatural, but has certain good points. Dick's "son" is at first an imaginary companion such as children sometimes have, and then is taken as his conscience.

OTHER STORY BOOKS.

A Princess's Token. By Evelyn Everett-Green. Illustrated by Arthur A. Dixon. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $0.50.

This is a sweet little English story with a historical background. A deaf and dumb princess, daughter of Henry III., is sent with her thirteen-year-old sister and this sister's girl friend, down to Swallowfield, the beautiful estate of a court lady. This Lady St. John, their mother's friend, loves them dearly and wishes to have them brought up happily and wisely. The story is full of simple incident, has a good variety of characters, and is attractively told. The pictures chime in with the story perfectly and are very pretty.

Cedric, The Saxon. By Harriet J. Comstock. Thomas Whittaker & Co., New York. $0.50.

A brave, strong soul carrying out courageous deeds in spite of a body not strong — that is Cedric. The scenes are laid in a monastery, lone forests, and battlefields, at the time of the Danish invasion of England. Monks and boys are forced to turn warriors, and the contrasting virtues of gentleness and courage are dominant.

The King's Sons. By G. Manville Fenn. Illustrated by C. H. Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co. $0.50.

The King Alfred millennial is responsible for this rather over-modernized story of the boyhood of that king. Boys of to-day, reading the book, would get from it some idea of the characters of King Ethelwulf, Queen Osburga, and their four sons, all of whom sat in turn on the throne. The youngest son was Alfred, who became not only the greatest of the four princes, but "the Great" among England's many kings. The pictures are very good, indeed.

The Cosy Corner Series. Gatty and I. By Frances E. Crompton. Illustrated by T. Pym. L. C. Page & Co. $0.50.

Gatty and Hendrick are twins, a little English girl and boy, who lived a rather lonesome life with a strict aunt and uncle. Hendrick, who tells the story, is a serious, high-minded little fellow, of artistic nature; Gatty is more impulsive, and full of wonderful schemes. Great happiness comes to the children in the last part of the story, in the unexpected return of their father from India. Gatty and I strongly resembles Mrs. Molesworth's stories; and this fact will make some people sure that their children will enjoy it.

A BUNCH OF BOOKS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

Farmyard Friends A B C. $0.50. Pet's Picture Farm. $1.50. Buttercup Farm. $1.50. Baby's Picture Book. $0.60. The Little People's Scrap Book. $1.50. The Animals' Picnic. $1.50. The Children's Picture Gallery. $2.00. Mother Goose Jingles. $1.50. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

To take first from among these books the best sort for very young children, we have some excellent animal picture books. Farmyard Friends and Pet's Picture Farm will give more satisfaction to the little lovers of farm creatures, by their few large, distinct, well-colored, and natural pictures

with their explanatory couplets, than a half dozen more varied books would give. Farmyard Friends is bound in thick, glossy paper, while Pet's Picture Farm has both cover and leaves of stiff board. Both have large pictures on the outside.

If you like the pictures in these books but are selecting for a child of four or five years, who would like more of a story for each picture, BUTTERCUP FARM is just that book.

Next to these animal picture books, in merit for small children, comes BABY'S PICTURE BOOK, a small, oblong quarto of few stiff leaves but with simple rhymes and pictures that do not belie the title. Baby would soon learn to point out Apple, Orange, Baa-Lamb, Ducks, etc., and to enjoy such rhymes as

> "Pussy says: 'Do look at me,
> And my babies one, two, three;
> Each one's coat is soft as silk;
> You should hear them mew for milk!'"

THE LITTLE PEOPLE'S SCRAP BOOK also justifies its title. It is very large and very gay, and its pictures (of beasts, birds, children, Santa Claus, etc.) are mostly full page, which means, in this case, about ten by twelve inches. The only text is a suggestive title to each picture, and this is far better than more reading matter for Three-Year-Old.

The Animals' Trip to Sea, which caused much laughter among the little folks last year, has a successor this year in THE ANIMALS' PICNIC. The pictures are very comical,—comical for child or grown-up; and the rhyme rattles along in the easy, merry fashion of these opening lines.

> "Sitting cosy at home by the fireside one day,
> To her husband our friend Mrs. Jumbo did say:
> 'I think, dear, it really would be a great treat
> If we once again all our old friends could meet —
> Those who traveled,' said she,
> 'Once with you and with me,
> On the animals' famous excursion to sea!
> I 've been thinking it all over lately, and so,
> For a picnic together I 've planned we shall go.'"

So expensive a book as THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE GALLERY ought to have more real worth than has this collection of pictures accompanied by mediocre stories and new and old rhymes of varying quality. Mother Goose has been called upon to help fill the pages, but not with the best discrimination, for one selection used is the alphabet rhyme containing the Drunkard with the red face, the Innkeeper who loved to carouse, the Vintner who drank all himself, and other disreputable people and doings.

MOTHER GOOSE JINGLES has a different claim to attention and contains about twice as many of the familiar drolleries as does The True Mother Goose commented on elsewhere. Pictures are plentiful in it, some being colored. In reading to little children from a collection so inclusive as this, however, a little picking and choosing among the rhymes is advisable; for, while some of our best nonsense is old nonsense, not all that is old is good!

THE TRUE MOTHER GOOSE. Notes and pictures by Blanche McManus. A. Wessels Company, New York. $0.75.

As sure as Christmas comes, new editions of Mother Goose are sent out by many publishers. In The True Mother Goose, the editor gives the result of the thought and research which she has devoted to obtaining the original quaint phraseology of the old rhymes. The introduction gives historical information about early editions of Mother Goose. The paper is without gloss, and the pages are very attractive with their good letter press, border design in red and comical black and white pictures. Altogether, "the old familiar nonsense, irrelevant and serene," as the editor calls it, is served up in a better than ordinary manner in The True Mother Goose.

CHILDHOOD SONGS OF LONG AGO. By Isaac Watts, D.D., with Pictures by Blanche McManus. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $0.75.

About a score of selections from Watts' Divine and Moral Songs for Children are reproduced for to-day's little folks in this very attractive volume, with a full page picture to each song. While some of these selections bear traces of the stern theology prevalent in Dr. Watts' day, there are several whose sentiments should be implanted in all children's hearts. The simpler hymns for children now used may well be supplemented by a few more stately and poetic, such as: I sing the Almighty Power of God, My God Who makes the Sun to Know, and How Glorious is our Heavenly King. Of a different value are the moral songs, such as: How doth the little busy bee, Let dogs delight to bark and bite, Whatever brawls disturb the street, Pride in Clothes, The Sluggard, etc. Indeed it is difficult for those of us who had these songs inwoven with all our early thoughts to judge them impartially. The compiler speaks in her preface of a rich vein of humor in the songs. To our mind, it was unconscious humor on Dr. Watts' part; but, however that may be, Miss McManus has brought out the humorous element capitally in her picturings. The adult intend-

ing to read the songs to children will do well to study the pictures and have her laugh out in private, or her otherwise irrepressible smiles will interfere with the seriousness which should accompany the reading. To the children the pictures will appear not comical but merely expressive.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT. Illustrated by Blanche McManus. A. Wessels Company, New York. $0.75.

The twilight story-teller will here find ten old stories in a somewhat abridged form, convenient for refreshing his memory before the tell-me-a-story time comes. The book is also good for the children's own use: for the print is black and clear, and much of the language simple, while the interest of the stories will help unpracticed readers over places where the wording is more difficult. The pictures are fantastic but expressive, and are printed in red ink.

THE GOLLIWOGG'S "AUTO-GO-CART." Pictures by Florence K. Upton. Verses by Bertha Upton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.

The toy world reflects the real world, and those chroniclers of Toy-land, the Misses Upton, tell us this year of the Golliwogg and the wooden dolls in possession of an auto-go-cart, and their thrilling adventures with it. The pictures are as droll and unusual as those in the other Golliwogg books. They ought to influence some toy manufacturers to revive the cheap and delightfully manageable wooden dolls that were so common twenty-five years ago, and so satisfactory.

BIBLE STORIES. Retold by L. L. Weedon. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

Each year brings the demand from new buyers for a book of Bible stories, and E. P. Dutton & Co. send out this year a handsome volume which will attract many purchasers. The stories as retold by L. L. Weedon are woven into a continuous narrative. The language is simple and familiar, and while the alteration of the Bible language seems mistaken in some cases and some of the interpolations jar upon our sense of fitness, the book is better than some others having the same purpose, and will doubtless be beloved in many a family. The original illustrations, in color and in black and white, are, many of them, striking and well calculated to rivet the children's attention. W. B. Carpenter, Lord Bishop of Ripon, contributes as a preface a beautiful eulogy of the Bible as a book for old and young.

JINGLEMAN JACK. His Pictures and Rhymes of the Callings, the Crafts, and the Trades of the Times. Verse by James O'Dea. Pictures by Harry Kennedy. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. $1.25.

The attentive look on the faces of the pictured children who are listening to Jingleman Jack will doubtless be reproduced on the faces of all children who receive this gorgeous, interesting, and novel book among their Christmas gifts. A child who is or has been in the kindergarten will be especially pleased with it, for he will find old friends among these workers, — the Farmer, Cobbler, Miner, Miller, Baker,— and his interest in these will extend readily to those workmen who minister to less primitive needs.

It is true that Jingleman Jack's bantering style of treatment is on a little lower plane than the reasonable respect which the kindergarten instills for workmen by whose toil we are served; and we heartily agree that the Tramp "has drifted into company where he is out of place." But a book of callings, crafts, and trades is so very desirable, and this one is so good in many respects that we can bid it welcome, if not quite all we could wish such a book to be. Its lively spirit is sure to be enjoyed, as are also the jovial, extremely well-drawn, and well-colored pictures.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT. A Story for Mothers and Teachers. By Susan Chenery. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.00.

In many respects, this book may be called a "seek-no-further," for some of the subjects relating to character development are so well treated in its fourteen chapters that a new presentation could scarcely be more satisfactory.

A teacher visits her married sister, whom she has not seen since the children were born, Margery now five years old and Frank four. The mother's excellent ideas upon child government, her ways of dealing with childish faults, of cultivating different virtues, are all set forth clearly in conversation between the two sisters and by concrete instances from the family life. The simple, straightforward way in which the mother follows the laws of development and the laws of child-nature in her daily practice is an admirable example of "how to do it," and the dictates of common sense and pedagogy are seen to be the same. The chapters upon Growth in Un-

selfishness, Habits, Work and Pay, and The Child's Thought of Death, will be found especially helpful.

'Tilda Jane. By Marshall Saunders, author of Beautiful Joe. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Twelve-year-old 'Tilda Jane runs away from an orphan asylum, carrying with her the forlorn little dog which she had saved from being frozen and which the "lady-board" (board of lady managers) were going to take from her. She plans to go to Australia, "'cause they know how to treat orphans there. They don't shut 'em up together like a lot of sick pigs. They scatter 'em in families. The government pays for their keep till they get old enough to fend for themselves. Then they gets a sum of money and they works. I heard a 'lady-board' readin' it in a newspaper." 'Tilda Jane has a sturdy character, a tender heart for birds and beasts, and a strong yearning for a home. After divers adventures and many encounters with rather disreputable people, 'Tilda Jane is left in happy conditions with her two dogs, an old man and his son and herself forming what she calls "a real family." Most of the characters are ignorant persons, and we are introduced to a "creamery shark," a poacher, a smuggler, etc. Still, there is a clear atmosphere to the story, and 'Tilda Jane's religion is of a wholesome kind.

Jaconetta, Her Loves. By M. E. M. Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.00.

Southern stories of the old time have a peculiar fascination. Typical New England and New Englanders still exist, though there is less of them; — to find "Daown East," one must keep traveling farther and farther down east. The "Wild West" is becoming rapidly sophisticated, though there are Wild West spots yet. But the plantation life of the South is of the dead and vanished past. Its beauty, keenly felt by those who bore a part in it, lures to the making of picture-stories, as interesting in their way as real stories, but not real stories. Jaconetta, Her Loves, is one of these, depicting childhood scenes before the war.

A Year Book of Child Lore. By Grace Hall Bowers, New Britain, Ct.

A Year Book of Child Lore is a small, blue and white quarto of the dainty gift-book type, and is intended for parents and teachers. It contains a short quotation for every day in the year from authors ancient and modern, all the quotations referring to childhood and child training.

Froebel and the Kindergarten Movement. By Nina C. Vandewalker. For sale by The Kindergarten Literature Co., and Thos. Charles Co., Chicago, Ill. $0.25.

In a pamphlet of twenty good-sized and well-packed pages, one of the leading kindergarten training teachers of the country has put forth a hitherto unprovided help for her fellow training teachers and their classes. She has brought under orderly classification many scattered readings treating of the kindergarten movement, its origin and progress. As a basis for the study of this subject, the references are first concerned with the period in which Froebel lived: then comes the study of the man and his preparation, the "Universal German Educational Institute," the kindergarten, the training of kindergartners; and lastly the extension of the movement in Europe and America. The range of the readings is wide, but the books and periodicals referred to should be found in every well-equipped educational library, while many are obtainable in public libraries.

This outline would be an excellent guide for a kindergartner or kindergarten association wishing to lay the foundations of a professional library; and the headings would furnish convenient pegs on which to hang in orderly fashion new material gathered from fresh books and periodicals. Not the least important part of the outline, especially for our young kindergartners, is that about the pioneers of the kindergarten in America, only a few of whom are still with us, but all of whom the on-coming generations should delight to honor.

Four on a Farm. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Illustrated by Emlen McConnell. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.20.

In this story there is plenty of time for simple, homely, cheerful living and talking. Four children, helpful in spirit and skilled in child tasks, owing to their bringing up by a wise mother, go to spend the summer, without her, on a New Hampshire mountain farm. Children reading the book will like the everyday details of the story, and its good, wholesome spirit.

Money Making Socials. By Adelaide Westcott Hatch. The Hints Publishing Co., South Byron, N. Y. $0.35.

This is a novel little pamphlet, contain-

ing descriptions of twenty-five or more ways of raising money through social effort for the support of benevolent work. Good advice about details of arrangement, decorations, advertising, etc., is given, and it is assured by the author that these money-making socials will yield both pleasure and helpful dollars. The versified invitations could be improved.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE POET. By Sophie C. Taylor. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.20.

In a prefatory note, the author states: "The characters of the three children in this story * * * are taken from life. Woven throughout the book is a collection of original sayings that have been jotted down from time to time during the early childhood of the three children, and also some of the letters they wrote and poetry they composed." And yet, in spite of this interweaving of actual fact, the story, as a whole, is over-romantic, and many of its scenes spectacular. The perfection of the boy hero is cloying. Even little Lord Fauntleroy is not beyond him in unvarying self-possession, courtly consideration of others, and prettiness of clothes; while in frequent and graceful tipping of the hat, no child of fiction has ever come near him, probably. The little fellow's poems are interesting because really made by a child of nine years or thereabouts; and the melody he composed for his "Springtime has come," is singable and sweet.

HOLLY-BERRY AND MISTLETOE. A CHRISTMAS ROMANCE OF 1492. By Mary Caroline Hyde. Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $0.80.

Holly-berry is a jester in the service of Sir Charles Charnock of Charnock Castle, whose son Ethelred has been stolen by the robber band of Hardi-hoods. Through the kindness and skill of Holly-berry and his friend Dame Mistletoe, who lives in a cottage in the wood, the robbers' citadel is discovered. Sir Egbert Traymore of Twin Towers rescues Ethelred. This brings about the cessation of an old family feud, and the happiness of Sir Egbert and the fair Bertha, Ethelred's sister, who had long loved each other against her father's will. The return of Ethelred, and the reconciliation, occur just at Christmas time, and all ends in a grand Christmas celebration, with feasting and pledges of good will. It is a very pretty story, indeed. The pictures have all the life and perfection that one expects in the work of Reginald B. Birch.

THE MAGIC KEY. By Elizabeth S. Tucker. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.00.

It is easy to imagine the delight of the little listeners to whom the story of the Magic Key was told in nightly installments, and how eagerly they clamored to know what magic power Harold gained next from the treasures in the drawers of the mysterious old chest! Child readers of the book will have the same curiosity, and be led by it on and on through the more or less cleverly planned experiences which Harold has in seeing whatever he wishes, in making things alive, in understanding the talk of animals, in becoming invisible, etc., etc. The chapter about the talk of animals is an abominable one. As Punch would say: "It 's worse than wicked, it 's vulgar,—" inexcusably so in its ascription of profanity and hatefulness and greed to the innocent, pent-up animals in the Zoo. Similar traces of poor taste occur in a few other places. One can but regret blemishes of this sort in a story otherwise desirable and bright. The illustrations, by the author, are spirited and clever.

CHILD LIFE IN COLONIAL DAYS. By Alice Morse Earle. The Macmillan Co., New York. $2.50.

Mrs. Earle, in her colonial researches, has gathered from hitherto unreached private sources, as well as from various town collections, the materials for an attractive book, especially valuable to the child student, but none the less delightful for the general reader. The gathering of the materials has been the work of years; and many extracts from old letters and other documents, many reproductions of cherished relics and of family portraits, are presented here for the first time. The child portraits form a rare and beautiful group, and, as Mrs. Earle suggests, offer a fine chance for the study of costumes. Every subject connected with child-life seems to have been touched upon in this interesting book, and the children of those old days live before us. Truly, the difference in conditions and treatment of children then and now is as great as "from pole to pole."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON. Outlines of History. Vol. I. Architecture. By James Frederick Hopkins. $1.00.

Ginn and Co., Boston. Secrets of the Woods. By William J. Long. $0.60. The Stars in Song and Legend. By Jermain G. Porter. $0.55.

E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. A Princess's Token. By Evelyn Everett-Green. $0.50. The King's Sons. By G. Manville Fenn. $0.50. Animal Nursery Rhymes. $0.50. Farmyard Friends. $0.50. Punch and Judy. $0.25. Flowers to Paint. $0.50. The Animals' Puzzle Box. $0.50. Mother Goose Jingles. $1.50. Baby's Picture Book. $0.60. Bible Stories. Retold by L. L. Weedon. $2.50. All Around the Clock. $1.25. Pet's Picture Farm. $1.50. Buttercup Farm. $1.50. Happy Playtimes. $1.50. The Animals' Picnic. $1.50. The Little People's Scrap Book. $1.50. The Children's Picture Gallery. $2.00.

Thomas Whittaker, New York. Cedric the Saxon. By Harriet T. Comstock. $0.50.

Silver Burdett and Co., Boston. Asgard Stories. By Mary H. Foster and Mabel H. Cummings. The Arnold Primer. By Sarah Louise Arnold. $0.30.

Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston. The Lonesomest Doll. By Abbie Farwell Brown. $0.85. Jaconetta; Her Loves. By Mrs. M. E. M. Davis. $0.85. Talks on Writing English. By Arlo Bates. $1.30 net, $1.45 postpaid. As the Twig is Bent. By Susan Chenery. $1.00.

L. C. Page and Co., Boston. Gatty and I. By Frances E. Crompton. $0.50. 'Tilda Jane. By Marshall Saunders. $1.50. Our Little Brown Cousin. By Mary Hazelton Wade. $0.60.

A. Wessels Company, New York. Childhood Songs of Long Ago. By Isaac Watts. $0.75. Told in the Twilight. Pictures by Blanche McManus. $0.75. The True Mother Goose. $0.75.

The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. Jingleman Jack. Verses by James O'Dea. Pictures by Harry Kennedy. $1.25.

Longmans, Green and Co., New York. The Violet Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. $1.50 net. The Golliwogg's Auto-go-cart. By Florence K. Upton and Bertha Upton. $1.50.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., London and New York. Paper Flower Making. By Flora E. Manchester.

T. Y. Crowell and Co., New York. Marcia and the Major. By J. L. Barbour. The Children of the Valley. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Little Dick's Son. By Kate Gannett Wells. Little Sky High Below Stairs. By Hezekiah Butterworth. The Flat-Iron and the Red Cloak. By Abby Morton Diaz. How Dexter Paid his Way. By Kate Upson Clark. In the Poverty Year. By Marion Douglas. The Little Cave Dwellers. By Ella Farman Pratt. $0.35 each.

D. C. Heath and Co., Boston. The History of the Robins. By Mrs. Trimmer. Waste Not, Want Not, and Other Stories. The Story of a Short Life. By Mrs. Ewing. Paper, $0.10 each. Cloth, $0.20.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The Literary Primer. By Mary E. Burt and Mildred Howells.

Henry Altemus and Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Galapoff, the Talking Pony. By Tudor Jenks. $1.00.

D. Appleton and Company, New York. Froebel's Mother Play Pictures. 5 x 7 inches.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

On Acquiring a Margin. By Eva March Tappan. Journal of Pedagogy. Ypsilanti, Mich., September.

The Church and the Social Problem. By Jane Addams. The Christian Register, Boston, October 10.

Five Evidences of an Education. By Nicholas Murray Butler. The Educational Crisis in England. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Educational Review, October.

The Relation of Froebel's Philosophy to His Theory of Education. By M. E. Findlay. Child Life, London, October.

Free Will and the Credit for Good Actions. By George Stuart Fullerton. Popular Science Monthly, October.

Some Eighteenth Century Children's Books. By Mrs. L. Allen Harker. Longman's Magazine, October.

College Honor. By L. B. R. Briggs. Atlantic, October.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Items of news and reports of the work for the news departments are solicited from kindergartners in all parts of the country. Copy should be received before the tenth of the month to insure insertion in the next issue.

Newark, New Jersey.

A Progressive Kindergarten Association.

The kindergartners of Newark, N. J., have formed an association under the name of The Newark Public School Kindergarten Union, with the following officers: President, Miss Laura B. Morris; vice-president, Miss Marietta H. Freeland; treasurer, Miss Daisy M. Hotchkiss; recording secretary, Miss Harriet N. Harrison; corresponding secretary, Miss Grace L. Brown. The Union already numbers seventy-seven members, and has become a branch of the I. K. U.

The aim of the organization is to bring into active co-operation all kindergarten interests, to keep in touch with the kindergarten movement, and to elevate the standard in every way.

A most helpful year's program has been planned, which includes two lectures by well known educators, and a talk on The Relation of the Kindergarten to the School, by Dr. Addison B. Poland, city superintendent of schools.

Macon Georgia.

Kindergarten Work Among the Factories.

The work done by the Free Kindergarten among the children of people who work in the factories is progressing. Five years ago it was inaugurated by Mrs. R. E. Park, who secured Mrs. N. G. Storey to organize the first kindergarten.

The work was begun in East Macon, where the Methodist Sunday school room has been kindly loaned for its use.

The kindergarten at the Willingham mills was donated by Messrs. C. B. and B. E. Willingham, and was gratefully taken in charge one year ago.

The association rents a room at the South Macon mills, and does excellent work there. Seeing the good done at the older mills, and with a spirit of generosity and progressiveness, Mr. Payne has this year given a school building at his mills, and a donation of ten dollars per month toward its support.

During the coming year the association must pay the running expenses of these four kindergartens, the items amounting to a considerable sum total, but genuine interest in the good work and pride in the success which has been already achieved warrant continued effort.

The parent kindergarten has as assistants under the superintendent, Mrs. Storey, the following young ladies: Miss Julia Schall, Miss Nellie Berley, and Miss Emily Gyles.

The Willingham Mills Kindergarten has Miss Maud Gray as principal in charge, she having graduated last June from the training class.

Miss Daisy Woodward, who was in the Savannah training class last year, is the assistant.

Miss Nora Treanor of Milledgeville, a graduate of last year, is principal in charge of the new kindergarten at the Payne mills, with Miss Leona Ripley and Miss Nora McKenna as assistants.

Mrs. Storey will conduct this kindergarten for the first month.

Janesville, Wisconsin.

Result of Determined Effort.

The organization of a Kindergarten Association for the establishment of free kindergartens, is one of the latest progressive movements which is being agitated in Janesville. There are no kindergartens in connection with the public schools, and the board of education has evidenced an unwillingness to do anything toward their support. The need of them is sorely felt by parents of small children, and each year some of the wealthier people have made the effort to maintain a private kindergarten. This is not only an expensive undertaking, but it has proved very unsatisfactory, because the kindergarten had to be held in rooms temporarily fitted up for it, giving poor accommodations, there was no permanent equipment, and the securing of a teacher was always a matter of experiment. This year the Rev. Robert C. Denison, pastor of the Congregational church, has started a movement in which he has secured the co-operation of twenty ladies who had previously partly arranged for a private kindergarten, and of

several philanthropic people who are interested in the plan.

A compromise between his plan and that of a private kindergarten has been effected, and the result will be an organization in which the twenty ladies before mentioned will hold twenty dollar memberships, which insures their children admission to the kindergarten. The balance of the members will pay any sum over three dollars, from disinterested motives. This year the kindergarten will accommodate only forty pupils, but it is expected that the movement will grow each year. The Young Woman's Auxiliary to the Woman's History Club is securing the members for the association, and as soon as they are ready to report the organization will be perfected.

Sandy Hill, New York.

Educational Gymnastics.

The Saratoga and Vicinity branch of the I. K. U. was entertained by the Sandy Hill kindergartners, October 20. A business meeting was held in the morning when Miss Clara B. Hurd of Glens Falls was elected vice-president in place of Miss Alice Banker, who is now teaching in Chatham, N. Y.

After the business meeting Miss Fanny L. Johnson of Boston, Mass., talked on Marching in the Kindergarten. Miss Johnson's talk was practical and helpful, showing how the many beneficial exercises should be used in the kindergarten with the play spirit.

At one o'clock the kindergartners were invited to an autumn leaf luncheon, when each was given as a souvenir six tiny worsted balls tied together to represent the First Gift.

In the afternoon the kindergartners had practical work in Educational Gymnastics under Miss Johnson. The association will hold four public meetings during the year.

Honolulu, H. T.

Report of a Year's Work.

The regular annual meeting of the Free Kindergarten and Children's Aid Association was held in October with a large number of the members in attendance.

The general report of the association work was presented by Miss Lawrence, who stated that there exist at present in the Territory fourteen kindergartens and five in the city, with a total attendance of 549 children.

The Vineyard street kindergarten last year was in charge of two Chinese girls, but this year Miss Barlow has taken charge.

Besides excursions into the country and picnics, the children of the kindergartens have enjoyed, through the kindness of Captain Berger, a number of band concerts.

The meetings of the mothers have proved a potent factor in the success of the kindergartens, which are at present filled to their utmost capacity.

Mrs. Tarbell read a most instructive and interesting paper entitled, The Transformation in a Neighborhood by the Influence of a Kindergarten. Miss Panabaker of the Castle Home read a paper on Christ in the Kindergarten and Miss Barret another on George, a Kindergarten Problem.

Mrs. V. Thompson, whose work in the kindergartens of the city cannot be too highly commended, reported visits to the various institutions varying from three to five a day in the interests of the cleanliness of the children in attendance. The most serious cases of sickness met with were at the Kapalama kindergarten. One child was sent to the hospital and others have been treated at the government dispensary. Mrs. Thompson laid special stress on the need of a children's hospital in the city for the treatment of just such cases as the ones she has met with in her visits.

The result of the election of officers was as follows: Mrs. C. M. Hyde, president; Mrs. W. F. Allen, first vice-president; Mrs. S. B. Dole, second vice-president; Mrs. John Usborne, third vice-president; Mrs. A. B. Wood, recording secretary; Mrs. F. M. Swanzy, treasurer; Mrs. H. C. Coleman, Mrs. W. F. Frear, and Mrs. J. T. McDonald, financial secretaries, and W. L. Howard, auditor.

Dallas, Texas.

Extension of Work.

The interest in the free kindergartens grows daily. The results gained in the past year prove the certainty and economy of preventive work.

The needs in various districts of the city have been found so great that the Dallas Association has ventured to extend its work, trusting that the city would recognize good work and aid in its support.

There have been one hundred and ten applicants at the North Dallas kindergarten alone since the opening in September. Seventy children have been admitted and the force of teachers has been enlarged. Those who were in the kindergarten last year were so loath to leave it this year that a connecting class has been formed with Miss Anna Morgan as teacher. She prepares the children for public school, initiating them into the mysteries of reading, writing, and numbers. Mrs. Seymour and Miss Ethel Hayes have the younger children

and Miss Wilson directs the work. This kindergarten is on Cedar Springs and Harwood streets.

In East Dallas the work was started last May. The building will admit only thirty-five children, but the association expects to build very soon. Miss Holman is the director.

This kindergarten is held in the Presbyterian Mission Chapel, on White street.

The South Dallas kindergarten is directly opposite the cotton mills, and is in a large building. The number of children will be increased as soon as funds will permit.

Children have been found who have never seen a toy, who do not know how to play, who need clothing, food, and care. There are motherless little ones whose fathers are hard working men who lack time and skill in meeting the needs of children. The kindergarten is a paradise to them. They come at seven in the morning, anxious to be there the first moment the door opens.

Last year the association had thirty-five children, and the expenses were $65 a month. This year they have undertaken to raise the support for three kindergartens, with sewing classes, social clubs, a cooking class, mothers' meetings, and district visiting. The expenses will be $2,000 a year, which surely is a small sum for such a work.

The kindergartners have accepted the smallest salaries known in order that the work in the city may be extended.

New York City.

Interest in the Vacation Schools. At the first autumnal meeting of the New York Public School Kindergarten Association, there were present, as invited guests, the kindergartners who had been working in vacation schools and playgrounds during the summer. Miss Nolan, Miss Hodges, and Miss Steele gave interesting accounts of the work under their charge, making the association realize as never before the immense value to children, parents, and the community of clean, bright, healthful playgrounds and plays.

That the older children who joined in the kindergarten plays were peculiarly benefited by them was agreed to by all the workers. Given an opportunity to join in the magic ring of the kindergarten, these older children learn there, with the others, the "sweeter manners, purer laws," whose influence reaches to other activities of their childish life, and, therefore, of their later life,— the children of to-day being the men of the future.

The presence of older children in the kindergarten circle led to the introduction of a number of simple contest games. For illustration, a few of these games were played by the summer kindergartners, with the regular kindergartners as spectators. The occasion was full of interest.

As an example of the variety of good work now being carried on in the New York public schools, it may be mentioned that a fine stereopticon lecture was to be given that evening in the same building (public school No. 30); and that the kindergartners, before leaving, were hospitably invited to inspect a rear room which had recently been fitted up as a public reading room and library.

Meeting of Alumni Association. The October meeting of the Kraus Alumni Kindergarten Association, held at the Tuxedo, was presided over by Miss Hay.

Mrs. Kraus, who made the address of the morning, appealed to the kindergartners to remember that each child is a free agent, bringing with him an impress peculiar to himself. He should be guided in his intuitions, not merely made to *acquiesce* in a *training*.

She also urged the kindergartners to be themselves, all that they would desire their children to become, and quoted from the great Diesterweg, who said of the Educator, "So much as he *is*, so much is his education worth."

After Mrs. Kraus's address, Miss Anna Harvey gave an account of the summer work, which she characterized as "summer play," at Vineyard Highlands.

Miss Harvey was followed by Mrs. Pashley, who, as supervisor of the Brooklyn vacation schools, gave a most interesting and encouraging account of the work accomplished last summer.

Miss Caroline T. Haven brought an account of the kindergarten doings at Buffalo during the Educational meeting, in July.

Miss Haven was followed by Mr. Fritz Koch from the Froebel Institute, Berlin. He told of the Poppenheim family, so thoroughly inspired by Froebelian ideas. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Professor Poppenheim, in whose house he had lived for a time. Mr. Koch described in a most interesting way his visit to an infant school or kindergarten at Scheveningen — a Dutch watering place a few miles from The Hague. He spent a morning in the school and had a good deal to say about the games and the methods as exhibited there. He also visited a kindergarten at Leyden and gave an account of what he saw there.

Miss Jenny B. Merrill was the last speaker. She told briefly of the work in vacation schools and playgrounds in the

boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx and said that the work was more extensive this year than ever before and that there were seventy centers of work in these two boroughs during the summer. This had been brought about in large measure by the enthusiastic interest to have it so, manifested by Mr. O'Brien. The outlook is surely encouraging. The appeal was made from both Brooklyn and Manhattan for *more* kindergartners to work through the summer.

London, Canada.

Miss Johnson's Lectures. A class of thirty kindergartners had their anticipations more than realized in the lectures delivered to them, during one week in October, by Miss Fanny L. Johnson of Wollaston, Mass., on the kindergarten games from a gymnastic point of view. "Miss Johnson is very practical," was the verdict given, "and gets to work at once; so that we find in her lessons with us a great many things that will work out practically, and that can be turned to account every day." In this course of five lectures or lessons theory and practice are combined: the theory, to enable the kindergartner to recognize the physical action most desirable for little children, and thus to eliminate harmful movements and positions from the kindergarten games; and practice of gymnastic exercises, to aid in giving more freedom and grace to the kindergartner in all her actions, and also to increase her store of health and strength, thus making her better fitted for her work with the children. Besides the afternoon work with the kindergartners, Miss Johnson gave an evening lecture of special interest to parents and teachers, on Physical Exercise for our Boys and Girls.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

New Plan for Practice Work. The kindergarten department has instituted a series of important changes in its practice work. Heretofore the greater part of the teaching has been done in the Normal School kindergarten, but at the beginning of the year an arrangement was made with the Milwaukee Mission Kindergarten Association, whereby a portion of the practice teaching is done in its kindergarten. This step was taken because it was believed that students need a familiarity with the kindergarten as a means of social reform as well as a knowledge of its purely pedagogical principles. The Milwaukee Mission Kindergarten Association was organized eighteen years ago for the purpose of carrying on this form of philanthropic work. In addition to its four kindergartens for children below the school age, it supports several day nurseries and many classes in cooking, sewing, sloyd, and related lines. The superintendent of the association is Mrs. L. A. Truesdell, a woman of rare ability and enthusiasm along these lines. As these kindergartens are situated some distance from the school, the method of assigning practice for one period or exercise a day only was impracticable; hence, the class has been divided into two sections, the one being assigned to practice the whole morning session the first semester, and the other the second. This method is now followed in the Normal School kindergarten also, the general program being so arranged as to make this feasible. The plan is working admirably, the young ladies having entered into the mission work with a great deal of enthusiasm.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Kindergarten in Civic Growths. The Philadelphia Branch of the International Kindergarten Union held a meeting October 1, at the Philadelphia Normal school.

The main feature of the afternoon was a paper, The Kindergarten in Civic Growths, by Mrs. John Stephen Durham. Mrs. Durham treated her subject under two heads: First, the nature of the method of the kindergarten in dealing with childish experiences; second, the bearing of the experiences of the kindergarten upon civic growth. Under the first head she demonstrated clearly what "personal and communal virtues grow of necessity out of the kindergarten idea and its way of selecting and organizing contacts." She suggested "how a child's natural and proper instinct for the protection of his own interests comes to include a desire to protect other people's interests as well as his own." Finally, she showed "that while this sympathy has its point of departure in concern for himself, it has its outcome in a concern for others along with himself, and this through the reaction which directly affects him in the mutual relations which exist between himself and his society."

"In the everyday experiences of any good kindergarten are to be found in little the many phases of the problem of the city. But the kindergarten offers a special advantage, namely, the opportunity for the practice of citizenship before real civic duties present themselves. It is a sort of natural training school for citizenship.

"The beginning — a little child — may in its consummation be the statesman or the traitor. The builders of the City Beauti-

ful will be men and women of such beginnings, bountiful in the sympathy and understanding which comes of an abundance of life-giving contacts, eager for the human touch of the high and lovely, large of view and temperate of judgment. Such are the citizens whom we have a right to expect as an outcome of the kindergartens."

History of the Dwelling House. The Philadelphia Society of Froebel kindergartners, at their October meeting, was addressed by Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, principal of the Boys' High School, on The History of the Dwelling House.

He said that the definition of the house of to-day would be very inaccurate for the house of our ancestors. Starting with the cave, the hole in the hillside, our present house grew step by step, only as necessity made a change compulsory. The first step was a move into the open country: and here necessity forced the construction of a dwelling place. Very crude were these clay and stone buildings, low and long in shape, with high arched roof, which was covered first with beams of wood, then a layer of birch bark, and, over this, swards cut so thick that they went on growing; so that the house looked at a little distance like a green mound; and the sheep and pigs climbed over it and grazed upon it.

The first thought in the arrangement of this house was for defense. The threshold was high, and the lintel was low, and an enemy would have to come so slowly into the house by that way, that the danger was not at the entrance but at the hole in the roof. As these were times when every man's hand was against his neighbor, men were often placed as sentinels upon the roof, and here many battles took place. Inside the house was one room; and in this the families forming a tribe lived. During the winters the sheep, pigs, and chickens were also brought in to pass the night. The first great change in the dwelling house came with the invention of the chimney. This was first introduced in Normandy. There was then a loft added to the structure, then it was made with a second floor; next the partitions came that made the rooms and then the stairs (on the outside). By this time comparative peace was reigning, so the tribe was broken up, and the natural family came into existence, and made necessary the small house — the cottage.

The towns originally were made for the tradespeople, and the shop bore symbols of the article for sale, instead of the name of the merchant. Some of these symbols are in use to-day to designate the trades. The barber's pole, with its stripes of red and white, was originally a white arm with stripes of blood; for the barber was then also surgeon. And the gilded balls of the pawnbroker's shop represented three pills, the doctor's insignia: for the first broker had been a doctor, and had retained his doctor's sign.

The chimney also made necessary lighting inventions. This was followed by the Dutch oven, which started the comforts of the home.

"We are still progressing," said Dr. Thompson, "and will go on doing so, for we are not yet as far as we can get. Our flights of stairs will some day be objects of curiosity. The methods of heating and cleaning the houses will still further undergo an evolution, passing out of the hands of the individual housekeeper. Also the kitchen will pass from the house, when the cooking will be done by men, who will take the subject up more scientifically than woman ever has, and we shall have better food and better health, and the woman will be set free from a burden which should never have been placed on her shoulders, and she will become the homemaker for man, rather than the housekeeper. Changes will come, for we shall change, and the shell we call our house must change also, and fit itself to suit our needs."

To-day the glory of our country is that it is the age of little children. —*Lucy Wheelock.*

AMONG THE KINDERGARTENS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

Chattanooga, Tenn., has three kindergartens, one of which is supported by John A. Patten and is situated in St. Elmo; a second, supported by the Free Kindergarten Association, situated in Tannery Flats, and a third, under the support of the society, situated in South Chattanooga. The association also has a training school which meets in the Willard every afternoon.

The library committee of the Civic Club will organize home libraries in Philadelphia during the coming fall and winter. A home library consists of a group of ten poor children, a collection of twenty carefully selected books, which are placed in the home of one of these children, and a visitor. Boys and girls from six to fifteen are selected, one of whom acts as librarian. The visitor meets the children once a week for an hour's talk about the books they have read. After a collection has been read it passes to another group. The idea originated with Charles Birtwell, secretary of the Children's Aid Society of Boston, and the plan has been followed in many other cities. In 1894 the Drexel Institute Library School formed a home library group, but this has been the only effort made in Philadelphia. The Civic Club has appointed a sub-committee, with Mrs. Charles Roberts as chairman. A salaried visitor will organize the groups, with the aid of the chairman, select libraries, and endeavor to enlist the volunteer services of visitors to continue the work after it has been started.

The Jenny Hunter Alumnæ Association, New York city, held its annual meeting for the election of officers October 12. The free kindergarten supported by the association reopened in September.

Miss Laura Fisher of Boston has been giving a course of lectures before the Albany, N. Y., Kindergarten Association, the last lecture being given November 23. The officers of the association are: President, Miss Crannell; secretary, Miss Hardie; treasurer, Miss Williams; librarian, Miss Sewall.

The fourth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Kindergarten Association was held at Scranton, October 10 and 11. It was presided over by Mrs. Letitia P. Wilson of Johnstown. Among those to make addresses were Miss Georgia Allison of Pittsburg, Miss Hartman of Pittston, Miss Shoemaker of Wilkesbarre, and Miss Underwood of Scranton, superintendents of the kindergartens in their respective cities.

Miss Georgia Jewett, who for two years has been at the head of the large Italian kindergarten in the Seventh avenue public school, Newark, N. J., has resigned to accept a position at Auburn, N. Y.

A kindergarten has been opened in the Cottage school at Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. William Chisholm has given the Cleveland, O., Free Kindergarten Association $100, in memory of her daughter, Mrs. Mary C. Painter.

Madame Emilie Michaelis has resigned the principalship of the Froebel Educational Institute, West Kensington, after twenty-seven years devoted to active educational work in England. Although a German by birth and education, Madame Michaelis has been a leader of the kindergarten movement in London, and rendered signal service to her adopted country. As a training teacher, she was greatly beloved. Her interest in the kindergarten will continue, although her services will in future be those of a private individual.

Miss Mary Morgan of Naples, N. Y., has been engaged by Rev. Z. A. Poste to conduct a kindergarten department in the Franklinton Christian College, Franklinton, N. C.

Miss Susan E. Blow lectured on Saturday, November 2, 1901, before the Alumnæ Association of the Philadelphia Training School for Kindergartners.

Miss Backus, supervisor of the Kate Baldwin Free Kindergartens, in Savannah, Ga., has been attending sociological classes this summer at Chautauqua, N. Y. One of the practical results of this study will be the formation of lecture classes, outside of the regular kindergarten curriculum. A Delsarte course will be given by Miss Sarah Charlton. Another will be a scientific course, given by some of the eminent physicians and specialists of Savannah, in-

cluding lectures on the eye and ear, nervous system, a course in comparative anatomy, and one in First Aids to the Injured.

A new kindergarten, known as the Mittleberger Memorial Kindergarten, has been opened at Cleveland, O., in the old Olivet chapel, on Hill street. The kindergarten is supported by the Miss Mittleberger Alumnæ Association, and by several of the teachers and friends of the Mittleberger school. This kindergarten will act in co-operation with the Mary Paine Bingham Kindergarten, which is in the same locality.

The kindergarten started in Chinatown, September 1, at No. 929 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., for the Chinese children of that district, now has ten pupils. Mayor Lee Toy has signified his approval by sending his little daughter, May Lee Toy, aged four years, to the kindergarten every day, and many other Chinamen are following his example.

Miss Maude Van Guilder of Skaneateles, N. Y., has charge of the kindergarten recently opened in the Benjamin Franklin school, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. This is the second kindergarten started in the city, the other being in successful operation in the Governor George Clinton school on Cannon street.

A public kindergarten has been opened at Ottawa, Ill., in connection with the Lincoln school. Miss Grace Jorden, a graduated kindergartner of the Pestalozzi-Froebel Training School of Chicago, has charge of the work, with Miss Swift as a volunteer assistant. Mr. L. B. Merrifield of the Western Cottage Organ factory has very generously loaned the use of one of his pianos for six months. Others have assisted in material ways, so that the kindergarten is thoroughly equipped.

The kindergarten recently organized by the Revere, Mass., Kindergarten Association is now fully and finely established. The commodious and comfortable vestry of the Unitarian church has been hired, and ample room is obtained for the children's work. Thanks to the school committee, the kindergarten is supplied with every possible appliance for up-to-date study. Miss Blanche Thayer has been secured as kindergartner and Miss S. Crossby as assistant. By a recent vote of the directors, it was decided to admit one child free for every ten dollars subscribed, and if the sum should reach $500 to abolish tuition fees.

The ladies in charge of the kindergarten work in Fort Worth, Tex., are much gratified at the progress being made at the three kindergartens which have been established. The First Ward Kindergarten has thirty pupils enrolled, the Third Ward Kindergarten has forty, and at the South Side Kindergarten there are forty-five. Fifteen young women are in the training class.

A kindergarten has been established at the Conference Academy, Dover, N. J., with Miss Margaret Harper as kindergartner.

The Chicago Kindergarten College has added two important departments to its work; a department for the training of primary teachers especially to help them to bridge the break which has too long existed between the kindergarten and the primary grade. There will be a study of contrast between those of the kindergarten and those of the primary school, the psychological basis of each and the necessary transition of each from one to the other. Saturday normal classes for teachers of all grades have also been added. The program for this department consists of a normal art course.

A concert in aid of the Elizabeth Peabody House kindergarten settlement on Poplar street, Boston, was given in Steinert Hall, November 14.

Under the auspices of the Adelphi Union and the Adelphi Normal Kindergarten Alumnæ, Brooklyn, N. Y., a musicale for the benefit of the Ridgewood Household Club was given October 25 in Adelphi College Hall. The Adelphi Union is one of the five organizations pledged to support the work of the Ridgewood Household Club, which was organized last June. The kindergarten will be directed and supported by the Adelphi Normal Kindergarten Alumnæ.

At the first meeting of the season of the Temple College Kindergarten Alumnæ at Philadelphia, Pa., Miss Adele Mackenzie, principal of the Laura Reddington Free Kindergarten, gave a talk upon Practical Methods of Conducting Successful Parents' Meetings.

The private kindergarten of Miss Mary Nicholson Magruder opened October 9, at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Annapolis, Md. Miss Magruder is a graduate of the Elliman Kindergarten Training School of New York city.

Denton J. Snider of the Chicago Kindergarten College gave a series of ten lectures in October, at Omaha, Neb., under the auspices of the Froebel Society. Six of these talks constituted a connected series, embracing the one general subject, The

Psychology of Froebel's Play Gifts. The remaining four lectures were of a Shakespearean character.

The Northeast Harbor, Me., kindergarten opened October 1, with twenty-five pupils. Miss Georgia McClinch is kindergartner, and Miss Inez Smallidge assistant. The officers of the association are: Miss L. Belle Smallidge, president; Miss Ansel Manchester, vice-president; Mrs. Charles Bunker, secretary.

The Meriden, Ct., Froebel kindergarten opened in the Catholic Club building November 5, as a branch of Principal Joseph B. Tlach's West Side Institute, which is outgrowing its present quarters. The kindergarten is under the immediate supervision of Mrs. Harriet Hoyt Barnes of South Norwalk, assisted by Miss Harriet I. Foster. The kindergarten has two rooms in the club building with new kindergarten furniture, and has the use of the club piano. There are about twenty-five pupils in attendance.

At Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. William Nixon has built and equipped a free kindergarten at the corner of Wells and Ocmulgee streets. Miss Olive C. Hicks is in charge.

A kindergarten department is being arranged for in connection with Ricker Classical Institute, at Houlton, Me. Mrs. Wellman will have charge of the department for the present.

At the annual business meeting of the Dubuque, Ia., Froebel Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Grace M. Boland; vice-president, Miss Mary Andres; secretary, Miss Lulu Lorenz; treasurer, Miss Norma Schab. At the close of the meeting the retiring president, Miss Julia Donoghue, invited the members to spend the following Saturday afternoon "nutting" on the hills about her home in East Dubuque. The invitation was accepted, and several, prepared with baskets and bags, took advantage of an outing in the woods. After strolling over the hills and securing a good share of walnuts, the party returned to Miss Donoghue's home, where a delicious luncheon was served.

Miss Celia Hinkley of Market street has accepted the position of assistant to Miss Stites, principal of the Allison kindergarten, East Harrisburg, Pa.

Some time ago twenty-eight mothers of children residing in the Bernon district, Woonsocket, R. I., petitioned the school committee to open a kindergarten in that district with the result that one has been opened in the Willow street school under Miss Ellen Mayor.

This year the Mothers' Child Study Club of Sioux City, Ia., will vary the usual program of discussions by a series of cooking demonstrations by prominent Sioux City women. These will be five in number during the year, and they will take up a wide range of cookery.

There is a great demand for more kindergartens in the public schools of Buffalo, N. Y. It is coming from the parents from districts where kindergartens cannot be reached or where they are overcrowded. A new kindergarten has been started in School No. 57 with Miss Hall in charge. The children are from the Polish families in the district.

The school committee of Springfield, Mass., have decided to open a kindergarten in the Armory street school, and Miss Blanche Brownell has been chosen kindergartner.

(No. 4.)

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

A MOUNTAINEER'S HOME IN NORTH CAROLINA.

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THE CHILDREN OF OUR NEW NATIONAL PARK.

By Margaret W. Morley.

ONE going South over the "Piedmont Air Line" sees out of the right-hand car windows, as he crosses the state of North Carolina, the most exquisite mountains rising divinely blue in the distance, or lying like ethereal cloud forms against the western sky. They are the Blue Ridge and Smoky Mountains, the culmination of the great Appalachian chain that runs from Canada to Georgia, following in a general way the line of the Atlantic coast. A luxuriant vegetation clothes in fair garments the old, old rocks of which these mountains are made, for these belong to the oldest geological formations in North America. They were born before the high Rockies and Sierras had been thrust from the sea; and upon first coming forth they were as high and as naked and as pitiless as any young mountains. But time has been at work for countless millenniums with chisels of ice and sunbeams, with modeling tools of water and chemicals and winds, until the verdureless high peaks have been cut down and all the mountains retouched into a perfection of outline one never sees in the more recent formations. Rugged tops and terrific walls of bare rock reaching into abysses yet stand, as though to show what they once were; but these are like Titanic rude pictures in exquisite settings of lordly forests and gracious flower-crowned heights.

Being in a more southern latitude, the North Carolina mountains are sunnier and warmer than New Hampshire's dignified groups. Nor are they lonely, like our northern mountains, where the people only go up in

the summer time to stay a little while and then come down again. Here the people live on the mountains the year round. All over the slopes, where the soil is deep from centuries of surface wear and long accumulations of vegetable humus, the mountaineers have hidden picturesque log cabins in sheltered nooks or stood them on sunny glades. And about these cabins, as thick as the flowers that press up to the doorsteps—and as pretty—are the little children. It is a poor family that has not at least six of them. Their bright eyes open on the wide outdoor world of their beautiful mountain country, and their lungs fill with the sweetest air that ever painted cheeks rosy. Since there are so many children, they are not washed nor dressed nor fussed over very much. They just grow. Sometimes they are never washed at all,—which does n't seem to have the awful consequences it ought to. Mother Nature bathes them so thoroughly in her pure air and her cleansing sunbeams that they laugh as merrily as if such a thing as a bath tub had never been heard of in their country,—as indeed it has not. They bathe in pure air and sunshine, and eat corn bread and milk; and this seems to be quite enough for the well-being of little children. Their corn bread is not such as we eat once in a while, for there are no stoves in the log cabins where the mountain babies live—only a great open fireplace at one end with a big stone chimney on the outside of the house. In the ashes of this fireplace the cooking is done, and one of the baby's first lessons in life is that fire burns, and that one must not creep, or walk, or fall, or otherwise accidentally or on purpose get into the fire.

As soon as the little girl is past babyhood she learns to make the bread. It seems easy enough—just to mix corn meal and water together and put the result in an "oven," which is like a frying pan, only with longer legs. The oven, too, has an iron cover, hollow

on top, to receive the live coals which are heaped on it when it is set, full of "bread," in the hot ashes of the fireplace. But like other forms of bread, this corn pone must be made by one to whom the gods have given the gift of bread-making, or it is not good at all.

The babies live in friendly companionship with the family fireplace that does them no harm at all. So much depends upon custom! The mother will go about her affairs—out-of-doors perhaps—and leave the little ones in the house with a great fire blazing on the open hearth, the very sight of which would make a city mother sick with fear.

And how soon the youngsters learn to make a fire! And what a famous one they can kindle with only a few shavings whittled with a knife from a piece of wood!

If the little girl makes bread at an early age, the little boy chops wood at an earlier; and to see a sturdy youngster of seven wield an ax over bare toes makes one hold one's breath in an agony of apprehension;—that is, one so behaves if a stranger. The mother's breathing remains normal. Of course, the children do not cut off their toes; they do not cut off their toes any more than they fall into the fire. They all go barefoot from birth to adult years—and sometimes until death claims them from all age.

It is charming to see the children leaping over the rocks, dancing through the forest with pretty bare feet that shoes have never calloused nor distorted. They go barefooted over sharp stones where a stranger to the mountains gets lame in stout boots. They know how to do it. They can walk successfully over everything but chestnut burs.

They do not know a good many things that children know who are brought up in cities or by mothers

and nurses who can read, but they know a great, great many things that the city children do not know, things that, at their time of life, are maybe better worth knowing.

Besides understanding the properties of fire and the true relations between bare toes and axes, they can walk clear-headed and as fearless as lizards over slender, teetering foot-logs that span rushing streams and not fall in at all. They have to, because there are always a number of foot-logs between them and any place they want to go to; very often they cannot get out of their own yards without crossing a foot-log over a pretty trout stream,—so full of water courses are their lovely mountains. Sometimes the crossing takes the form of a very high, very narrow, and very mobile bridge over some particularly fractious stream; and across these threads up in the air the youngsters run like spiders. Fall off? Never! What would be the use in falling off, when there was no nurse to run and pull you out? You 'd get drowned.

The older children take care of the younger ones while mother is hoeing in the corn field, unless, of course, a wee maiden has reached the responsible age of eight, when she takes her hoe and works in the corn, too. Girl or boy, it is all the same: as soon as strong enough to hold a hoe, into the field they go, to help make the corn for the good corn pone. And they like it. It is a jolly picnic to them to go with the others and hoe the corn, for they have nothing to do at home but take care of the younger children; and that, you know, is harder than hoeing corn when you have no kindergarten ideas to bring to bear upon the subject.

If you have never seen a doll you do not miss it; but without a doll or a little cart, or a tin horse, or a single thing to play with, there is a great deal of time in the course of a day, even with the younger children to look after, and hoeing helps to pass it.

But though a child has never seen a doll, it does not follow that she needs to be told what a doll is for. A visitor to the mountains once held out a very small wax baby to a diminutive person of three, who had never seen such a vision in the whole course of her life—though who shall say she had not dreamed of it? She looked at it a moment, then, with a squeal of ecstasy, grabbed the angelic object in fat motherly fists, hugged it passionately to a very dirty pinafore, and, plumping down on the ground, rocked back and forth, eagerly crooning a tuneless lullaby to the heavenly visitant.

Not all the little children of the mountains live in log cabins. In the fertile valleys are good farmhouses, such as one sees in New England; but they are very far from New England's books and schools and roads and bridges, and they have almost none of their own. So all the little children of the mountains learn to cross the foot-logs, and nearly all of them can ride a horse about as soon as they can walk. Sometimes a small child will ride astride behind the

mother, who holds another and smaller one in front, a pretty sight—when one gets used to it—and recalls the harmless nature of open fireplaces, axes, and foot-logs to those who are to such things born. The four-year-old will stick to the horse much more surely than the alarmed beholder from the outer world would be apt to do under similar circumstances.

In fact, the little children of the mountains do the most alarming things as a matter of course and in perfect seriousness;—probably that is the secret of their success, seriousness. They do not take foolish chances with danger. The law of self-preservation seems to operate in inverse ratio to the law of nurse-preservation. Where there is nobody standing about to pick the children up, they do not fall down.

In this land it is vacation all the year round; or, at most, there are but five or six weeks, or, in the more prosperous settlements, three or four months of going to the log schoolhouse and sitting on a long bench and learning to read. There is not much use in learning to read in a country where there is nothing to read after you have taken the trouble to learn how. But then, it is soon forgotten and you are as well off as though you had not learned.

It is a very natural out-of-door life these healthy little people of the mountains lead. If it could but end, or be altered after a while, so that more could come into the unfed minds; and if the mentally and physically overfed nurslings of another phase of "civilization" could share the early training of the little mountaineers, a better race might result at both ends of the line.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

By Lucy Heald.

These are things I 'll never do
When I 'm all grown up like you:—
Send my little girl to bed
When her storybook 's half read:
Call her in to practice scales
When she 's hunting Indian trails;
Make her keep an apron on
When she wears her best pink gown;
Give her just oatmeal and bread
When the rest have cakes instead;
Comb the snarls out twice a day
When her hair gets rough in play;—
Was your hair so hard to curl
When you were a little girl?

A PLEA FOR THE BETTER TEACHING OF MANNERS.

By Florence Bell.

A GREAT deal of time is spent in these days in discussing what is the best equipment for success in life; and those of us who have the heavy responsibility of deciding important issues for another generation pass anxious hours in weighing the comparative merits of such and such branches of learning as preparation for such and such careers. But we contrive to omit completely from that deliberately formulated scheme of instruction the thing that probably matters most—namely, the manner, as well as the manners, in conjunction with which that excellent equipment is going to be used, through which it is going to be interpreted, and on which will almost certainly depend its ultimate success. However well stored your mind may be, however valuable the intellectual wares you may have to offer, it is obvious that if, when calling your fellow man's

attention to them, you give him a slap in the face at the same time, you will probably not succeed in enlisting his kindly interest in your further achievements. And yet we all know human beings of good parts and of sterling worth who contrive by some unfortunate peculiarity of manner to give us a moral slap in the face every time we meet them, simply because they did not receive any systematic teaching of advanced manners at a time of life when such teaching is most important. There is plenty of excellent grounding in elementary manners to be had in the nursery and the schoolroom. The extraordinary fertility of invention with which a child will find ever fresh ways of transgressing every human ordinance is kept in check and corrected by those about him, who are constantly saying: "Don't do this," "Don't do that," until, insensibly guided by this handrail of prohibitive maxim, the child learns in a rough-and-ready way to bear himself more or less well at this stage of his passage through the world. Unfortunately, however, the more grown-up faults of manner do not generally show themselves until the offender has passed the age when they might, without loss to his dignity, fitly have been corrected. It is easy to tell a boy of twelve not to annoy other people by drumming with his feet on the floor during dinner; but it is more difficult to tell him, when he is twenty, not to make himself offensive by laying down the law. That difficulty of admonition increases as years go on, and it may safely be asserted that the fault of manner which is not cured at twenty-five will still be there at seventy-five. And, alas! in half a century there is time to offend a great many people. Surely it would be quite possible to obviate this danger by timely and systematic instruction. We take a great deal of trouble to impress on a young child certain quite arbitrary rules of demeanor, which are so constantly reiterated and insisted upon that he gradually takes them as a matter of course, and obeys them automatically for the rest of his life, until it would be utterly impossible for him, arrived at manhood, so to fly in the face of his early training as to tie his table napkin round his neck at a dinner-party, to put his knife into his mouth, or to attack his gravy with a spoon. Why should it not be possible to have a course of second-grade instruction in demeanor, so to speak, which should in its turn be as thoroughly taught as the primary one, as insensibly assimilated and automatically obeyed? But it does not seem to occur to most people that this is necessary. Our usual plan, or rather want of plan, is to furnish the young with some stray haphazard generalities, and then consider that we have done enough. There are few things more dangerous than the half-truths—necessarily and obviously half-untruths, as well—which we thrust into the gaps of our code of conduct in a makeshift fashion, to the exclusion of more complete ordinances. Without a misgiving we proceed to tell young people that "Manners maketh man," or "Good manners proceed from a good heart," and

then expect that they themselves should fill in the details for their own daily guidance. We might as well tell them the formula of the law of gravitation, and then expect them never to tumble down.

And so we let them learn by experience—surely the most tedious and painful form of acquiring knowledge—at their own expense and that of others. We let them fall into one pitfall after another, and scramble out as best they may, scratching themselves and others in the process, and perhaps making enemies of dozens of their fellow-creatures who would otherwise have been well disposed. We allow them to try by practical experiment whether it is by being pompous, offhand, or patronizing that you can make yourself the most disagreeable, and how long other people will enjoy talking to you if you are looking the while, with ill-concealed inattention, over their shoulder. And yet these are things which it is important to know, these are things which should be deliberately taught, and not left to chance.

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I go, for instance, to visit a noted philanthropist. I am not there on business, so to speak, and she is not professionally called upon to love me; it is therefore absurd that it should be a factor in my opinion of her real worth that she should forget to pour out my tea, so busy is she haranguing me in a dictatorial and unsmiling manner. I ought to remember that she would hold a cup of water to the lips of a pauper more tenderly than a cup of tea to mine; I ought to remind myself that the manner so displeasing to me has been acquired when exhorting and instructing others less favored by fortune than I, whose horizon she may thus incalculably have widened. And yet I confess that I find myself wondering if it would not have been possible for her to combine both forms of excellence, and to be deferential, courteous, solicitously hospitable to the well-to-do, as well as helpful and admirable towards the badly off; and why, when great and noble ideals of conduct were being placed before her, some of the minor graces of demeanor should not as a matter of course have been imparted as well. It is foolish that we should in our intercourse with a fellow-creature be biased by superficial deficiencies, and thus lose sight of essential excellencies. But we are foolish, most of us; that fact we must accept, however much we should like to think otherwise; and if we honestly search our experience and our memories, we shall realize how much we are liable to be influenced by things which appear insignificant, we shall recall how slight an incident has sometimes produced an unfavorable impression that is never wholly erased. I remember an instance of this which struck me very vividly. A septuagenarian of dignity and position, Sir X Y, happened to meet at a public gathering Mr. Z, another magnate of his own standing, full of years and of worth. Mr. Z was anxious to enlist Sir X Y's interest in a certain scheme, and to obtain his co-operation and pecuniary support. And he would doubtless

have succeeded, for Sir X Y, an urbane old man, albeit with a clear consciousness of his own deserts, was entirely well disposed, and advanced with outstretched hand to greet Mr. Z with cordiality. But, alas! at that moment Mr. Z happened to see some one else by whom his attention was suddenly diverted, and, all unwitting of his crime, he shook hands with Sir X Y without looking at him, thereby losing in that one moment of thoughtlessness the good will of his interlocutor, his kindly interest, and his possible help. Mr. Z had almost certainly been taught in his youth always to give his right hand instead of his left when shaking hands with people, and he had probably learned it so thoroughly that it would never have occurred to him to do anything else. But he had apparently not been taught also to look his interlocutor in the face at the same time, as if it gave him pleasure to meet him. And yet this supplementary ordinance might have been just as easily and thoroughly taught as the first rule, if it had occurred to anyone that it was necessary and advisable to do so. We could all of us, probably, cite many instances of the same kind. Mrs. A and Mr. B, being both interested in a certain school, Mrs. A went to see Mr. B to discuss with him some point in the management of it. Suddenly Mr. B caught sight of an open letter lying on the table in front of him, and he took it up and looked mechanically through it while she spoke. The result was that, although he was in reality more than willing to meet Mrs. A's wishes about the school, his manner, quite unintentionally, produced a feeling of unreasoning resentment in her, and she was far more angry with him for agreeing inattentively with her views than she would have been if he had differed from them after listening to her attentively and courteously. All this means an absolutely unnecessary expenditure of energy. Mrs. A, being given the wrong bias at the beginning of the interview, was then annoyed with herself for being annoyed with Mr. B; the irritation in her manner communicated itself to his, according to a law of nature as definitely ascertained as that of the propagation of the waves in the ether, and the question they had met to discuss was settled with an incalculable amount of friction, which might have been entirely avoided. It arose purely from Mr. B's defective training in manners. He had probably been taught as a definite precept of conduct in his youth, obeyed ever since quite unconsciously, without a separate effort of will or intention, to get up when a lady entered his room, and not to sit down with his back to her afterwards; but it would have been well for him if he had also been taught not morally to turn his back upon her by reading a letter while she was speaking to him of something else. This is one of the most exasperating and most prevalent forms of bad manners, and it reappears in an infinite variety of shapes.

Mrs. E went one day to see Mrs. F, who is renowned for the rare gifts of her mind, heart and intelligence. Mrs. E was prepared to be impressed by her, to admire her, to be guided by

her. But, behold! during the whole of their interview, in which, indeed, Mrs. F's utterances were all they were expected to be, she entirely impaired the effect of them by looking at herself in the glass all the time she was speaking. And somehow, however unreasonably, that trifling manifestation outweighed in the mind of her hearer all the brilliancy and charm of her talk, and those few moments of intercourse, so eagerly anticipated, remained in the mind of Mrs. E as an acute disillusion. Mrs. F would probably much have regretted this result, if she had known it, for even brilliant and superior people, I imagine, would prefer not to produce an impression of disillusion; and in this case, as in most others, it might quite well have been avoided. Mrs. F ought to have been taught betimes, as every one should be taught, not to look at her own reflection at the wrong moment; to be able to pass a stray and unexpected glass without looking in it, and, especially, never to watch herself in one while talking to other people. It is not wicked, of course, to look in the glass at the wrong moment. It is merely absurd. But why should we be even absurd if it can be avoided? There is no reason why people should be either ridiculous or unpleasing in their social relations, if they could only be taught, at an age when they are still teachable, to curb the indiscretions of their outward manifestations; if only an onlooker were allowed on occasion to cry "*Casse-cou!*" as in the French game of our youth, when a blunderer whose eyes were bound was about to stumble over some unseen obstacle. I once heard a boy of nineteen, in conversation with a listener of more than twice his age, preface a quotation by saying: "As was well said by a great and good man, *whose name you may perhaps have heard.* * * *" The italics are mine.) I longed to cry "*Casse-cou, young man, casse-cou!*" for I felt that in the listener's mind that excellent youth, a devoted son and brother, honest and upright, and inwardly everything that could be desired, was being judged, tried, and condemned forever on account of his condescending manner. For affably to assume that a middle-aged interlocutor might perhaps just have heard the name of a writer with whose works the young gentleman himself was apparently well acquainted, was exactly one of the things I would have young people taught to avoid. Indeed, at any age, it is a safe rule to follow never to appear to think that a subject of which one is speaking requires explaining, or to assume that a piece of knowledge quite familiar to one's self is not equally so to other people.

Oh, that these things might be taught calmly and urbanely, on general principles! Oh, that it were possible to have a sort of night-school for adults where certain obvious platitudes concerning the conduct of human intercourse might be learned, without being either given or received with the evil animus of personal application! What a different aspect they would present to the hearer, and how much more ready he would be to assimilate them! For there is no doubt that the personal bearing of the

question makes all the difference. It is quite conceivable that even the most universally accepted and revered of general maxims, such as "Thou shalt not steal," say, or "Waste not, want not," would, if leveled pointedly at one's self, take quite another aspect from that which they present when offered impersonally as part of a general code of morals. This bringing in of the personal element, with its unsatisfactory results, is one of the great drawbacks to the direct teaching of manners as at present attempted in the family circle, and neutralizes the effect of it just at a stage when such teaching, if undertaken and carried out successfully, would be of inestimable advantage to the learner.

To be concluded.

TO A LUMP OF COAL.

By Edith H. Kinney.

I would read your legend strange,
As the embers interchange:—

In some forest ages back,
You were scarce so glossy black;
Fair, perchance, the tint you wore
On some slow-evolving shore.
Does your ancestry embrace
Mammoth fern of foregone race?
Or did some evanished tree
Shape your dusky destiny
In the far youth of the earth?
Whence your boast of ancient birth?
Only science dares to guess
What luxuriant loveliness
Fell within your distant ken
In the times unmarked by men.

Yours the alchemy that won
Secret ardors from the sun,
Folding in the under-dark
Slumbering soul of many a spark,
Rich reserves of warmth and glow

For the future to bestow,
Opal fire and amber light
Heritage of frost and night!

Thus I read your legend strange
As the embers interchange.

MATERIALS USED IN DETROIT KINDERGARTENS.

By Clara W. Mingins.

MAKING A CUPBOARD.

By courtesy of Mr. Wales C. Martindale.

THE counterpart of the sense training is the expression work. Every impression tends to express itself, and is truly registered only through expression; and where effort is directed toward securing impressions, a logical and necessary complement is the provision for adequate and appropriate expression. To this end, not only has the ordinary material of the kindergarten been used, but the children have made such things as playhouses and furniture, have woven carpets for the playhouse floors, and have expressed through appropriate mediums as many as possible of the ideas gained of institutional life and of nature.

With regard to nature study, each school endeavors to make use of the resources of its own district. Naturally, there is a great difference in the richness of the material to be found. One school has garden flowers

FIRST WORK IN BUILDING—FREE PLAY.

By courtesy of Mr. Wales C. Martindale.

in its yard, and near are a frog pond, an apple orchard, and a seed farm; other schools are near the country or near parks; while still others, in the poorer districts, are rich if they have a few trees and some grass. Children from one district visit others better provided, and all visit *Belle Isle,* the woods, the fish hatcheries, and the museum.

Psychologists have criticised much of the material ordinarily used in the kindergarten, because of its size and weight: saying, for instance, that the finer muscles used in placing accurately such small material are overtaxed, and the child made nervous in consequence. Believing this to be true, we have used the larger materials, and made other changes to avoid causing nervousness. We think that the blocks we now use are of the right weight and size. They have proved in every way most satisfactory.

Instead of being cramped at a table with eight cubic inches of material, the small children are given sixty-four cubic inches of material, on the floor, unhampered, to work out their own desires. When help or direction is needed it is at hand, but is never obtruded.

We have also introduced into the building material, the quadrangular prism, cylinder, cone, pyramid, and arch, feeling a distinct need of these. The work of the children has been truly wonderful in many ways. Large papers are used for folding, and a rather heavy paper for cutting. Only good tools are used, that the child may not be needlessly hampered in his progress. No fine sewing or paper weaving is done in our kindergartens. We have a very good weaving machine upon which the children weave small rugs (first cutting and sewing the rags), mats, wash cloths, bags, iron-holders, etc. Tape, ribbon, cord, and heavy worsted are woven on a wooden frame or cardboard. Any sewing is done with a large needle, with heavy worsted, upon cardboard in which the holes are punched. We have used so-called "outside materials" where it seemed wise. For in-

COÖPERATIVE BUILDING.

By courtesy of Mr. Wales C. Martindale.

stance, one class made and furnished a playhouse; another made a house for the white rats, a bench to work at, boxes for the primary teacher, etc. This is only done where the children are quite ready for it, and not to the exclusion of other good things. The children are not permitted to do anything in a haphazard way, nor is any material used with a disregard for right principles, as purpose is believed to be greater than talent.

THE NEW YEAR.

By Retta Long.

O glad New Year, the whole wide world
Reaches welcoming hands to thee.

* * * * * * *

We hope to be happy with thee, New Year;

* * * * * * *

We intend to give if we cannot spend:
We intend to serve if we cannot lend.
God keep us faithful to the end
Of this happy, bright New Year.

—*The Christian Register.*

A FABLE OF THE YEAR.

By Katherine Cowles Wright.

WITH loud blasts from the trumpets of the North and West winds, into a world of beautiful, pure whiteness, came the little New Year, shy and trembling.

"What a beautiful world I have come to rule over!" said he. "I must keep it as beautiful as I have found it; but I am so little and the world is so big, that I cannot do it all alone." So he called upon North Wind and West Wind to help him. They seemed like giants to little New Year as they lifted him in their arms that he might view his kingdom. Wherever he looked he saw nothing but snow and frozen rivers, and trees bare of leaves.

The winds were not unkind to the

little New Year, but their voices were so loud and they seemed so rough and cold in their manners that he grew almost afraid of them, and longed for more gentle winds and for the flowers and the blue sky. So one day he sent the North and West winds away from him and called upon the quieter East Wind. To her he said: "Oh! East Wind, go forth and blow softly upon the trees, that the buds may open; and call the flowers up from their long sleep in the warm earth, and send down the freshening rain over all!" So forth went the East Wind to do his bidding. The rain fell upon the little seeds hidden in the ground and upon the leaf buds; the warm wind breathed upon them, and, when the little Year woke up one morning, Spring stood smiling upon him. At her feet was the soft, green grass, in her hands were beautiful, timid flowers; trees were joyfully putting forth their buds once more, and over all arched the beautiful blue of the sky.

The little Year danced up and down with joy. "Oh, how happy I am! I am growing older now and must do all the good I can!"

Then he called upon the South Wind to help him. She came, and, with her, the singing of birds, the laughing of waters, the whispering of breezes. Soon, answering the South Wind's call, came the glorious Summer, joyously welcomed. The South Wind then placed the hand of Spring in that of Summer, and Summer went out into the world, making it beautiful and bright with her flowers and fruit and birds.

But by and by the warm days began to grow shorter and the light of the sun to grow more dim. "I am growing older," said the Year; "I must make good my time, and gather together the blessings that have come into my life." So he called to Summer and told her to give all her ripened fruits and grains into the keeping of her sister Autumn.

Then Summer gathered together her treasures and placing her hand in the hand of Autumn gave them into her keeping. "I feel that my days are now numbered," said the Year. "I can no longer walk erect, my sight is growing dim and my breath comes more and more faintly."

He called once more upon the East and South winds, and bade them help Autumn to perform her mission. They gathered the fruits of the Spring and the Summer together; they closed the flowers, and called away the birds.

At last, one day, the North and West winds came bustling back again; and the East and South winds, bidding farewell to the Old Year, went back to their homes.

"The end of my time is now near," said the Old Year, "but I have seen the fruits of my labors. I have seen Winter join hands with Spring, and Spring with her flowers and leaves clasp the hand of Summer. Summer, with her fruits and birds, stretched forth a welcoming hand to Autumn, and now Autumn has gathered the happiness and bounty of all, and, joining hands with Winter, has given them into his keeping.

"Now am I ready. Now can I

pass away contented," said the Old Year. Then he felt himself being lifted into the arms of the North and West winds, and covered with a beautiful, soft blanket of snow; and thus, to the solemn tolling of the midnight bells, the Old Year passed out from the world.

The North Wind looked at the Old Year in his great, deep sleep; and, beholding in his clasped hand a Flower of the Resurrection, snatched from it a petal and tossed it down upon the earth. From the place where it fell a little New Year sprang into being.

HANS AND HIS DOG.

By Maud Lindsay.

Where can we find better companions for little children than among God's creatures, who give love for love?

The child who has never known the joy of having a pet has missed something from life more precious than all that wealth can buy.

FAR away across the sea, in a country called Switzerland, there once lived a little boy whose name was Hans.

Switzerland is a wonderful country, full of beautiful snowy mountains, where gleaming ice fields shine, and dark pine forests grow.

Hans lived with his aunt and uncle in a village up among these mountains. He could not remember any other home, for his father and mother had died when he was a little baby, and his aunt and uncle, who had not a child of their own, had taken care of him ever since.

Hans' uncle was a guide. He showed the safest ways and best paths to the travelers, who came from all over the world to see the mountains.

Every summer the little town where Hans lived was full of strangers. Some of them came in carriages, some on foot; some were rich, some were poor; but all of them wanted to climb to the mountain tops, where the snows are always white and dazzling against the blue sky.

The paths over the mountains are slippery and dangerous, leading across the ice fields by cracks and chasms most fearful to see. The travelers dared not climb them without some one to show the way, and nobody in the village knew the way so well as Hans' uncle.

The uncle was so brave and trusty that he was known throughout the whole country, and everybody who came to the mountains wanted him as a guide.

One day a Prince came, and no sooner had he rested from his journey than he sent for the uncle.

That very day Hans was five years old, and so his uncle told him that because it was his birthday, he, too, might go to see the Prince.

This was a great treat for Hans, and his aunt made haste to dress him in his best clothes.

"You must be good," she told him a dozen times before he set out with his uncle to the hotel where the Prince was staying.

When they got there they found everything in a bustle, for the place was full of fine ladies and gentlemen who had come with the Prince, and the servants were hurrying here and there to wait on them.

Nobody even saw the little boy, in holiday clothes, who tiptoed so quietly over the beautiful carpets. Nobody, I should say, but the Prince; for after the Prince had finished his business with Hans' uncle, he smiled at Hans and asked his name and how old he was. Hans was very proud to say that he was five years old that very day; and when the Prince heard this he took a gold piece from his purse and gave it to Hans.

"This is for a birthday present," he said, "and you must buy what you want most."

Hans could scarcely believe his own eyes. He ran every step of the way home, to show the gold piece to his aunt; and, when she saw it, she was almost as pleased as he was.

"You must buy something that you can keep always," she said. "What shall it be?—A silver chain!" she cried, clasping her hands at the thought of it. "A silver chain to wear upon your coat when you are a man, and have, perhaps, a watch to hang upon it! 'T will be a fine thing to show—a silver chain that a Prince gave you!"

Hans was not certain that he wanted a chain more than anything else, but his aunt was very sure about it; so she gave the gold piece to a soldier cousin, who bought the chain in a city where he went to drill before the very Prince who had given Hans the money.

When the chain came the aunt called all the neighbors to see it. "The Prince himself gave the child the money that bought it," she said over and over.

Hans thought the chain very fine; but after he had looked at it awhile he was quite willing that his aunt should put it away in the great chest where she kept the holiday clothes and best tablecloths.

The chain lay there so long that Hans felt sorry for it, and wondered if it did not get lonely. He got lonely often himself, for there was nobody to play with him at his own home, and his aunt did not encourage him to play with other children. She liked a quiet house, she said, and she supposed that everybody else did.

Hans made no more noise than a mouse. He staid a great deal in the stable with the cows. The cows and he were good friends. One of them, the oldest of all, had given milk for him when he was a baby, and he never forgot to carry her a handful of salt at milking time.

He often thought that he would rather have bought a cow with the gold piece than a silver chain; but he did not tell anybody, for fear of being laughed at.

Once he asked his aunt to let him play with the silver chain; but she

held up her hands in amazement at the thought of such a thing. So the chain lay in the dark chest, as I have said, for a long time—nearly a year.

Then there was a great festival in the town, and the aunt took the chain from its wrappings and fastened it about Hans' neck with a ribbon.

She and Hans had on their best clothes, and all the village was prepared for a holiday.

Flags were flying, fiddlers were playing gay tunes on their fiddles, and the drummer boy kept time on his drum and made a great noise.

In the middle of the village square was a merry-go-round, which Hans and the other children liked best of all.

"If you are good, you shall ride," said Hans' aunt, as she hurried him on to the place where the strong men of the village were lifting great stones to show their strength. Then the swift runners ran races, and the skillful marksmen shot at targets.

Oh! Hans was tired before he saw half the sights; and he wished that his aunt would remember about the merry-go-round. He did not like to worry her, though, so he sat down on a doorstep to rest, while she talked to her friends in the crowd.

By and by a man with a covered basket came and sat down beside him. He put the basket down on the step, and Hans heard a queer little grumbling sound inside. "Oh! yes," said the man, "you want to get out."

"Row, row!" said the thing in the basket.

When the man saw how surprised Hans looked he lifted the lid of the basket and let him peep in. What do you think was in the basket? The dearest baby puppy that Hans had ever seen.

"There," said the man, shutting down the lid, "there is the finest Saint Bernard dog in Switzerland. Do you know anybody who might want to buy him?"

"Are you going to sell him?" asked Hans.

"Yes, indeed," said the man. "How would you like to buy him yourself?"

"I!" said Hans. "Oh! I would rather have him than anything in the world; but I haven't any money. I haven't anything of my own but this silver chain."

"Is that yours?" asked the man. "It is a very fine chain."

"O yes," cried Hans. "But I would a thousand times rather have a dog."

"Well, then," said the man, "if you are sure that the chain is yours and if you want the dog so much, I'll let you have him for it, although he's worth a fortune."

And so, in less time than I take to tell it, the chain was off of Hans' neck and the dog was in his arms.

Then he ran to find his aunt. "Oh! Aunt!" he called, even before he reached her, "look at this beautiful dog. He is my very own. The man let me have him for my silver chain."

"Your silver chain!" cried his aunt angrily, coming to meet him in haste. "Your silver chain! What do you mean, you stupid child? Not the silver chain that was bought for your birthday? Not the silver chain that the

Prince gave you? A nice bargain, indeed! Where is the man?" and, catching the child by the hand, she hurried back through the crowd so fast that he almost had to run to keep up with her. The great tears rolled down Hans' cheeks and on to the dog's back, but his aunt did not notice them. She scolded and scolded as she made her way back to the doorstep.

When they got there the man was nowhere to be seen, and nobody could tell them which way he had gone. So, although they looked for him until almost dark, they had to go home without finding him.

Hans still carried the dog in his arms, and all the neighbors they met stopped to ask if silly Hans had really given his silver chain for a dog, as they had heard.

His aunt had a great deal to say to them, but Hans said nothing at all. He only hugged the dog closer, and wondered how long it would be before he would have to give him up.

But Hans' aunt let him keep the dog in spite of her scolding. "A dog is better than nothing," she said.

Hans named him Prince, for after all the dog was the Prince's birthday present.

At first Prince did nothing but sleep and eat. Then he began to grow, oh! so fast. By the time he had lived two years in the house, he was a great, fine dog, with long thick hair and soft loving eyes. He was very beautiful. All the travelers who came in the summer to see the mountains said so, and even Hans' aunt thought so, although she did not love the dog.

Hans was never lonely after Prince came. Even at night they staid together; and in the winter Hans would put his arms about his friend's shaggy neck and sleep close beside him to keep warm.

The winters are very cold in the country where Hans lived. The winds whistle through the pine trees, and the snow comes down for days, till the valleys are as white as the mountain tops.

Few travelers go to the mountains then. They are afraid of the bad roads, and of the snow, which sometimes slides down the mountain side in great masses, burying everything in its way.

Hans' uncle knew many stories of travelers who had been lost in the snow, and he told, too, of some good men, living in the mountains, who sent their dogs out to find and help people who were lost;—"dogs like our Prince here," he would say; and Hans would hug Prince and say:—

"Do you hear? Your uncles and cousins and brothers save people out of the snow."

Prince would bark sharply whenever Hans told him this, just as if he were proud. He knew all about travelers, and snow, for, often, Hans' uncle took him on short trips over the mountains.

Hans always let him go, willingly, with his good uncle; but one day when his soldier cousin (the one who had bought the silver chain in the city) asked if he might take the dog with him for a day, Hans was very sorry to let Prince go.

"Fie!" said his aunt, when she saw

his sorrowful face. "What harm could come to a great dog like that?"

But Hans was not satisfied. All day long his heart was heavy, and when, in the afternoon, the little white snowflakes came flying down he watched for the return of his soldier cousin and the dog with anxious eyes.

After a long while he heard a great laughing and talking on the road, and he ran out to see who was coming.

It was the soldier cousin with a party of friends, and they laughed still more when they saw Hans.

"Little Hans! little Hans!" cried one of them, "this fine cousin of yours has forgotten your dog."

"Forgotten my dog!" said Hans. "What do you mean?"

"He was asleep behind the stove at the inn," said the soldier cousin, who looked very much ashamed of himself.

"And he never missed him until now," cried the friends. "Think of that—a great dog like Prince!"

Hans looked from one to another with tears in his eyes; but they were all too busy with their joking to notice him. Only the soldier cousin, who was really sorry for his carelessness, tried to comfort him.

"He'll be here," he said, patting Hans on the head, "by milking time, I warrant; for he is wise enough to take care of himself anywhere."

"Wiser than you," laughed the rest; and they all went off merrily, leaving the little boy standing in the road.

He scarcely saw them go, for he was thinking of the night so near at hand, and the winds and the snow slides. How could the dear dog find his way through the darkness alone?

"I will go for him in the morning, if he does not come home to-night," called the soldier cousin.

But morning seemed very far away to the dog's anxious little master, and the big tears began to roll down his cheeks.

Just then a thought sprang into his mind, as thoughts will. "Why not go yourself for him, now?" was the thought.

He clapped his hands joyfully. Of course he could go. He knew the way, for he had been to the inn only the summer before with his uncle.

The loud winds whistled, and the snowflakes kissed his cheeks and his nose; but he thought of his playmate and started out bravely.

"Moo! moo!" called the old cow from the stable. Hans knew her voice. "Bring me my salt," she seemed to say.

"When I come back," he answered, as he struggled up the frozen road.

He was very cold, for he had even forgotten his cap in his haste; but the snowflakes powdered his hair till he looked as if he wore a white one.

He could scarcely pucker up his mouth to whistle. His feet were numb and his fingers tingled, and the wind sang in his ears till he was as sleepy as sleepy could be.

"I'll sit down and rest," said Hans to himself, "and then I can go faster." But when he sat down he could not keep his eyes open, and before many minutes he was fast asleep and lay in a little dark heap on the white snow.

"Let 's cover him up," said the snowflakes, hurrying down: but before they had time to whiten his clothes a great big beautiful Saint Bernard dog came bounding down the road.

It was Prince. He had waked up from his nap behind the stove, and hastened after the soldier cousin as fast as his four feet could carry him. He was not afraid of the night or the snow, and he was as warm as a toast in his shaggy coat.

He was thinking of Hans as he hurried along—when, suddenly, he spied him lying there so still by the roadside!

In an instant the good dog sprang to the child's side, barking furiously, for every dog in Switzerland knows that those who sleep on snow pillows seldom wake up.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" he barked loud and long. "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" which meant, in his language, "Little master, wake up!"

But Hans was dreaming of the mountain tops, where the travelers went, and did not hear him.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Wake up! Wake up!" called the dog: and he licked Hans' face and tugged at his coat, pulling him along with his strong teeth.

"You can't wake him up," said the wind.

"Bow-wow! I can," barked Prince; and he ran down the road and called for help: "Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Come here! Come here!"

The sound of his voice reached the village, where everything was as quiet as the snow itself. The cows heard it first and mooed in their stalls. The soldier cousin heard it, on his way to Hans' house, where he was going to find out whether Prince had come back. Hans' uncle and aunt heard it as they searched through the house for their little boy. The neighbors heard it, and opened their doors to listen.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Come here! Come here!"

"Something is wrong," said the people, and they all hurried out of their houses, away from their fires and their suppers, up the mountain side, till they came to the spot where the faithful dog kept guard over his little master.

Hans' uncle is never tired of telling how Prince saved Hans. He tells it on the long winter evenings when the winds whistle through the pines, and he tells it in summer to the travelers as they climb the mountains.

Hans thinks it is more beautiful than a fairy story, and so does his aunt: for ever since that snowy night she is ready to agree that the dear dog is better than all the silver chains in the world.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

ANOTHER JIMPY STORY.

By H. Grace Parsons.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall ;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Could n't put Humpty together again.

JIMPY was sitting in his high chair at the breakfast table eating porridge out of his own little silver bowl. Every once in a while he would stop to look at dear Mother, who was sitting behind the coffee urn. He could just see the little white cap and tiny blue bow that Mother wore to breakfast, because the coffee urn hid so much of Mother herself. Jimpy thought it was great fun to play peek-a-boo around the urn, and he kept leaning forward and saying "Boo!" to make Mother jump. It was a beautiful morning and Jimpy felt good and happy and wide awake. He wanted to sing at the table, for the canary was singing in the window and the robins were singing in the orchard. Outside the window the apple trees were all in blossom and inside Jimpy's own geranium had a new red flower this morning. Pussy-cat Mole was drinking milk by the hearth, and old dog Tray was sitting up very straight by Jimpy, once in a while putting up one paw to remind Jimpy that he would eat some bread and butter if Jimpy gave him a chance.

Jimpy ate some more porridge and then looked at Father who was reading the paper while he ate. Father ate and read, and read and ate, and looked very serious. He kept one finger moving down the page, and Jimpy was wondering if he read with his finger, when he heard Father say: "This is too bad, dearest, the king has broken his word again and deceived the people." Dearest, which was only another of Father's names for Mother, looked over the urn and nodded gravely. Jimpy wondered and wondered, and looked from one solemn face to the other. The sunshine was everywhere except on Mother's face and Father's face, and Jimpy did not like that; he wanted, somehow, to make the sunshine go all around. By and by his face brightened up, and he clapped his hands, porridge spoon and all together, and said: "Why does n't he mend it?"

"Mend what?" said Father, turning to his little son.

"Why, what you said," replied Jimpy; "you said he broke it."

Father looked very much astonished, and then he saw Mother smiling from behind the urn, and she said, "Jimpy means the king; why can he not mend his broken word?"

Father smiled at Jimpy for a mo-

ment, and then said gravely: "Ah, little son! there are some things which cannot be mended."

"Mamma can mend everything," said Jimpy. "She mended my ball and my wooden doll and even my little cup; and she always mends my clothes."

"Mother can mend most things," said Father smiling again, "but not this."

Jimpy looked so puzzled that Mother said, "Don't you remember, dear, how we had to go to the tinsmith to get the kettle mended and how, when Father's watch was broken, it had to go to the jeweler's? There are some things that even I cannot mend."

"But some one can," declared Jimpy. "Can't he find some one?"

Mother looked puzzled, and Father looked puzzled, and Jimpy was wondering; but just then Nurse came in with a dish covered with a napkin. And when Mother took the napkin off there were three pearly eggs. "Oh! one for the master and one for the dame, and one for the little boy to put down red lane," said Jimpy, laughing and clapping his hands, as he said one of the funny little jingles that Mother often sang to him.

"Oh! won't you make a Humpty Dumpty for me out of mine?" he said. Jimpy loved the mornings when they had boiled eggs for breakfast; for Mother always made such cunning little faces on his eggs, and they were so fat and round that Jimpy called them Humpty Dumpties. Mother laughed, and, taking a pencil, began to draw a face on Jimpy's egg. Even Father laughed when it was finished,—it had such a funny expression. "Now, see Humpty Dumpty walk," said Jimpy, and he made Humpty Dumpty climb over the sugar bowl and the cream jug. He had to walk around and say good morning to Father and Mother and jump over the spoons and forks. Then he had to go and see old dog Tray and Pussy-cat Mole; and by and by he came back to the table and Jimpy made him walk around the very edge of the table playing that it was a great high wall.

Mother was talking to Father again about the king, and just now she looked up and said, "Take care, Jimpy," but she was too late, for poor Humpty Dumpty had walked too near the great high wall, had taken too long a look, had gotten dizzy (or else Jimpy's hand had shaken) and crash! down went Humpty Dumpty, and crack! went the shell and out ran the egg!

Jimpy stood and stared. He looked at his hands and then at the table and then at Mother.

"Poor Humpty Dumpty!" said mother. "Pick him up, Jimpy."

"I can't," said Jimpy, "he 's all broken."

"Why, so he is!" said Mother. "Well, can't you mend him?"

"Why, no," said Jimpy; "look at him."

"Who can mend him, then?" said Mother.

"Nobody," said Jimpy, solemnly. "Nobody at all. He 's all gone."

"That is true," said Father. "No one could mend poor Humpty Dump-

ty now,—not even the king with all his army."

"Oh! I am like the king now," cried Jimpy; "he broke something and so did I, and they can't be mended."

"I hope you are not quite like the king, Jimpy," said his father gravely, drawing Jimpy to himself. "The king broke something much more precious than an egg. He broke his word. He did not keep his promise, he did not do as he had said he would, you know."

"Yes," said Jimpy slowly.

"And don't you think a broken word would be even harder to mend than a broken egg?" asked his father. "Now when you know that Humpty Dumpty cannot be mended, what will you do? Because Mother could not trust you with one again if you are going to be careless."

"I will be very careful next time," said Jimpy, "and not let it break."

"Oh, if the king would only say the same!" said Father smiling again at Mother. "What do you think?"

But Mother only laughed and began to sing:—

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Could n't put Humpty together again.

It was not very long after that morning that Jimpy promised to do something for Mother; and Mother said, "Take care, Jimpy; do not make a promise unless you are sure you will not break it. Remember Humpty Dumpty!"

INTERLEAVES FOR THE MOTHER PLAY.

Under this heading will appear new versions of the Mother Plays, or songs and rhymes related to them.

JACK'S HOUSE BUILDING.

By Emilie Poulsson.

Begging Mother Goose's indulgence, one of her stanch upholders ventures to borrow her familiar form of words and of rhythm (so far as a wooden theme will bend to them) for the setting forth of "Jack's" house building.

This is the House that Jack built.

These are the Beams
That lay in the House that Jack built.

These are the Boards
That covered the Beams
That lay in the House that Jack built.

These are the Nails, so well hammered in,
That fastened the Boards
That covered the Beams
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Hammer that made a great din
As it pounded the Nails and hammered them in
And fastened the Boards
That covered the Beams
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Tool Chest, big and strong,—
The Chest where the Saw and the Plane belong,
As well as the Hammer that made the din
As it hit the Nails and hammered them in,
And fastened the Boards
That covered the Beams
That lay in the House that Jack built.

And who is this Jack? Oh, that we can tell!
He 's the Carpenter, who has built so well
The home where the child and its parents dwell;
The Carpenter, who knows how to use
The Tools of all kinds, the Nails and the Screws
That are kept in the Tool Chest, big and strong,
The Chest where the Saw and the Plane belong,
As well as the Hammer that made the din
As it hit the Nails and hammered them in
And fastened the Boards
That covered the Beams
That lay in the House that Jack built.

MORNINGS IN BOSTON KINDERGARTENS.

I. AT THE RICE SCHOOL.

By Mary G. Trask.

FOR the last two or three years pressing home duties have almost wholly cut me off from kindergarten associations, and it is a pleasure to be able once more to come in contact with the work. If some friends will join me in my visit to a Boston kindergarten, that will add to the pleasure, for then we can enjoy it together. Let us go to the kindergarten at the "Rice School" on Appleton street, for we are sure of a good time there.

It is a beautiful cool autumn morning, just the day for visiting. We are a little late, unfortunately, and the morning greeting, "Good morning, dear children, good morning to all," has already been sung, and also the little song of thanks:—

"Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children,
God is Love, God is Love"—

Now the children are singing "Good morning, merry sunshine," and their faces are as bright as the sunshine itself.

The room is large and cheerful, with four windows through which the "merry sunshine" streams brightly. On two sides of the room are long blackboards, and above these are friezes of dark red paper, which make an effective background for decorations. On one frieze are artistic Japanese bird pictures, and on the other are pictures from the Audubon calendar, while over them are festooned strings of bright berries or colored seeds alternating with straws. In one corner of the room stands the piano, and on it is a large glass globe and "little fishes in it are swimming all about,"—and little tadpoles, too! There are pictures in the room, and the red berries of the bittersweet and the black alder lend a touch of bright color, and in the windows are boxes of growing plants. But attractive as the room is, the most attractive thing in it is the "circle" where the children and teachers sit, and we must turn our attention back to that. The children are of various nationalities —American, Irish, Scotch, Hebrew, —and there are several little colored children. Most of the children look very clean and well-cared-for, and we learn that there are no very poor children in this kindergarten, although the majority of the families from which they come are far from rich. A sweet spirit of mutual friendliness exists between the children and the teachers, and evidently they could all truthfully say, "'T is love brings us here."

The children are eager to talk

about the story they heard yesterday "about the tree and the nest and the eggs, and the green grass growing all around," and Lester wants to sing it; but the teacher thinks that would take too long, and so they sing their shorter new song about the bird's nest. Then the kindergartner tells a little story about a walk she took the day before, and how she came to a little house in the country where there was a mother and a little girl named Dorothy; and how Dorothy had a pet lamb, which was very friendly, and let the visitor stroke its soft white wool: and how it even ate a piece of chocolate, which seemed strange food for a lamb!

After this some children "wander" about the room and come back to tell what they have seen. One little Jewess, rejoicing in the name of "Erachsie," cannot tell anything that she has seen,—or will not. Before the morning is over we learn that Erachsie has a strong objection to doing most things that are asked of her, and is constantly trying to go her own little separate way. She is a difficult child to manage, but the patience and gentle firmness which rule here will surely work a great change in the rebellious spirit before the end of the school year. We shall get quite well acquainted with some of the children in the course of the morning, and learn their different characteristics. "Phillips" is a heedless little chatterbox, "Saidie" is very observant, and Lester is always in evidence. He is a bright boy and his remarks are interesting: but he talks so much that the kindergartner finally says: "Lester, do you *ever* get tired of talking?" To which he promptly responds: "No, never"; adding, as an afterthought, "do you ever get tired of listening to me?"

But we must follow the older class into the other room now and see what they are doing. This room, too, is large and bright, with pictures and plants, and a large sand table. The children are to have an exercise with the Third Gift, and here I see, for the first time, the enlarged Gifts in use. The children enjoy them and build very well. Of course, the large cubes are steadier than the smaller ones, and are therefore better for "tall posts," etc.; but the kindergartner tells us that she has not yet used them long enough to be sure whether they are really more satisfactory on the whole. In some ways they are more difficult to handle, being rather large for the little hands; and they take up a great deal of room on the table. The Fifth Gift, in the large size, is to be introduced later in the year. To-day the children are learning that *size* does not vary with position. They cut their cubes in halves, count the cubes in each half, and then make one half "a table," leaving the other standing as "a wall." The kindergartner asks which half is the larger, and most of the children at once touch "the wall" and say "This one"; but Saidie says: "They're both as big as each other." The exercise is repeated in various forms, and then the children have "free invention" and build very well. Trains and bridges seem to be the favorite inventions. It is very interesting to make the trains go under the bridges, and it requires

a good deal of skill to accomplish this successfully.

While these children are playing, shall we step into the other room and see what is going on there? The children in the younger class are between three and four years old, and the older ones are between four and five. The little ones have the First Gift this morning, and their balls have been buckets, going down into "the deep, dark well" to bring up water for washing, and then elevators carrying people up and down in a big store, and then the pendulum swinging slowly, "Tick-tack."

Then their teacher puts four balls on the table,—red, blue, yellow, and green,—and, after the children have noticed the colors, she asks them to shut their eyes. She takes away one ball, and the children tell which ball has "run away." This is their first exercise of this kind, and they do remarkably well, showing knowledge of color, as well as memory and observation.

The games come next, and the older children march into the front room and join the little ones. The games are played with much spirit, and the children, though very orderly, are full of life and enjoyment. They all march at first, then form their ring; and "Evelina," who has been sick and absent for some time, is asked to choose the first game. She chooses "flying birds," and all the children who would like to be birds are asked to fly with her. They sing "Fly, little birdie," and seem to enter into the spirit of the bird's freedom, as they fly around the ring, and then "fly home at the close of the day."

Next Lester chooses a game. He wants a "train"; so the children stand one behind another, each child holding on firmly to the one before him; the engineer and conductor are chosen, and the train starts on its way. It makes a very successful trip to "Buffalo," returning safely to Boston, when all the travelers get off and go home. In this game, as in the bird game, we see the union of freedom and order that is so pleasant. The children really play and thoroughly enjoy the play, but there is no roughness or confusion. The "Grass-mowing" follows, and then all sit on the floor and play at "Hiding the Ball," instead of "Hiding the Stone." They sing:—

"Now we 'll have a quiet play,*
Sitting side by side;
Saidie, turn your face away
Till the ball we hide.
Saidie, Saidie, hear our call,
Watch the children's faces all,
Try the little ball to trace
To its hiding place."

While Saidie looks for the ball, some one at the piano plays softly until she is near the ball, when the music grows louder. The little ones have not yet quite got hold of the idea of the music's telling where the ball is, and are inclined to walk faster when the music is loud, instead of stopping: but the older ones listen very well, and all love to hunt for the ball. This game is played for some time, and then comes lunch.

We will follow the older children once more. We find a pile of paper

*See Timely Songs and Games, by Clara S. Reed. Published by J. L. Hammett Co., Boston, Mass.

napkins on the teacher's table, and also a plate of "Educator" crackers, and a tray with small glasses of water. The napkins are given out, those children who have brought their own lunch take it to the table, then the crackers are passed to the others and each child takes two. After the lunch has been eaten, the children shake out the napkins, fold them, and pile them neatly on the table, and each child who wishes it has a glass of water.

A little free time comes next, and scissors and pieces of manilla paper are given out. The children who finished lunch first have the more time for cutting, but no one is hurried. Sometimes they have this time for play in the sand box, sometimes for drawing; this is the first time they have had free-cutting. Naturally, their work varies a good deal in quality; but all try to make something, and some do remarkably well. Some of the things cut are "squares," "roofs of houses," "windows," "a man" (somewhat peculiar in his anatomy), and "a dog." One child cuts a very nice little dust brush, and another makes the dustpan to go with it.

Then comes the regular Occupation, which, for the little ones, is a sorting lesson. Each child has a small box containing a variety of interesting objects,—little cones, berries, seeds, and shells. These they sort and play with, thus making acquaintance with new things and gaining in observation and discrimination.

The older children are painting circles. Three circles are drawn on one paper for each child, and a little liquid paint (Miss Lane's "liquid color") is poured into small butter dishes, and one dish is set between each two of the children. Half the class have blue paint, and half have yellow. When each child has painted a circle at one end of his paper, the paints are exchanged, and those who have painted blue circles now paint yellow ones. Then they mix their colors, and are surprised and delighted to find that their third circle (the middle one) is green. They have time to repeat this exercise on another piece of paper; so each child has one paper to take away to "show mother."

But now twelve o'clock is drawing near, and it is time to go home. Hats and coats are put on, the "good bye" is sung, and with smiles and glad anticipations of coming again to-morrow, the children leave. And we must follow their example, having spent a very happy morning in this delightful kindergarten.

THE BOSTON KINDERGARTNER'S OPPORTUNITIES.

By Helen L. Dunklee.

AMONG the many advantages enjoyed by Boston kindergartners, the weekly program meetings stand first and foremost. These meetings are held each Thursday afternoon throughout the school year, by the director (supervisor) of kindergartens, Miss Laura Fisher, who is assisted by Miss Caroline D. Aborn. The meetings are largely attended not only by Boston kindergartners and graduate students, but by those from cities and towns within easy reach of Boston,—from Milton, Danvers, Lowell, Cambridge, Brookline, Newton, Medford, Malden.

That these meetings are valued highly by the teachers is proved by the crowded hall each week and the regret always occasioned by enforced absence. Up to the present time Miss Fisher herself has conducted the meetings; leading the teachers to discuss the work of the past week, its successes and disappointments, and then giving the program to be followed during the succeeding week. This winter, however, a new feature has been introduced, and the teachers conduct the meetings themselves under Miss Fisher's direction, the teachers being asked to volunteer their services in turn.

This new course is an excellent one for bringing individual teachers to the front and making of them temporary directors. Several have already availed themselves of this opportunity, leading the meeting in such a manner as to call forth the congratulations of those less courageous than themselves.

Although, in the main, the program has been previously dictated by Miss Fisher to the teacher in charge, yet the latter proposes any new method of presenting the subject which suggests itself to her.

The actual details of kindergarten work are often brought up and discussed at these meetings. One kindergartner gains encouragement from finding that others have met the same difficulties as herself. Another, more fortunate, has, perhaps, found no difficulty where her fellow teachers were nonplussed, and is able, by means of some simple suggestion, to benefit them greatly. The difficulty may be only in the management of material, as often happens;—the best way of allowing children to mix their own secondary colors, for instance; or the successful sewing lesson with from twenty-five to thirty children in a class in which all are to be kept busy during the entire occupation period and the teacher herself sur-

vive to the end. After all, the method of arranging for the details of the work has much to do with the success of a lesson.

The teacher from Boston, Cambridge, or Brookline, from whatever place it chances to be, contributes each her bit of experience in the different lines of work at these weekly meetings, and the result to all is an accumulation of hints that shall serve in time of need.

Here, too, new features of the work are brought to our notice,—a new series of paper-folding exercises, a well-graded sequence of sewing, new patterns for painting, or a different style of weaving. Results of work done in the kindergarten—clay, nature-work, drawing and coloring—are also exhibited at different times; and new inventions, as that for pricking, are discovered. On several occasions when enterprising kindergartners have visited kindergartens in other sections of the country, they have here described to us the results of their observations. The meeting serves, it would seem, as a kind of kindergarten exchange, where each comes to receive, and, it is to be hoped, give also, something toward the growth and development of the work.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Shaw, a library of kindergarten and other educational literature has been placed in the building where the meetings are held, and the books are at the disposal of the teachers.

For kindergartners and others interested there is also a study class which meets on Monday, and to which all are made welcome. One who has attended this class for the past six years may well feel proud of the reading she has accomplished,—and accomplished, too, in no superficial way; for the course during this time has included the study of such works as Symbolic Education, Froebel's Pedagogics of the Kindergarten, Dr. Harris's Psychologic Foundations of Education, and, as literature, the reading of Emerson's essays and poems, Shakespeare's historical plays, Dante, Wilhelm Meister, and Faust. Faust is the subject of study at the present time.

Great was the consternation of the study class when, in October, it was proposed that the members should themselves take turns in conducting the lessons during the coming winter. Such an experiment had not entered the minds of even the most wildly imaginative. It had always been so delightful to sit back in one's chair and let the light break in upon the obscure passages, as Miss Fisher patiently expounded the hidden truths! The proposal dropped like a bomb in the midst of the class, and the security each had felt before in being talked to and not being made to talk herself, vanished like a pleasant dream.

While speaking of the program meetings and the study classes, it may be said that the great pleasure and satisfaction derived from them by the kindergartners is chiefly due to the confidence which all have in the superior ability of their director. And not only do the teachers recognize her power themselves and value their privileges accordingly, but her ability is everywhere recognized by others:

and this is to the teachers a source of gratification and pride.

In January of each year Miss Blow comes to lecture upon the subject taken up by the study class during the previous months. Having gone over the ground carefully by themselves, under Miss Fisher's guidance, they are prepared to listen more appreciatively to Miss Blow. During the same visit to Boston Miss Blow gives also a course of lectures to a much larger audience upon subjects more directly pertaining to the kindergarten. This winter, stories and story-telling is the attractive theme chosen.

If, after the weekly program meetings, the study class, and Miss Blow's lectures, one still seeks knowledge and high ideas, there is the Eastern Kindergarten Association, which opens its doors each month and beckons us within.

Among those who have at different times lectured before this association are Dr. Samuel Eliot, Mrs. K. D. Wiggin Riggs, Dr. W. N. Hailmann, Prof. Josiah Royce, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Miss Margaret Morley, Mr. Henry T. Bailey, Mrs. Constance Mackenzie Durham, Dr. Stanley Hall, Rev. E. E. Hale, Baron Nils Posse, Mr. William Hamilton Gibson, Miss Susan Blow, Professor Morse, Mr. Ross Turner, Dr. C. Hanford Henderson, Prof. John N. Tyler, Dr. Luther Gulick, Prof. Earl Barnes, and Miss Sarah L. Arnold.

Here, too, we learn of the kindergarten movement in all parts of the country, and the doings of the International Kindergarten Union; and at least once each year the members meet together socially.

The presence of the several training classes in the city is also to be considered. The training teachers themselves take an active part in all important undertakings. They aid with their thought and experience in directing the Eastern Kindergarten Association. A few of them attend the weekly program meetings regularly, and their students swell the audiences at all times when the association has obtained the services of well-known lecturers.

The training classes make their influence felt in a number of ways. They have provided the music on many occasions, taken part in the game festival, and helped at the Elizabeth Peabody House, a kindergarten settlement in a crowded part of Boston, where the students become inmates of the home and give their services for the good that they can do and the experience they receive. Thus, in many ways, the students are an integral part of the kindergarten life in our city, and at times have contributed to the work some pretty song or new idea that has proved extremely helpful.

There is one thing to be said as to the various bodies of kindergartners throughout Boston: they are true to one of the chief principles of their teaching; and although kindergarten life assumes here many different phases, all the workers are united into one harmonious body with the same high aims and ideals. That this unity of feeling and purpose does exist will mean much when, in the coming

spring, all Boston kindergartners combine their efforts to make the annual meeting of the International Kindergarten Union, to be held in this city, the success that all would like it to be.

Apart from the study of kindergarten. the Boston kindergartner has abundant opportunities for general improvement. There are numberless classes for her to join, many of them free. The Lowell scientific courses, to which all teachers are welcomed, give instruction in botany, geology, zoölogy, etc. Field lessons are given in each of the subjects here named. and the only expense to the kindergartner is the cost of her fares and tools required (for instance, a hammer and cold chisel, if her subject be geology). Such courses as these may be mentioned as valuable opportunities, extending as they do to kindergartners and other teachers an invitation each year to continue their own education for the benefit of the children they instruct.

It is not enough that we kindergartners should merely accept the benefits that have fallen to our lot: we must be stimulated by them to original effort,—the expression of what is best in us though the result may seem but small.

The great triumph of Horace Mann's life—the establishment of a normal school—was the direct result of his own personal magnetism. Again and again he had implored the legislative committee for an appropriation for the building of his school. At last, wearied by his ceaseless solicitation, the chairman one day exclaimed:—

"Well, Mr. Mann, if you 'll get $10,000 outside, we 'll vote you the same amount in the committee."

Mr. Mann put on his hat and walked straight from the room down into a street office, where, by chance, there was a meeting of Boston merchants. Striding right into their midst, and waving his hat above his head, he interrupted their deliberations theatrically.

"Who wants the highest seat in heaven? Whoever of you wants it can have it, for I am here to give it to you."

"How 's that, Mann?" smilingly asked one of the party.

"The man who will give me $10,000 to help build a normal school, the first in the State, and the first in the country, will earn his right to the highest seat in heaven!"

Without a word, Edmund Dwight swung round to his desk, and taking a slip from a pigeonhole, wrote a check for $10,000, and handed it to Mr. Mann.

Back to the State House went the jubilant promoter. Within a half hour of the time he had left he was in the committee room waving his check in the astonished faces of the lawmakers and crying "Eureka!" like an effervescent schoolboy.

The committee voted him another $10,000 on the spot, and the first State normal school in the land was assured.—*Boston Herald.*

A SNOW FROLIC IN THE CITY.

By Jane L. Hoxie.

The ground is white beneath our feet,
  The sky o'erhead is blue:
Come to the pavement now, my lads,
  And we 'll a frolic brew.

There 's naught like snow for jolly times,
  For laughter, joy, and play;
So come with me and you shall see
  What fun we 'll have to-day.

The doorstone shall a fortress be,
  A fort the lamp-post near:
With friendly help of letter box
  No bullets shall we fear.

With merry shout the siege begins,
  Fast fly the balls so white,
Loud ring the cries of warriors small
  As fiercer grows the fight.

Still fast and faster flies the snow,
  And loud the cheers ring out;
The letter box is hidden quite,
  The foe is put to rout!

"Hurrah! Hurrah! The victory 's ours:
  We 've gained the day!" shouts Dan:
"Let 's roll some balls and celebrate
  By making a snow-man."

The doorstone 's but a mass of white,
  And Tom upon his sled
Is riding down its slanting front,
  While John stands on his head.

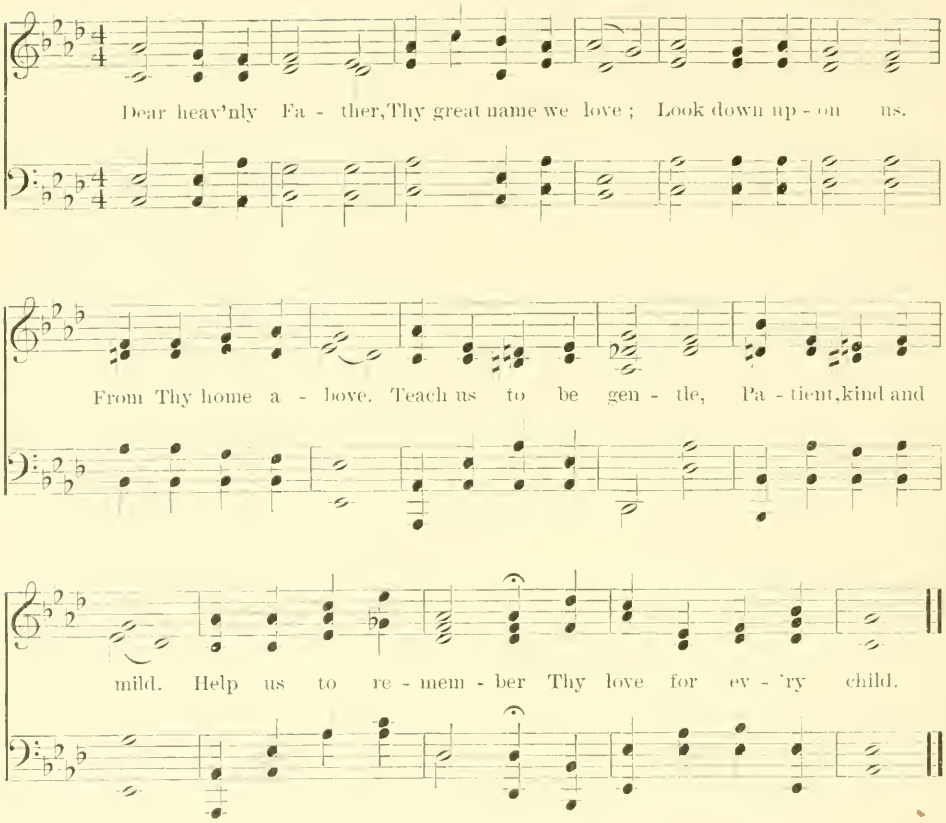
And Dick is wearing out his shoes
  A-sliding on the ice,
While George is washing Jimmie's face
  All in a merry trice.

Poor children of the city street!
  Play on without a fear,
For this is all the country fun
  That we can give you here.

"A great majority of people seem to see things only as things that are; their vision of affairs is static. They seem to think that mountains keep always the same height, rivers the same length, nations the same character. To a minority, perhaps a considerable minority of people nowadays, however, things are seen as things that become; their vision of things is dramatic. That way of looking at things may be innate in some cases; in many it is the result of and comprehension of the evolutionary idea."—*G. W. Steevens in The Land of the Dollar.*

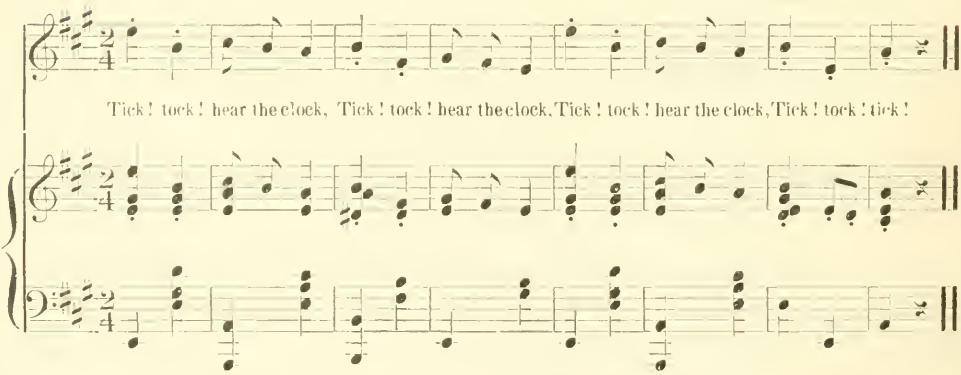
HYMN.

Words and Music by Belle J. Monahan.



THE CLOCK.

Francis E. Jacobs.



KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Kindergarten Cause.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"The days are cold, the wild winds blow,
The earth is white with dazzling snow;
But where true hearts cling close together,
In loving homes, there 's pleasant weather."

"May the New Year be a happy one to you,—happy to many more whose happiness depends on you." —*Dickens.*

MRS. A. H. PUTNAM, president of the I. K. U., and Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, secretary, were in Boston in November on official matters connected with the coming convention, and attended the monthly meeting of the Eastern Kindergarten Association, where Mrs. Putnam won the Boston kindergartners by her genial greeting and her warmly appreciative words in remembrance of Miss Garland. The visit of these officers chimed in well with the growing interest in the ninth annual I. K. U. meeting, to be held in Boston in April. The local executive committee is well organized and has taken up the preliminary work with spirit. This committee is made up of the executive committee of the E. K. A., with important additions from outside of the association as well as from its own membership.

BY THE DEATH OF IDA SEELE (Frau Vogeler) one more of the direct links between the kindergarten of to-day and its great founder has become invisible. Few, perhaps, in America have been aware that until the fifteenth of October last we still had with us, in the kindergarten world, the one who first received, from Froebel himself, the title of *kindergärtnerin;* the one into whose charge the first kindergarten,—that at Blankenburg,—was given.

Ida Seele was among those who studied with Froebel in the brown house down in the hollow by the bridge in Blankenburg, the house so often pictured in articles on the kindergarten in Germany. She it was, in her youthful beauty and dignity, whom Friedrich Unger drew in mediæval garb in his Mother Play picture, The Window. She was Froebel's *"Liebe töchterliche, treue und teure";* his *"Lieblingsschülerin";* and from those early days to the time of her death, at seventy-seven years

of age, she has been an ardent worker for the kindergarten cause, using in its service both word and pen, and shedding a beneficent influence for many years as kindergartner and afterwards as the honored head of a school.

Gifted by nature as a kindergartner, she developed "a pedagogical personality of rare charm and power, through the teachings of her great master, through her own conscientious apprehension of her calling, through careful self-observation, and through rich experience." She was simple in manner, free from exaggeration in thought, word, and gesture, often naïve in speech. She possessed great comprehension of child nature and the means for developing it, and a fine insight into the soul of the individual child and his momentary moods. There was a quick certainty about her words and actions, a mingling of repose and vivacity, of sprightliness and earnestness. All about her was elevating, enriching, refining,—in a word, educating.

Such is, in part, the picture given of Ida Seele by one of her countrymen and fellow-educators, the president of the *Deutscher Froebel-Verband,* who closes his tribute to her by saying: "She was Froebel's favorite pupil,—and she deserved to be!"

The two Americans who were present at the laying of the corner stone of the Friedrich Froebel Memorial House at Blankenburg during the summer of 1900 must congratulate themselves at having been in the company of this dear lady when she conducted some of the visitors through the old Froebel house. A description of the scene is given by Miss Adelaide Wragge, in *Child Life*, July, 1900:—

* * "Froebel's house was our next stopping place. Amongst our party was an old lady, said to be seventy-five years old, whose face was worn and wrinkled, but whose step was as alert as a girl's, and who walked as well as any of us. It gave one a strange feeling to hear that this was a pupil of Froebel's, who had lived with him in this very house all those long years ago, and was the very first kindergarten mistress.

"This dear old lady, Frau Vogeler, formerly Ida Seele, now came forward, and as we stood close round her, she told us tales of Froebel, and pointed out and named the different rooms in the little house. Here was Froebel's study, here the guest chamber, and there again the dining room, all on the upper story of the house; while underneath she showed us the rooms where she and the other students used to sleep.

"She told us how the place was literally besieged with children at all hours of the day; and how Froebel never would have them sent away, but was always ready for them, however busy he might be, giving them some occupation which they could carry on alone if it were impossible for him to join them; but more often than not gathering them together in a circle in the garden and singing and playing kindergarten games with them, to their great delight and to the sorrow

of his dog 'Munter,' who invariably howled piteously at their approach as if knowing that he must expect to be ignored when the children arrived.

"All this and much more she told us, and later drew attention to a little shed which we passed, 'where,' she said, 'lived the carpenter who made the very first boxes of bricks.' We could have listened to her for hours, and longed to ask a hundred questions about that far away time which was so dear to her and is so difficult for us to realize. But time pressed, and at one o'clock the great event of the day was to take place;—the foundation stone of the Froebel House was to be laid by Fräulein E. Heerwart."

How some kindergarten ways do get made fun of, to be sure! And, alas, how they deserve it sometimes!

The indiscriminate application of *Mr.* and *Mrs.* in kindergarten stories and plays is certainly common, and the ridicule of such use is well merited. May the sound of scornful laughter never die out until we have all mended our ways with respect to silly misapplication of these titles.

But is all personification "silly"? Need it be "nauseating"? Is the use of Mr. and Mrs. always a ridiculous and heinous offense? Is there not in this case, as in so many cases of mistaken practice, a right idea somewhere? Surely, there is.

To use personification in our kindergarten stories is to meet the young child on his own ground. To him all objects are animate and endowed with powers and sensations like his own. "The child finds nothing lifeless without any more than within himself. He spreads his soul as a universal soul over everything." As far as he has attained to any realization of personality, so far do all things possess personality for him; and their behavior is interpreted accordingly. When a child begins to recognize family relationships in his own life, then chairs, spools, stones,—whatever he sees,—reflect this; and we find him at his play designating father, mother, and children in any groups of like objects varying in size. The small object is always the baby. When the child notices that the personages who, to him, are father and mother are to other people Mr. and Mrs., he transfers these terms, too, to other individual objects. As the most natural thing in the world, the father and mother bird are hailed as Mr. and Mrs. Robin, Bluebird, etc., as the case may be; and the terms Mr. and Mrs. are applied to the father and mother squirrel quite as a matter of course, just as the same terms are applied to Tommy Smith's father and mother.

The kindergartner or other sympathetic person who understands the child's method of analogizing, knows that she must stoop to him before she can raise him up to her. So she adopts his mode of speech, remembers his standpoint, falls in with his ways,

follows him a little in order to lead him more persuasively and surely. If she did not stoop to the child and did not for his sake look at the world as he looks at it, she would be far more deserving of scorn than she is now; for not to regard and work with the analogizing tendency of the childish mind would be a grave fault in a kindergartner whose psychology and pedagogy have both shown her the necessity of such a method.

The weak and ridiculous point is that we are sometimes more childish than the child, and that we stoop to him without lifting him up. We need not check him when he says, as Geordie did the other day: "De sun is de favver and de moon is de muvver and de star is de baby;" but let us check ourselves if we habitually apply the father-mother-and-baby idea to every group of different-sized objects when talking with or writing for little children.

Where there would be, even to a child, no point of resemblance to family life in the life of the objects spoken about, Mr. and Mrs. are obviously misplaced and should be eliminated. Mr. Wind, Mr. Sun, Lady Moon, etc., are crude expressions of the feeling of the characteristic elements of strength, power, beauty, in wind and sun and moon, a feeling expressed by primitive man in his language and by the poet in his, even as by the child in his.

Instead, therefore, of condemning every story or song in which personification is used, or even all those nature stories in which Mr. and Mrs. occurs, let us note whether there is a natural appropriateness or an absurd unfitness in the particular case. If such distinction seems a rather fine one to make, we must remember that it is only "one step" from the sublime to the ridiculous, and that it is sometimes a regard for just such slight differences that will keep us in the path of common sense.

Thirty-four women teachers from Cuba are taking a year's course at the State normal school at New Paltz, N. Y. All the expenses of the teachers are being paid by the Cuban government, which is thus displaying a generosity as wise as it is admirable. Each teacher is allowed $20.00 a month for personal expenses, in addition to the other outlays on her behalf.

A LITTLE WHILE IN KINDERGARTEN.*

By Florence Gleed Teare.

On the day following my visit to Mrs. Jerach, Louie made his first appearance in kindergarten. I have in memory a vivid picture of him—a little figure with an enormous head, beautiful gray eyes shaded by long black lashes, a pair of rosy lips whose whole business seemed to be to smile. I often wondered how those lips had learned their habit, for their owner had seen very little to smile at.

Louie's body was very large, and to use Frank's descriptive language, "His poor little legs had never growed." Now if I have shown an unlovable object I have failed to show Louie; for one could not look into those eyes and fail to love their owner. Louie wore the regulation garb—shirt, trousers, suspenders, vest, and coat. The latter garment, which would have fitted an ordinary four-year-old boy, came nearly to Louie's heels, on account of those poor little legs which "had never growed." From the day of his arrival, all the children were Louie's friends, and he received their little attentions with the dignity and graciousness of a king.

He had not been with us more than half an hour before he whispered to Frank, and Frank announced that Louie liked all the "kids," and wanted to sing for them. His kind offer was of course accepted; and in a sweet, shrill, never-to-be-forgotten little voice he sang:—

> "Do not forget me, do not forget me,
> I pray you 'll remember me still."

These two lines seemed to be all he knew of the song; and he sang them many times, until he seemed to feel that the end was reached.

When a voice that we have loved is still, we can close our eyes and ears to earthly sights and sounds, and hear it again in memory. Oh, blessed memory! What poor beings we should be without you!

From the day of his arrival there was always some one to help Louie. If his little hands were cold, Millie was at once on the spot, and in her business-like way they were rubbed until warm. If he needed help with his work it was promptly given by an older child. And the way in which Frank buttoned him into his coat and led him down the stairs could have been equaled only by a mother.

Louie entered the kindergarten at that best of all times—Christmas,—and was soon, like the other children, nearly bursting with secrets. Peep into a kindergarten (indeed, you will not be satisfied with a peep!) near Christmas time, and probably you will hear a little voice say: "Don't play any games to-day; let 's finish

* Begun in December, 1901.

mamma's present." Another little voice will say: "This is for grandma, 'way, 'way off in the country." Still again, in another corner of the room, you hear a suppressed chuckle, and some one says: "Won't my Dad be surprised when he finds something in his stocking?" Each little child is a veritable Santa Claus. Dickens has said: "It is good to be a child again, and never better than at Christmas time, when its Mighty Founder was a child himself."

Now in those days it was our custom to join other kindergartens, and with them decorate a beautiful tree in some large hall: and it was in many ways a beautiful sight to see so many little children enjoying their Christmas festival together.

We had weeks of preparation and anticipation, but at last our much-talked-of and much-longed-for day came. All our work had gone to help decorate the wonderful tree, and at last we were actually going, too! We had a very gorgeous turn-out. The children were arrayed in garments of all the colors of the rainbow, and our wagons and horses were decorated with streamers of gay tissue paper! Indeed, we must have made a very imposing spectacle!

The children, all of whom had, of course, arrived hours before the appointed time, and many of whom had been sent home to rest or to work off some of their superfluous energy, and had returned again, were at last packed snugly in the wagons. We arrived at the hall in fairly good condition, and certainly in the best of spirits. The children had a glorious time. I forget the details of the program, but remember that Santa Claus loaded the children with trinkets, clothing, tops, dolls, wagons, pop corn, and large, very large, ice-cold oranges. And then, at last, and I daresay much too soon for the children, came the time for going home.

We began to gather our children together—an almost indescribable task. However, at last it was accomplished, or, rather, we thought it was.

Since the time of our starting, the weather had changed. We no longer had a bright, clear, cold day, but, as we put our noses out of the doorway, were greeted by drizzling rain. Now the rain, as may be imagined, had made a lasting impression upon our beautiful tissue paper decorations; and as those decorations looked, so was our homeward trip,—dismal!

We huddled together in the rain until our wagons drove up, and then the drivers very kindly helped the children (to say nothing of our belongings) in. I believe that not more than thirty-nine of the forty-five oranges fell into the gutter as their owners were lifted into the wagons.

There was nothing wrong, as far as I could see, with the oranges; and I am very certain that there was nothing wrong with the children: consequently the difficulty must have been that the drivers were inexperienced in the handling of children. But as the men were doing the work simply from goodness of heart, I did not like to interfere. I could not help thinking, however, that ordinary intelligence ought to have told them not to attempt to lift the children by taking

them under the arms, when the aforesaid arms were already holding dolls, wagons, aprons, waists, stockings, tops, pop corn, candy, and oranges. Now if, instead of taking the children under the arms,—which, of course, is the good old-fashioned way,—the men had slipped a thin iron plate under their feet, and then gently elevated them from the sidewalk to the wagon, this great spill of oranges would have been avoided. Unfortunately, our Christmas festivals are not held in public places now, or I should feel certain that a large fortune awaited the one who invented some sort of a machine or instrument which would warrant the safe transportation of children from sidewalk to wagon while loaded with their Christmas presents.

Many and briny were the tears that were shed as the oranges fell from their owners' arms; but the men kindly and patiently dove around in the mud and slush until all were restored.

The next thing to do before starting on our homeward trip was to count and see whether we had our full number of children, and to our great dismay we found that one child was missing. It is impossible to describe the terrible feelings which this discovery caused. Some of the other kindergartens had already started, and we felt sure that our missing child was with one or other of them. We tried,—I may well say tried,—amid the moving sea of tops, dolls, trumpets, wagons, pop corn, clothing, candy, oranges, and children, to discover which child was missing, but I need not say that it was hopeless. Indeed there seemed to be two or three of everybody! On the final count, however, the men assured me that we had the number with which we had started out, which was forty-five.

We then set forth upon our homeward way, I with a somewhat lighter heart, but not without some misgivings; for it is a terrible responsibility to take out forty-five children belonging to other people,—or rather to bring them back! The drivers lost no time now, for the afternoon was changing into evening. The only stops made were caused by the still offending oranges, which were as near to the possession of perpetual motion as anything the world has ever known.

Louie, poor little lad, in spite of the glorious time which had been looked forward to for so long, and even although he had more worldly goods than he could manage, sat on my lap and wept bitter tears! When I had time I inquired as to the cause of these tears, and found that they flowed because Santa Claus had brought him a red wagon and not a dolly.

Poor old Santa! Even he makes mistakes sometimes! Moist as the atmosphere was, Millie, at the other end of the wagon, was making it moister with her tears; and, strange to say, it was because Santa Claus had brought her a dolly and not a wagon!

When the troubles of both children were thoroughly understood, it was but the work of a moment to bring about a transaction commonly known in our neighborhood as a "swap," and then Louie and Millie made the rest

of the journey with great peace of mind. Ah! there are many Louies and many Millies in this old world!

At last our kindergarten was reached, and the children restored to their waiting parents; but the end was not yet, for when the parents were all gone we still had one child left! I have heard of neighborhoods in which, at meal times, the mothers run out with a wet wash cloth, and, after applying it to the faces of the children, gather together as many as can then be seen to belong to them.

Now this may sound very systematic and orderly, but, seriously, I do not believe it is true; for I always knew even the backs of my children. Indeed I had only caught a glimpse of the back of this child, and I very well knew that it was not the back of one of mine. Once again our feelings were of an indescribable nature: for if there is anything worse than to lose a child, it is to know that you have accidentally taken one belonging to some one else! We had not only brought our own forty-five back, but had committed the crime of which, less than an hour ago, we had accused others.

"Troubles never come singly," as we found when the little lad proved to be German, and unable to speak or understand English. Matters seemed hopeless; for to all questions the little one would only smile pleasantly or refresh himself upon his candy. Just then, happily, there came a loud knock at the door, and, upon opening it, we found an anxious father inquiring for a lost child. The little fellow was soon in his father's arms and on his way home; and we were almost afraid to look into the corners of the room for fear that from them other children would emerge!

I daresay the children remember that Christmas festival as a golden day. Surely I must be of a pessimistic turn of mind to remember so vividly the trials and tribulations!

A vacation came immediately after our gala day, giving to those who were the worse for wear a chance to recuperate their strength for future labors.

To be continued.

Yield thy poor best, and mind not how nor why,
Lest one day, seeing all about thee spread
A mighty crowd, and marvelously fed,
Thy heart break out into a bitter cry,
"I might have furnished, I, yea, even I,
The two small fishes and the barley bread."

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

MY EXPERIENCE WITH A LAWLESS CHILD.

By Florence Pray.

DURING the last two years I have had to deal with the most lawless child I ever saw. When Tommy first entered the kindergarten he objected to doing, and often absolutely refused to do, anything that was expected or required of him. He was not quite five when he came under my care, but his attitude toward the world generally was one of defiance. One cause of this was that he was the youngest of a large family, every member of which tried to manage him. This he naturally resented, as he was a resolute, self-reliant little fellow. He was wonderfully strong physically. When you put your hand on his arm, it seemed as if every nerve and muscle were made of steel, so tense were they under your touch; and he could lift and move the small tables in the kindergarten with the greatest ease. His energy was untiring, and he often used it in striking out to hit the other children, big or little. It was not from a desire to hurt them, for he was a kind-hearted child; it was simply from a real need to use up his surplus energy. He could n't keep still a minute, but was always punching or jumping or talking,—a continual disturbance to us all. I tried having him do errands for me,—get the work from the closets, distribute the Gifts, and so on; but I soon found that he expected and even demanded to do it all the time. It was a great temptation to keep him busy in this way, for when he was busy he was good; but I knew that it was not best for him or for the other children to have him claim as a right what should be a privilege. But he was always happy when he was "boss."

Tommy was a problem, but of one thing I was certain: He was chafing against a feeling of restraint engendered by his home environment. Therefore I tried to develop in him a sense of freedom; tried to get him to feel that he was his own master, that he could be a good boy or a bad boy as he chose, and that nobody else, —his father, or his mother, or I,— could make him either the one or the other; that we could help him, but that he must take hold of himself and make himself strong. I knew that he must be free to choose between the right and the wrong, with a clear understanding that, if he chose the wrong, he must suffer the penalty. For instance, he must know that if he made a noise that disturbed the rest of us, and wished to continue to make it, he would have to go into the cloak room by himself, where he could disturb nobody, or into the street, if he desired a larger place.

I had thought out a beautiful

theory for Tommy, but for some reason my theory did n't work. He was so stubborn that he either would continue to do the disturbing thing until I was obliged to remove him forcibly from the other children; or, he would go into the cloak room with an "I don't care," and would n't come back until the other children had all gone home and I had almost stooped to *coaxing* him back again.

I have no doubt now that my manner of stating the alternatives alienated him. Scarcely a day passed without our having a tussle. I became utterly discouraged. Then, when I was the most depressed and would go to the kindergarten feeling heartsick over him, he would be in a good mood and behave like an angel. I had him on my mind continually, and became really afraid of him, afraid of a conflict with him, so that I ignored things in him that should not have been ignored. I dreaded what each day might bring forth, and would give a sigh of relief when twelve o'clock came. This state of things continued for two or three months,—to the end of the year, in fact; and when the kindergarten closed I felt that I had failed with him. He was improved, but I was never sure of him; the issue was always uncertain; and I felt that on the whole the failure was a pretty complete one.

During the summer a new baby came into Tommy's home, a little girl, and he was delighted with her. When I heard of his devotion to the baby I thought, "Now he certainly will improve." But alas! when the kindergarten reopened, I found he had not changed; he was the same Tommy.

One afternoon his mother accounted for Tommy's occasional absence from kindergarten, by saying that she kept him home to take care of the baby. "Tommy is just as fond of the baby as ever," said she, "but if I don't keep him home in the morning I don't have any good of him; for I never see him until supper-time after he leaves home for kindergarten, and last night he did n't come home until eleven o'clock!"

"Why, where was he?" I asked. "Oh, in the street, playing," she returned. "You can't do anything with him. I gave him a whipping, but it won't do him any good."

This revelation set me to thinking about Tommy in a new way. The child did not know the meaning of law. He was nagged by his brothers and sisters, he was whipped if he committed a misdemeanor; but there were no laws made that he felt must be obeyed, and nobody to see that he obeyed them if they were made. He was strong and courageous, and did not mind the punishment; so he did exactly as he pleased with no thought of consequences. I made up my mind then and there, that he must learn the meaning of law; but that I must keep my hands off and stop nagging him. This was difficult, for he was forever doing something that he should not do; but I held myself well in hand and tried to manage him, without his knowing it, by the *positive, indirect* method. If he pulled Johnny's hair, I tried not to say

"stop," but to send him to get me a pencil. I found that the less I noticed him, the better he behaved.

In three or four days, however, a test came. The children were sewing, and Tommy needed help for the second time before I had been around the table once. Under the old *régime*, I would have helped him immediately, feeling that I must keep him busy at all hazards; but now I told him that he must await his turn. "After I have helped Mary and Willy and May, I can help you," I said. But he was impatient and demanded to have help at once. I calmly went on helping the children I had named, although I knew that it was a critical moment. Tommy jerked his needle, broke his thread, and threw his card on the floor. I paid no attention to this, but when his turn came I said: "Now, Tommy, I can help you. Oh! you are not ready, are you?" and I passed on to the next child. He looked at me, kicked for a while, and then picked up his card from the floor and came to me quite meekly.

Another day, when he had built up his blocks, the Fifth Gift, and was just ready to put the box over them, he knocked them over in his haste. I felt sorry for him, for I knew how impatient he was; and I offered to help him, since he had done them once by himself; but he refused my offer of help, and began again. He knocked the blocks down a second time; and then, in his vexation, pushed them all over on the floor. The other children were ready, and it was time for games; so I said in an arbitrary way, "Tommy, you must put your blocks away before you can come." My manner as well as my words antagonized him, and I knew it when it was too late. He put away his blocks, but did not wish to play games; and I left him to do as he pleased. When we were ready to return to the tables, however, he was glad to come back to us without any words.

We had four or five such times before he realized the situation. I did many negative things and some nagging, and he did many positive things, before we adjusted ourselves to the new conditions. But he gradually gained greater self-control, as did I, and we soon worked harmoniously together, loving and respecting each other more and more every day.

He would do anything for me now, and will, I believe, grow up to be a law-abiding rather than a law-breaking citizen.

THE DEVELOPMENT IDEAL AND THE INFORMATION IDEAL IN NATURE STUDY.

IN a long and highly interesting article published in the *Boston Transcript,* Hon. Frank A. Hill, secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, discriminates in a scholarly manner between the development ideal and the information ideal in education. Speaking of nature study in the elementary schools, he says:—

The development ideal suggests that here is a magnificent field for children to work in, accessible at the seaside, among the mountains, in the city, in the country, in seedtime and harvest, always attractive and full of challenges to closer acquaintance. Why not utilize in fuller measure the child's interest in nature, lead him to more acute observation of her facts and to a freer use of them in expression, put him on the trail of some of her wondrous thoughts, and quicken his soul in her stimulating presence? May not this be done in non-bookish, personal, active, natural, outdoor ways? The great thoughts of nature little children may grasp, or, at least, the germs of them. If children are in the country, they may come, for instance, to know the white pine. With hints from the teacher,—who needs, therefore, generous scholarship as well as a knowledge of child nature—they may look for baby pines in the pine forest shade and find none; look again for them in sunny openings or on sunny borders and find them everywhere; see tall pines in the mass and short ones in the open; dead limbs of the pine in the gloom and living limbs in the light; and in time the thought comes to them that sunshine means life and its absence death for the beautiful pine. Then come interesting things by troops. Are there any young trees starting in the forest shade? Go there and find out. There is health in the going as well as an object to be gained. Bring samples to the school and learn what they are. And so it becomes clear that some trees will grow in the forest shade even if the pine does not. Now suppose the pines of a forest are all cut down. What trees will take their places? Work of this sort cannot be carried far before the germ of a great thought—the basis of much in the science of forestry—sprouts in the child's mind and spreads its living branches there. This germ well under way, start another. Thus nature expands for the child and the child grows in her presence; they become friends. It is a companionship that favors academic acquisition, indeed, but its delights hinge more on the method and the quality of that acquisition than on its quantity. Surely the main thing here is a teacher fond of

nature and competent to take the children to her. Much can be done even without a set program of themes and times. Now nature study in some such spirit as this is not an overtax for children, but a recreation. The burden is for the teacher who cannot direct it.

Now note what dangers threaten, what sorrows come, when nature study falls under the domination of the information ideal. There is the assembling of its materials by the bookmakers—something about the beasts of the forest, the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, the flowers of the field; something about metals and minerals and precious stones, the clouds that form and the winds that blow; something about the sun and moon and stars; something about the elemental forces that find expression in nature's infinite activities; and so on, with bounds impossible for people to agree upon. Then times are set when such things can best be studied—unfolding buds in the spring and falling leaves in the autumn. Then come special directors to secure unity and wisdom in the instruction. Associations of nature teachers spring up for the comparison of views and the utilization of one another's experience; and summer schools for the widening and deepening of knowledge; and a literature that helps on the movement as it is helped by it. And so this admirable theme takes on vast proportions. Now this is all right, it is something to rejoice over, so far as it enlarges the resources of the nature teacher by giving a wider range for choice and adjustment, but it is all wrong so far as it issues in schemes that can be handled only in bookish, indoor and memory ways, schemes that break at a hundred points with what children are and know and care for. Indeed, schemes of nature study carefully outlined from the development point of view are in constant danger of being administered from the information point of view, so much easier is it for the average teacher under the strain of school to tell than to teach, to inform than to develop, to direct children to learn things than to guide them to do things.

It is not an easy matter to make clear—the wide difference between making nature study minister to the child and subordinating, if not sacrificing, the child to nature study; between the development use of nature's wealth and the mere information use of it. But the information ideal tends to work in the same way with geography, history, physiology, and the several subjects required or permissible by law, each of them important, each with its endless vistas, each with its guilds and shining exponents, each crowding the rest not in malice but through exuberant life. And sometimes people are led to the wild length of saying: "Away with the music, the drawing, the manual training; away with the nature study and the elements of science, the frills and the fads of the theorists; let us return to the simplicity of the fathers!" Such imagined remedies are not remedies at all: they mean retrogression; they involve abandonment of some of the finest things in education. The trouble is

not to be met in this inconsiderate way. Here are two conceptions of dealing with children striving for the mastery. The conceptions should be friends; deep down they are friends; but the premature substitution of the information conception for the development, or the perversion of the development conception by the information, is bad for both. Right development brings attainment at the last, if it is to come at all, and both are saved; but the premature pressure for attainment stunts development and both suffer. The true relief is found in a better grasp of the development ideal by teachers and the school authorities; in a wider scholarship and culture for teachers; in schemes of study that involve, for pupils, less of quantity and more of activity, concentration, drill, and reflection, less of isolated and unrelated facts and more of the sort of work that unlocks underlying principles, less of teachers' talking and more of pupils' working. Not that perfect adjustment to child conditions and needs can be realized; that is as elusive as the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Not that perfect adjustment is even desirable; that might be accompanied by something akin to what Professor Tyler calls the placidity, the stagnation, of the unambitious and satisfied clam. But the spirit of the school to effect such adjustment notwithstanding the obstacles that it must forever encounter, is a spirit that makes for the welfare of the individual and of the democracy to which he belongs, and, at the last, even for scholarship; and it makes for these things in a high and precious sense that seems to be quite unknown to schools that are dominated by merely scholastic ideals. It is in this spirit that our better schools are now working, and the entire system is feeling the gracious uplift.

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ASGARD STORIES. Tales from Norse Mythology. By Mary H. Foster and Mabel H. Cummings. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston. $0.36.

A distinctly valuable rendering of the prominent stories from Norse Mythology is what the authors of Asgard stories have succeeded in making, and the book will be received with gratitude by discriminating seekers. From the preface we gain a confidence in the knowledge and preparation that the authors have brought to their task, and the stories themselves increase that confidence. They are told in excellent language, and have a unity and completeness which will give the child a satisfaction he has often missed because of the carelessness or ignorance with which the myths offered for his reading have been selected and arranged. The authors believe that "the teaching of myths should begin with those of the North, and that the Greek tales should be given later, with comparisons and references to the Norse myths. The stories which were dear to our own Northern forefathers stir our children more deeply and are more congenial to them than those

which come down to us from the Greeks. This is perfectly reasonable. The graphic descriptions in the Norse tales of the hard struggle with rugged nature, and the severe climate of the North, naturally come home more closely to us than the less rigorous and sturdy conditions of the Southern nations. Then, too, the moral tone of the Norse myths is higher, purer, and more steadfast than that of the Greek tales, and is more congenial to our point of view."

SECRETS OF THE WOODS. By William J. Long. Ginn & Co., Boston. $0.60.

In his interesting preface Mr. Long chats about how to find out the secrets of the woods. He then tells of his experiences with field mice, otters, kingfishers, red squirrels, partridges, and deer, and a few other animals, thrown in for good measure. Each chapter has one of Charles Copeland's exquisite full page illustrations, which are a delight to the eye, and, as they evidently pass Mr. Long's critical judgment, must also have the merit of scientific accuracy.

MOTHER GOOSE'S RHYMES, JINGLES, AND FAIRY TALES. Henry Altemus & Co., Philadelphia. $0.25.

Surely no child ought to be without this portion of his rightful lore, when it can be furnished to him in such good form and at so slight expense. Nominally fifty cents, the book is sold at twenty-five cents everywhere. It is a sturdy, gay little volume, comfortable for a child's hands, attractive to his eyes, and full of food for his imagination in both pictures and text. Some of the standard fairy tales fill four fifths of the book. The print is black and clear, which fact is more important for children than many book buyers and publishers realize. Several years of experience in a children's reading club has shown the reviewer that a poor book in coarse, black print will win more readers than a good book in fine, pale, crowded print.

A GRADED LIST OF POEMS AND STORIES for Use in Schools. By Charles B. Gilbert and Ada Van Stone Harris. Silver, Burdett & Co. $0.30.

This slim, inexpensive book contains lists of poems for each one of the eight grades of school, and corresponding lists of stories, with title, author, and "where found," always given. Following these two divisions, come a few pages under the heading, Sources of Material. Besides the classified sources of the poems and stories, there are lists of books from which kindergartners may obtain material, of books of reference for mythology, and a reading list for the help of teachers in directing children as to what to read out of school. The preface, though mentioned last, will profit every reader.

THE LITERARY PRIMER. By Mary E. Burt and Mildred Howells. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $0.30.

That children can enjoy some specimens of good literature before they can read is an undisputed fact. In this primer Miss Burt endeavors, more successfully than we have seen it done before, even by the same author, to show how the connections can be made between the child's first reading and certain extracts from good literature old and new, and gives the materials wherewith to follow her plan. This plan is for the teacher to tell to the children a short version of a good story, giving its strong points: and having thus made the children familiar with the name of the characters and some other words, and won their interest, to give the children easy and suggestive sentences for their own reading, which touch upon these strong points of the story. In reading the brief, easy sentences, the necessary baldness of expression will be filled out in the child's mind by knowledge of the story as told to him, and thus what he reads will not seem scrappy and detached, but rich with meaning. The main portion of the book has the look of other primers, but the vocabulary is seen to be inclusive of some words not in the ordinary primer vocabulary, although they are introduced very gradually. In the Notes to Teachers will be found excellent terse versions of Tom Thumb, Gulliver, The Snow Image, Rikki-tikki-tavi, and other well selected stories. The poems are not quite as admirable for the use designed as are the stories. The drawings have life and charm, but not always anatomical truth.

THE ARNOLD PRIMER. Sarah Louise Arnold. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston. $0.30.

The only thing needed for that excellent series of readers, Stepping Stones to Literature, is here given. If the first stepping stone is too far out in the book, there will be some little feet that cannot reach it; and while primary teachers have managed to help the children to use the First Reader by prefacing it with other primers and by blackboard lessons, they will be glad to have this primer of Miss Arnold's providing. The material given in this primer will be interesting to children and suggestive to teachers in its variety of subject and arrangement. "The sentences, as far as primer sentences can,

say something which is interesting and reasonable." The alphabet is presented nearly midway in the primer: and in "To Teachers," Miss Arnold says: "The ignorance of the alphabet betrayed by children in higher grades justifies its introduction at this point." In excellence of general make-up, the primer corresponds with Stepping Stones to Literature.

PAPER FLOWER MAKING. By Flora E. Manchester. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd. London and New York.

A Board School teacher in London, Eng., presents these directions for paper flower making, which she finds a practical and pleasant occupation for children from five to ten years of age. The illustrations are from drawings of paper flowers made by children of the Upland Board Infants' school. The directions and diagrams could scarcely be clearer. They show how to make poppies, roses, daffodils, sweet peas, tulips, etc., etc., and also a fine paper ball.

THE STARS IN SONG AND LEGEND. By Jermain G. Porter. Ginn & Co., Boston. $0.55.

Professor Porter of the University of Cincinnati and director of the Cincinnati Observatory has here given a brief account of the legends of sun, moon, and stars, interspersed with poetry referring to the same subjects. The illustrations are from the drawings of Albrecht Dürer.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE. For Schools, Homes, and Bands of Mercy. Compiled by Sarah J. Eddy. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston. $0.30.

The fact that Songs of Happy Life is in its third edition testifies to the approval it has won from the public: and since we reviewed the book carefully and with hearty commendation on the appearance of the first and second editions, we shall simply bid the new edition welcome and say that teachers interested in obtaining a collection of fresh and happy songs of nature or songs for bands of mercy will find what they seek in Songs of Happy Life.

OUR LITTLE BROWN COUSIN. By Mary Hazleton Wade. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $0.60.

The Little Cousin Series has four books thus far,—the Japanese, Indian, Russian, and Brown (or Malay) cousins. Of course, the object of the stories is to give instruction in pleasurable form. In the present volume, this is accomplished to a creditable extent, although, in our opinion, a little more art would have rendered the instructive flavor less predominant. Mr. Bridgman's pictures are characterized by his usual careful attention to the text, and are important aids for the carrying out of the object of the book.

THE LITTLE LADY. HER BOOK. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Henry Altemus Co. $1.00.

The loving intimacy between the father and little daughter, who are the prominent characters in this book, although the mother is also in evidence, is a delightful thing. Child readers will feel the beauty of it, some of them, perhaps, with a wistfulness born from the lack of such comradeship with their fathers. Of the stories that the Big Man tells, the Fred stories are usually the best. These are woven into the general account of the Little Lady's adventures at home and abroad.

CAPS AND CAPERS. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. $1.00.

Toinette is introduced to us as a lovely motherless child, of sunny disposition, and about eight years old; but in the second chapter we meet her, a restless, distrustful, and dissatisfied girl, owing to her six years in a boarding school of poor character. In the genial atmosphere of a second boarding school Toinette frolics and studies under the best influences, and gradually comes to her better self.

Mrs. Jackson sketches "Sunnybank" as a boarding school of an ideal type, although she says that she does not set it up as a model but is only telling a story of boarding school life as she has known it. Certainly the girls are lively enough and "larky" enough to keep up the traditions of schoolgirl pranks, although the fun is never tainted. Boys and candy and sleigh-rides are not forbidden or stolen sweets but prove just as interesting when openly enjoyed.

HISTORY IN RHYMES AND JINGLES. By Alexander C. Flick. Illustrated by Carl T. Hawley. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. $1.25.

If sufficiently picturesque and worth-while incidents, chosen from history, were set to good galloping rhythm after the fashion of some old ballads or even with true imitation of Mother Goose rhythms (which were seldom halting), what a fine juvenile book could be made! The opportunity is still open, for the History in

Rhymes and Jingles misses much that it aimed to accomplish.

TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH. Second Series. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.30 net.

Decidedly genial in style, and full of clearly-put instruction concerning just the points upon which many people desire it, Professor Bates' book should win many readers. Although it is supplementary to the first series of Talks on Writing English, and "takes up many of the more delicate matters of composition," its teaching is practical and useful taken independently of the previous volume. What besides pen, paper, and ink is needed for composition? is the subject of the first talk; Little Foxes, Composition and Revision, The Point of View, Figures, Letter Writing, and Euphony are titles of some others. The conveniently full index adds to the likelihood that the book will be an oft-consulted friend to its owners.

THE BEACON BIOGRAPHIES. LOUIS AGASSIZ. By Alice Bache Gould. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $0.75.

Ah! here is a little book of fine quality! Small in size, the busiest person can find leisure for reading it. Charming in form, it is a satisfactory book to possess or to give away. Handy in arrangement of contents, one can turn in a twinkling to the part he wants. Written by the daughter of a scientist, who has lived in Agassiz's Cambridge and knows the life there well, and who, moreover, unites a happy style of writing with good judgment in selecting, this little biography of the great Agassiz is sure to win admiration as well as to give enjoyment.

LIBERTY DOCUMENTS. With Contemporaneous Exposition and Critical Comments Drawn from Various Writers. Selected and Prepared by Mabel Hill. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

The emphatic approval of this book expressed by Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of history in Harvard University, is, in itself, sufficient warrant of the book's worth. The twenty-four liberty documents or groups of documents presented, include the great monuments of Anglo-Saxon liberty, beginning with the charter of Henry I., 1101, and coming down to the late decisions regarding the liberty of the new colonies and dependencies of the United States. Each of the twenty-four chapters gives, first, some suggestions as to the historical conditions under which the documents took form: next, the text of the documents themselves; then, extracts from the writings of contemporaneous persons in order to show the state of feeling and opinion existing when the measures were enacted; and, lastly, critical comments of later historians who have studied the documents through the perspective of human progress. Appendices A and B give synopses of the essentials in the study of English and American constitutional history; Appendix C contains the complete text, in its exact form, of the Habeas Corpus Act, a document very hard to find in full; Appendix D gives a list of all authors and works cited throughout the work; and the book closes with a carefully prepared alphabetical index. Since this index is in addition to a table of contents given in the beginning of the book, it will be seen that no pains have been spared to make the contents conveniently accessible to the student. "There is no other collection of this kind perhaps," says Professor Hart, "which brings together the materials for a judgment of so many great constitutional principles. In a certain sense the book is a little historical library."

MASTERS OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By George McLean Harper. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25 net.

In these essays, put forth by a professor of Princeton University, can be perceived something of the fine quality of influence exerted by the university upon the student through the character and ability of its professors, so clearly does the personality of the author shine through his treatment of his theme. By this study of the great masters in French literature, a good outline is given of French literary history, as the author intended. "So unified," says he, "is French literature, so intimate are the myriad relations of all its parts to the whole, that it is possible to gain a fairly comprehensive view of any one of its periods by considering a representative man of letters who then was a dominant figure." The essay on The Place of French Literature is comprehensive and just, and that on The Golden Age of French Drama extremely interesting. The whole is by "a critic who is entirely sympathetic in general attitude toward French literature," and who is capable of giving to others in an illuminating manner the results of his own insight.

OUTLINES IN ART HISTORY. VOL. I, ARCHITECTURE. By James Frederick Hopkins. Educational Publishing Co., Boston. $1.00.

Here is presented a "non-technical out-

line of architectural development for the use of the teacher with her boys and girls," but interesting to general readers and especially so to those who have had a taste of foreign travel. Taking this as a first book, further reading on architecture will be apt to follow, for it will make such reading a greater pleasure. One of Mr. Hopkins' special objects in writing the book is to show that "clear pictures of historic nations may be best constructed by what they tell us in their architectural monuments." Having young people in mind as readers has kept the author to a direct and sincere style, and precluded the giving of too much dry information, thus making the book all the better for many other readers. The illustrations are profuse, and all strictly to the purpose.

E. P. Dutton & Co. sent out this year, as usual, an astonishing number and variety of calenders. Lovers of gay novelties will be especially well suited.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

Playground Education. By Joseph Lee. Sparing the Rod. By James P. Munroe. Educational Review, December.

Beautifying of Cities. By C. H. Caffin. The World's Work, November.

American Opportunities and Education. By Hamilton W. Mabie. North American Review, November.

A Public Servant of the Northwest. The Fruitful Career of the Late Gov. J. S. Pillsbury of Minnesota. By Horace B. Hudson. American Review of Reviews, December.

The Story of Snow Crystals. By Wilson A. Bentley. Other People's Children. Edward S. Martin. Harpers' Magazine, December.

Children in Factory and Commercial Life. Haryot Holt Cahoon. New England Magazine, December.

The Boy and His Heroes. By C. Hanford Henderson. The Congregationalist, December 7.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago. The Beautiful Land of Nod. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Alameda Music Co., Alameda, Cal. Merry Time Songs for Children. Music by Charles H. McCurrie. $0.50.

University Publishing Co., New York. Merchant of Venice. By William Shakespeare. Edited by E. E. Hale, Jr. $0.12½.

The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. History in Rhymes and Jingles. By Alexander C. Flick, Ph.D. Illustrated by Carl T. Hawley. $1.25.

Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. Mother Goose's Rhymes, Jingles, and Fairy Tales. $0.25. Caps and Capers. By Gabrielle E. Jackson, $1.00. The Little Lady. Her Book. By Albert Bigelow Paine. $1.00. Tommy Foster's Adventures. By Fred A. Ober. $1.00.

Silver, Burdett and Co., Boston. A Graded List of Poems and Stories for Use in Schools. By C. B. Gilbert and Ada Van Stone Harris. $0.30. Songs of Happy Life. (Third edition.) By Sarah J. Eddy. $0.30.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Items of news and reports of the work for the news departments are solicited from kindergartners in all parts of the country. Copy should be received before the tenth of the month to insure insertion in the next issue.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Application of Kindergarten Principles to all Grades.

At the 76th meeting of the Eastern Kindergarten Association held at Parker Memorial, Boston, November 19, Miss Sarah L. Arnold of the Board of Supervisors gave an inspiring address on the subject, "The Application and Limitations of Kindergarten Principles to all Grades."

She said there were four or five distinct features of the kindergarten which have helped in the schools.

First of all the kindergarten has enabled

us to make use of the instinct and practice of motherhood; it has brought to the aid of the schools the great body of knowledge which mothers have contributed to the human race.

We, as teachers, have stood apart from the home, and all the labor outside of the schools, feeling that we had the knowledge handed down from teacher to teacher, but have failed to learn as we ought from the great tide of life about us. The kindergarten has helped us to pause, that we may listen to the mother and father and sister and brother, to those who have lived with the children in the home.

If the kindergarten had done nothing more for the community, we should owe it a great debt for having taught us to listen to the teachings of the home, and to realize the principle that true growth can come only through one's own self-activity. The term has become so common that I wonder if we feel it with its full meaning. Again and again it confronts us in the school and all our methods might be tested by that one principle alone.

Then, too, the kindergarten has brought to us a true interpretation of *the gospel of play*. We cannot deny that, for years, play was banished from the school as something that was always and forever a schoolroom offense to be met with punishment.

The kindergarten teaches the school how to make play minister to the best good of the child. The kindergarten has also taught us to emphasize the growth of the spirit and of the soul, as well as of the intellect.

There are still those who believe that the one function of the schools is to teach reading, writing, and ciphering, but we have to thank the kindergarten for the growing comprehension of the fact that we are truly teaching the children only when their souls and spirits grow as well as their minds.

Again, the kindergarten has taught us something of the power that comes through co-operation, and is helping us to apply that principle, also, in our work for children. We are teaching them to recognize the community interest, so that they may grow into this larger self that we are all striving to attain.

Miss Arnold developed these five points, giving many illustrations from school experience. She showed the limitations that must come from the differences in the ages of the children, in the constitution of the public school, and the traditions of the teachers. She said that there are as many opportunities in a good school of applying the first principle named, as in the kindergarten itself, for the teacher should also carry on the teaching begun at home by the mother. She should not stand merely as one empowered to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, but she should develop the true inward life of the child on all sides.

Just a day or two ago while visiting a third grade school, the teacher said: "I hope you don't mind that boy up there. He is not doing very well, but the fact is he is a truant. His mother is away all day at work, and his father is a confirmed drunkard, so I think myself fortunate in getting him here at all. I am simply trying to make school the happiest place in the world to him." Now that teacher was really applying in her school the spirit of the kindergarten.

What limitation shall we find? None by right. It ought always to be possible to lay aside the burden of reading, writing, and arithmetic in order to take up this more serious one, but it is not possible for us to do so yet, because we must work with such large numbers of pupils, and, furthermore, because the public mind is not yet satisfied with that result.

The second point is the principle of development through self-activity. We are apt to elude the application of this principle, though we all believe in it. As an extreme example: A teacher in the West had taught her class a certain process in arithmetic. It was an example where horses and wagons were bought, and the teacher had taught carefully where each figure was to be placed. The horse cost so much, and the wagon cost so much, five horses would cost so much, and five wagons would cost so much, and the result would be so much. A little Norwegian boy sat in the corner of the room, thinking out the problem in his own way. He said: "I do it a different way. I say if one horse and wagon cost so much, five would cost five times more, and I get the same answer that you do." The teacher replied: "You think you 're smart, don't you? Rub it out, and do it the way I told you!" That teacher preferred her tangible, visible result on paper to the intangible, invisible result of growth in the child. She could not understand that that one boy out of all the boys in the class had already received a fairly liberal education because he could get along without her.

It is very difficult for us to keep from substituting *our* talking and *our* thinking for the talking and thinking of the children.

There is an actual and close relation be-

tween the ordinary drudgery of the school and the spirit of play. If this spirit of play were continued through the primary school, the children would learn to read in half the time. It is the child who can imagine, who can play, who can really read.

We have the spirit of play in the kindergarten, but it is shut out of the grammar and high schools to be recovered again in college.

"No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

That is taught in the kindergarten, and we should learn to teach it in the schools, through all the grades.

We should learn to teach the children *real* things, as taught in nature and in books, and, best of all, in human life, continuing through the schools the study of the humanities as begun in the kindergarten. Thus we shall take hold of hands, each one learning from the other the value of results. And then we shall all learn as teachers that we cannot lead our children to the light, until we ourselves are filled with light.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Children's Betterment League Organized.

Informal organization of the Children's Betterment League was perfected at a recent meeting held in one of the club parlors of the Plankinton House, where half a dozen representatives of the various charitable institutions of the city met to discuss the matter and to adopt articles of association.

The purpose of the organization is explained in this extract from the articles of association: —

"The object of the association shall be to co-operate for the betterment of child life in the city and county of Milwaukee, to the end that children may be nurtured in good character and citizenship and protected from injustice, evil, and suffering; by the formation of public opinion that the work now in progress may be understood and fostered; by preventing duplication of work; by the encouragement of new work started when possible in needy and neglected districts; by aiding in securing the full benefits of the juvenile court law."

Anyone, individually, or as a member of any society or organization working for the betterment of children may become a member of the society, by the payment of one dollar annual dues.

The members will meet quarterly to consult and co-operate on plans designed to promote the welfare of the children of the city, either in the home, where necessary, or in charitable institutions.

A committee on nominations was appointed as follows: Miss Marion Ogden, Mrs. L. A. Truesdell, and C. E. Crain.

The next meeting will be held the second Friday in January, when the election of officers will take place. The association will then become a permanent one.

The Mission Kindergarten Association will be among the organizations associated in the work of the newly formed society.

Chicago, Illinois.

Colored Kindergartens.

Colored women's clubs have organized kindergartens in the several sections of Chicago, and located them in the colored churches. On the north side the kindergarten is at the Wayman chapel, 214 Chicago avenue, and has about thirty children. The south side schools are located at the colored social settlement, 3825 Dearborn street, where there are about sixty children; at the Bethel A. M. E. church, there is a kindergarten of about forty children; at the Quinn chapel church, there are between forty and fifty children in daily attendance; Mrs. Grey, a colored club woman, conducts a kindergarten at the Baptist church mission, in 47th street, with about thirty-seven children; Mrs. Katherine D. Tillman, the colored author, will organize a kindergarten at St. John's A. M. E. church in Throop street.

The west side women will establish kindergartens at St. Stephen's church, and at the Providence Baptist church. At the Institutional church and colored settlement colored girls are being trained for kindergarten teachers. Mrs. L. A. Davis, national organizer of the colored women's clubs; Mrs. R. C. Ransom of the colored settlement; Mrs. Agnes Moody of the I. B. W. Woman's Club; Mrs. Grey of the Phyllis Wheatley Club, are the leaders in the movement.

Dayton, Ohio.

Dayton Mothers' Union.

That there is a steadily deepening interest in the kindergartens of Dayton was manifested by the large, enthusiastic gathering of members of the Dayton Mothers' Kindergarten Union at the Central District schoolhouse, November 20.

A group of fifty children opened the meeting by singing kindergarten songs. After the secretary's minutes, reports were given from the local clubs, telling of earnest work accomplished. These were followed by an exceedingly interesting paper

upon the kindergarten from a mother's standpoint by one of the prominent members, Mrs. H. E. Legler.

A very enjoyable feature of the meeting was the informal reception given by the mothers of the Central District Kindergarten Club, who proved themselves charming hostesses, entertaining with music and refreshments. To them much credit is due for the success of this very delightful part of the meeting.

The book table was filled with attractive books, especially helpful to mothers, and the conferences among the large number of those who gathered to look over the books were most interesting.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Kindergarten and Its Relation to the Primary School. The Philadelphia Branch of the International Kindergarten Union held its regular meeting December 3, 1901, at the Philadelphia Normal School.

Announcement was made of a course of twelve lectures on Goethe's Faust, which will be given before the Union by Prof. Edward Howard Griggs, commencing January 6, 1902. Also, all members were invited to join the Students' Club for the study of Faust, which meets weekly from now until the end of Professor Griggs' lectures.

The program for the afternoon consisted of addresses and discussions on the subject, The Kindergarten and its Relation to the Primary School. Miss Sarah Fible gave The Kindergartner's Point of View. She spoke mainly of the two methods of teaching,—the poetical or symbolic and the scientific,—and showed how the first prepared for and should precede the second; and that the poetical method belonged to the kindergarten, while more of the scientific was to be looked for in the primary school.

The Primary Teacher's Point of View was explained by Mr. George Wheeler, supervisor of the James G. Blaine School. He touched upon the entirely different conditions which prevail in the kindergarten and primary schools. The longer session and the very much larger number of children hamper the primary teacher. The kindergartner is in a sense free to experiment and adopt methods which seem to be best, while the primary teacher is bound down to traditional methods, even though these methods are obviously unsuited to best work. Instead of approaching each other with indifference, distrust, or hostility, as unfortunately they sometimes do, he urged that the kindergartner and the primary teacher should strive each to learn of the other, and each to help the other in every way possible. He thought the primary teacher's work would be made easier if the kindergartner would train the children to habits of obedience, self-reliance, and perseverance in work as well as play.

Dr. Oliver P. Cornman, supervisor of the Northwest School, discussed the subject in a very practical manner. He explained that in addition to the difficulties mentioned by Mr. Wheeler, the primary teacher of the first grade is still further hampered by the furniture which restricts the pupils' freedom of motion, and by the fact that children are not all born at the same time of the year. The teacher who starts in September with forty pupils will probably have seventy, eighty, or even a hundred before the end of the term. The day a child reaches the age of six, he is entitled to admission to the first grade, and in most cases he is admitted even though he has to sit on the floor. Dr. Cornman spoke of the great advantage to the child of being under the care and guidance of a trained teacher from the time he is four years old; and expressed a wish that it were possible to have for him, in addition, a pre-kindergarten course. Dr. Cornman thought that, as a rule, the kindergartner's aim was higher than that of the primary teacher. But he warned kindergartners, in their zeal for the formation of character, to guard against the error of "making appeals to the altruistic side of the little animal when there is no altruistic side."

Miss Fanny Law, who has had experience in both kindergarten and primary school, made clear how a child's physical, mental, and moral training in the kindergarten helps him in the primary school. He goes from the kindergarten with senses sharpened, fingers partly trained, observation quickened, memory and powers of expression cultivated, and with the ability to follow directions more intelligently than the child from the average home. He also has foundations upon which to build the studies of arithmetic, history, geography, language, etc. And his habits of obedience, love of work, and desire to know the truth and do the right thing are of value to him all his life.

Mrs. John Stephens Durham raised the question as to whether kindergartner and primary teacher mean the same thing when they speak of symbolism. Generally speaking, the kindergartner advocates its use, the primary teacher condemns it. A short general discussion brought out the fact that

usually neither exactly understands the other. When symbolism as used in the kindergarten was clearly explained and practically illustrated, both primary and higher grade teachers approved its use.

Miss Anna W. Williams in a few words summed up what she regards as the cause of much of a primary teacher's dissatisfaction with kindergarten pupils. Every kindergarten trained child carries a certain amount of power and skill with him to the primary school. The teacher there does not know what he can do — what to require of him — and makes the work too easy. Hence arise all sorts of troubles for pupil and teacher. The remedy for this state of affairs would be that every primary school teacher should know something of what is or should be done in the kindergarten training, and a certain amount of observation and teaching in a good kindergarten before she undertakes to teach in a primary school.

ZELLA M. PARKER,
Secretary.

New York City.

Kindergarten Alumnae Association.

The December meeting of the Jenny Hunter Alumnæ Association was held December 7, at the Normal College.

A short but important business meeting preceded the special feature of the day. Most interesting among the reports was that of the Kindergarten Committee, which announced that the free kindergarten, maintained by this association and its friends, is in a prosperous condition and thoroughly appreciated by the poor mothers, who make every effort to have their little ones attend regularly.

After the business meeting the members of the association joined their guests in welcoming the speaker of the day, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. Mr. Mabie had chosen as his subject, The Myth in Literature and Education, and in his usual calm, clear, and interesting way reviewed the rise of the race and the individual from crude and insignificant beginnings. He showed how the ancient nations, with their limited knowledge, personified the natural forces, making them gods and goddesses, affecting the lives and destinies of man; how the doings of these gods and goddesses, and of the heroes of early adventure, have been woven into stories which have been handed down from father to son, finally creating in the minds of each succeeding generation an idea, more or less clear, of the early peoples, and creating also a love of hearing, telling, and reading these myths and other stories, many of which have given an impetus to present day writers in their work.

SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The program of The Kindergarten Department, Southern Educational Association, held at Columbia, S. C., December 27, 1901, was as follows: —

Address of welcome.

Response, President of Department, Miss Patty S. Hill, Louisville, Ky.

Short Addresses, The South's Great Need of Good Kindergartens. Prof. Patterson Wardlaw, South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C.; Prof. John McMahon, State Superintendent of Education, Columbia, S. C.; Mr. Zach. Maghee, Assistant Superintendent of Education, State of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.

Discussion, What do you consider the most Important Features of the Kindergarten from the Standpoint of Preparation for Later Education? Miss Willette Allen, Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, S. C.; Miss Martha Carson Harris, Rome, Ga.

Discussion, What Modifications do you think should be made in Kindergarten Methods in the Light of Modern Criticism? Mrs. Nellie Glessner Storey, Macon, Ga.; Miss Minnie Macfeat, Rock Hill, S. C.; Mrs. Ida M. Lining, Charleston, S. C.; Miss Evelyn Holmes, Charleston, S. C.

The officers of the association are: President, Miss Patty S. Hill, Louisville, Ky.; vice-president, Miss Caroline M. C. Hart, Baltimore, Md.; secretary, Miss Minnie Macfeat, Rock Hill, S. C.

MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION, BOSTON, APRIL 2-4.

Wednesday, April 2, 10 A. M.

Welcome, and Reports of Delegates.

Wednesday, P. M.

Tea at Radcliffe for Officers, Delegates, and Speakers.

Wednesday Evening.

General Meeting at Huntington Hall. Addresses by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University; Miss Susan E. Blow; Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Mr. Edwin P. Seaver, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Boston.

Thursday, 10 A. M.

Training Teachers' Conference; General Topic, Training of the Kindergartner in the Light of General Educational Principles. Mrs. Kraus-Boelte, Dr. Thomas M. Balliet, Superintendent of Schools, Springfield, Mass., and others.

The kindergartens of Boston are open to visiting kindergartners and others on Thursday morning.

Thursday, 1 P. M.

Luncheon for all members of the International Kindergarten Union.

Thursday, 2.30 P. M.

Round Tables.

I. Parents' Conference, chairman, Mrs. J. H. Stannard.

II. Training of the Will, chairman, Miss Harriet Neil.

Thursday, 8 P. M.

Reception to delegates and members of the International Kindergarten Union and others.

Friday, 10 A. M.

The Value of Constructive Work in the Kindergarten, Miss Bertha Payne, Miss Anna Williams, and others.

Friday, 2 P. M.

Business Meeting.

3 P. M.

General Meeting.

This program is subject to change at the discretion of the executive and local committees. Additional subjects and names of speakers will be published in later numbers of magazine.

FANNIEBELLE CURTIS,

Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the International Kindergarten Union.

BROOKLYN, December 11, 1901.

The local committee in Boston is composed of the executive board of the Eastern Kindergarten Association and the chairman of the special sub-committees. Miss Laliah B. Pingree, president of the Eastern Kindergarten Association, is chairman of the local committee. Chairman Press Committee, Miss Emilie Poulsson; chairman Committee on Transportation, Mr. Albert E. Winship; chairman Committee on Hotel Accommodations, Miss Gertrude Watson; chairman Committee on Entertainments, Miss Lucy Wheelock; chairman Committee on Credentials, Badges, etc., Miss Anna M. Perry; chairman Committee on Place of Meetings, Miss Lucy H. Symonds; chairman Committee on Decorations, Mrs. Charles H. Dutton.

Miss Laura Fisher, a member of the local committee, is also vice-president of the International Kindergarten Union.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The next annual convention of the N. E. A. will be held in Minneapolis, Minn., July 7-11, 1902.

The city of Minneapolis has already formed extensive plans for the entertainment of the association, and all indications point to a large and successful convention.

The membership of the association for the current year is larger than was indicated by the registration at the Detroit meeting, which was very greatly reduced by the new plan for the deposit of tickets with train conductors and the consequent relief from the necessity for registration.

The railroad companies, however, have carefully and honorably protected the interests of the association by collecting and turning over to them all membership coupons which escaped registration, amounting to 2,640 coupons. The membership for the year computed as in other years will be approximately as follows: —

Registered membership at Detroit,	5,925
Mem. coupons collected and turned over by Joint Ry. Agt.,	2,640
Active members, not at Detroit, paying dues,	1,700
Total,	10,265

It is worthy of note that over 600 new active members have been added to the list during the year, bringing the enrollment in that class to over 2,800, and that nearly 1,200 active members were present and enrolled at the Detroit meeting.

Even a child's love left unsought, unfostered, droops and dies away.

—*Froebel.*

FRAU VOGELER (IDA SEELE).

OUR German exchanges have brought the news of the death of Frau Vogeler (Ida Seele), who passed away after long suffering, on the fifteenth of October, at Nordhausen, Germany, the place of her birth, to which she had retired to spend the remaining years of her life.

Frau Vogeler was known personally to a large circle of kindergartners in her native land, and through her writings and prominent position to many more in all parts of the world. Her kindergarten training was received in Blankenburg from Froebel himself, and it was upon her that the title of kindergartner was first bestowed. She was much beloved and highly honored both as woman and educator, and great sorrow at the loss of her continued presence is expressed by the *Allgemeiner Kindergärtnerinnen-Verein,* at Blankenburg, and the *Deutscher Froebel-Verband,* in Berlin, to both of which she belonged. After her teaching in Froebel's Blankenburg kindergarten, Frau Vogeler spent fourteen years in Darmstadt and then thirteen years in Berlin. Speaking of her a few years ago, Fräulein Eleonore Heerwart said, "She was an ideal kindergartner."

LECTURE COURSES, REPORTS AND NOTES FROM THE KINDERGARTENS.

Mrs. Annie M. Perry, a Boston kindergarten training teacher, is giving a course of lectures before the Newton Froebel Union at Newton Center, Mass.

The Kindergarten Union of New York and Vicinity met with the kindergarten alumnæ of the Ethical Culture schools at 109 West 54th street, on Saturday, December 14. A talk on Our Common Trees, illustrated by the stereopticon, was given by Dr. Henry A. Kelly.

It is reported that France proposes to establish a school in the United States for the study of industrial methods. The plan is to establish a central bureau or college at Philadelphia or Chicago with a director and two sub-directors, who will be fully acquainted with the working of the various industries under their guidance. The students will examine works specially chosen for superior methods and the newest plants. The expense will be met partly by a parliamentary grant and partly by subscription raised among the French chambers of commerce, the industrial associations, and the big industrial concerns of this country.

At the annual meeting of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Free Kindergarten Association a number of interesting reports were read. The association is now controlling forty-two kindergartens, five of which were established during the past year, and another will be started in the Preble school as soon as possible. The total receipts for the past year were $42,347.20, which was not, however, as much as will be required for the coming year's work. The following corps of officers was re-elected: President, Mrs. William A. Herron; treasurer, Mrs. James

I. Buchanan; secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth H. O'Neil; and vice-presidents, Mrs. W. K. Gillespie, Mrs. S. Jarvis Adams, and Miss S. H. Killikelly.

Miss Susan E. Blow will give a course of five lectures to teachers and kindergartners, on Literature for Young Children, at Chipman Hall, Tremont Temple, Boston, beginning January 9, 1902. Miss Blow will present the views of the leaders in the child-study movement, as well as her own and those of other prominent educators, on the subject of literature for children. Subjects: January 9, Gleanings from the Child-Students; January 16, The Best Literature for Children; January 23, Fairy Tales; January 30, Bible Stories. February 5, Stories from Homer: the Iliad and the Odyssey. Tickets for the course, at $2.00 each, may be obtained on application to Miss Laura Fisher, 68 Marlborough street, and Miss Sarah L. Arnold, School Committee, Mason street.

Miss Mary King Drew of New Orleans has taken charge of the Clara Chaison Free Kindergarten of Dallas, Tex. A training school has been established with three young ladies in the class, and all the work is progressing in a most encouraging way. Miss Drew is a graduate of the Louisville Free Kindergarten Training School, and comes fully equipped for the work. Miss Clara Chaison has given $1,850, with which a lot has been bought, and later a $3,000 Settlement House is to be erected.

At the opening of the Twentieth Century Club's University Course in Tremont Temple, Boston, November 9, President Eliot of Harvard gave a most vigorous address. His subject was A Survey of the Conditions of American Education, with Some Accounts of Its Successes and Its Failures. President Eliot, in enumerating some of the gains our schools have made, said: "First, the kindergarten. The best effect of the kindergarten is produced by its insistence on invariable gentleness, on interesting little children, and on avoiding long periods of attention to one subject. Half a minute is a much more natural period of attention than half an hour, and much more healthful. We shall never get education right till this kindergarten method is continued till the sixteenth year. Schools and colleges have learned much from kindergartens about the importance of dealing with the individual child rather than with large groups of children."

Last May a Free Kindergarten Association was organized at Leavenworth, Kan. The kindergarten has been in session two months, and is very successful. There are thirty-three pupils enrolled, in charge of Miss Katharine Willard assisted by Miss Ida Hoffman.

The Washington City Kindergarten Club held a public memorial gathering for the late Mrs. Louise Pollock, on the anniversary of her birthday, Tuesday, October 29, in the lecture room of All Souls' Church, at which Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, Rev. Edward B. Pollard, and many others took part.

At the first public meeting of the Newark, N. J., Kindergarten Union, which took place in the New Library, November 20, Miss Caroline T. Haven of New York city gave an address on Different Phases of the Kindergarten.

A kindergarten association was organized at Janesville, Wis., November 8, with the following officers: President, Mrs. B. F. Dunwiddie; vice-president, Mrs. W. F. Bosworth; secretary, Mrs. A. E. Matheson; treasurer, Mrs. William Ruger, Jr. The executive committee leased rooms in the Conrad block, which were papered, painted, and supplied with all necessary equipment, and December 2, the kindergarten was opened with thirty-five little ones present. Quite a number of the parents were there to see the opening exercises. Miss Nora Wilcox of Quincy, Ill., is in charge of the kindergarten, and is assisted by Miss Grace Spoon.

At Springfield, Mass., a kindergarten was opened in November, at Armory Street School, with Miss Blanche Brownell as teacher, and Miss Violet Loring assistant. Miss Margaret E. Lee has charge of the Pynchon street kindergarten this year, in place of Miss Freeborn, who has taken leave of absence for a year's study in New York. Miss Carrie R. Cooley remains as assistant. Miss Lee, whose home is in Portland, Me., comes well equipped for the work, from a postgraduate course at the Chicago Kindergarten Institute, after seven years spent in teaching at Florence.

Miss Susan E. Blow has been giving a course of lectures at the Pittsburg, Pa., Kindergarten College on the following subjects: November 21, Inner Collectedness, or How to Cultivate Poise of Mind and Character; November 27, The Elementary Principles of Moral Education; December 1, The Root of Deception, and How to Uproot It; December 11, The Awakening of the Ideal; and December 13, The Religious Education of Childhood.

Hezekiah Butterworth gave a very interesting lecture on the Influence of the Kindergarten on the Swiss Republic, under the auspices of the Somerville, Mass., Kindergarten Association in November. Mr. Butterworth spoke in the highest commendation of the kindergarten methods in Switzerland. He urged the need of educating the imagination which, he thought, can be better done by the study of parable literature, such as that in vogue in Germany and Switzerland, than by allowing children to imbibe blood and thunder stories. The speaker prophesied that the most important educational movement of this century is to be the development of the kindergarten system.

Forty-six pupils are enrolled at the Crown Hill Kindergarten, Nashua, N. H., with an average attendance of thirty-six. Miss Emma Fairbanks is the principal and Miss Grace Atwood, assistant.

A friend of Tuskeegee, Ala., Normal and Industrial Institute has given $15,000 for an administration building. The "children's house," a new school building for the small children, has been completed and is now being occupied, and the new hospital is almost finished. A kindergarten has just been opened. So early in the term it is found necessary to turn away students for lack of room.

At the second annual meeting of the Illinois Congress of Mothers, held at Princeton in November, the subject of kindergartens in the public schools was taken up, and it was decided that the introduction of the system should be urged throughout the state. Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, president of the International Kindergarten Union, made the opening address, and stated that the state law was now so framed that kindergarten work was possible in the public schools and that sentiment should be so aroused as to cause its general adoption.

The Tampa Heights, Fla., kindergarten opened in November under the direction of Miss Lithgow of Louisville.

The operetta, The House that Jack Built, recently given in Grand Rapids, Mich., for the benefit of the kindergarten piano fund, was so successful that as a result nearly all the kindergartens will be supplied with pianos. Much credit is due to Miss Bertha Bradford, supervisor of kindergartens, for the success of the entertainment. The kindergarten directors, thirty in number, are taking the musical kindergarten course in order to gain a better foundation for their work in music.

The Scranton, Pa., Free Kindergarten Association has just issued its annual report, which contains much interesting and encouraging information. The work has gone on quietly but most effectively, and the results must certainly be felt in the community. The report shows that two kindergartens have been maintained, in which one hundred and forty-five children were enrolled. In the central city there is a mixture of Jews and Gentiles, Russians, Poles, Germans, Irish, Italians, Chinese, and Afro-Americans. The benefit of the kindergarten in such a section of the city cannot be estimated.

Miss Laura Morgan presided at the November meeting of the Kraus Alumni Association, New York city. After the usual religious exercises and business, the morning was devoted to games. Miss Dorman, Miss Hay, Miss Schell, Miss Demarest, and Miss Slade presented games to be played, and much pleasure and enthusiasm were shown by all in carrying them out. There were three children present, and they were delighted to join their elders in the good time. At Mrs. Kraus's suggestion the educational value of each game was given before it was played.

The officers of the Alumnæ Kindergarten Club of Topeka, Kans., are: President, Mrs. Lida H. Hardy; vice-president, Miss Dora Sherfy; secretary, Miss Jean Wallace; treasurer, Miss Maude Kimball. The course of study decided upon for the year will include Mother Play and parliamentary drill, the latter part of each meeting being devoted to some special feature along kindergarten lines.

A free kindergarten is to be established at Rome, Ga., for the factory children. Miss Ryan will be in charge.

A flourishing kindergarten has been opened in Industry, Ind., that is entirely self-supporting. Permanent officers for the year have been elected: President, Mrs. King; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Bishop; ways and means committee, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Reno, and Mrs. Sullivan. The committee visited each factory and secured the pledge of twenty-five cents from each man. Great interest is shown by all those concerned, and the residents of Industry are to be congratulated on securing their kindergarten.

Miss Lila Willets of Roslyn, L. I., has charge of the kindergarten department of the Hewitt Training School, at Trenton, N. J.

The Froebel Club of Columbus, Ga., is a great help and stimulus to the kindergartners and students. The first meeting was held at the home of the director, Miss Wood, in November, and was devoted to the discussion of psychology. The topic was introduced in the form of seven questions, which were studied, and informally talked over by those present. The study of the nursery rhymes and their deeper meanings will be a feature of the season's program work.

A new kindergarten opened at the Peabody school, Cambridge, Mass., December 2, in charge of Julia L. Frame.

Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie delivered a lecture in November on Literature as a Personal Resource, under the auspices of the Cincinnati Kindergarten Association, and for the benefit of the free kindergartens. This was pronounced by many the best of the series in Cincinnati, and should prove a great incentive to students in carrying forward their studies in literature. He told many interesting anecdotes of Goethe, Lowell, Emerson, and other noted literary men.

The children of all the kindergartens of the New Orleans Free Kindergarten Association have been studying sugar cane and have visited the experimental station and the truck farms. The result of this study is shown in pictures which they have made. At their Thanksgiving celebrations each child brought some offering, if only an apple or a potato. These were assorted by the kindergartners and distributed among poor families.

At the November meeting of the Galesburg, Ill., Free Kindergarten Association an interesting report of the work was given by Miss Hazzard, the superintendent, and a gift of $288.49 was received from the Galesburg Traveling Men's Association. Another donation that was much appreciated on account of the self-sacrifice involved was from a girls'club that had raised fifty cents for the kindergarten during the summer. Among the more important subjects discussed at the meeting was the founding, enlarging, or procuring of suitable quarters for the association. A committee appointed to investigate the matter was composed of Miss M. Evelyn Strong, Mrs. J. T. McKnight, Mrs. S. H. Olson, and Mrs. John Grubb.

At the annual meeting of the Youngstown, O., Free Kindergarten Association held November 4, the election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. L. B. Stewart; first vice-president, Mrs. C. H. Booth; second vice-president, Mrs. Samuel Weil; recording secretary, Mrs. W. A. Smith; corresponding secretary, Mrs. R. H. Montgomery; treasurer, Mrs. Alice Jones. The past year has been one of growth and the three kindergartens are in good condition as the reports of the treasurer, director, and various other committees show. In January, 1900, the branch at Haselton was started with Miss Sells as director. This kindergarten is firmly established and goes steadily on. During the past year a branch kindergarten has been established in Brier Hill, with Miss Hurd as director. About thirty children, mostly Italians, form this kindergarten.

The October meeting of the Toronto Froebel Society took the form of a Halloween celebration in the Queen Victoria kindergarten. It was thoroughly enjoyed by the large number of kindergartners present, most of whom were in costume appropriate to the season. This feature of the evening was most unique and as the members joined heartily in the marching games and dancing the effect was very picturesque. Refreshments were served and the affair was voted a genuine success. Many wishes were expressed that it might become an annual reunion. The principal feature of the November meeting was an address by Mr. David Boyle, curator of the Archeological Museum, on The Origin and History of Some Mechanical Devices, which was most interesting and instructive.

The Manchester, New Hampshire, Kindergarten Association is making plans to open a kindergarten in the Blodgett street school building. The new kindergarten, while conducted under the same auspices as the one which was opened some time ago on Union street, will be entirely distinct from its predecessor, and will be a public institution — practically a free kindergarten. The association is desirous of opening the kindergarten for the present winter and this will be done if a sufficient number of pupils can be secured.

The Salem, Massachusetts, School Board has opened three kindergartens — one in the Normal School building in charge of Miss Newton, with twelve pupils; one at the Browne School, with Miss Ransom principal and Miss Edith Brown assistant, with about a dozen pupils, and one at Beckford street, with Miss Harrington as principal and Miss Cushing assistant, with about twenty pupils. It is expected that the attendance will be increased later.

At the November meeting of the Alumnæ Association of Froebel Kindergartners of

Philadelphia, Miss Susan Blow lectured on Criteria of Development. The lecturer explained the radical differences between Pestalozzi and Herbart, their progress towards perfection, and compared them with Froebel, whose doctrines in fifty years have completely revolutionized education. She cautioned mothers and teachers against the overdevelopment of the emotions and the practice of using children as specimens and cases to illustrate various theories.

Miss Frances Lawrence, supervisor of the kindergartens in Honolulu, H. I., reports an increased attendance in the normal department and growing interest in the kindergartens. Miss Cora Panabaker and Miss Grace Barrett, class of '98, Chicago Free Kindergarten Association, are in the city of Honolulu; Clara Mosser, Maud Sly, '98, and Nora Holden, 1900, are on plantation kindergartens near Honolulu under the direction of Miss Lawrence. Miss Elizabeth Knowlton, class of '98, and Mary Barker, 1900, are on Maui under Miss Malone.

Miss Louise Gray has an appointment in the kindergarten department in the Salem, Mass., Normal School.

The Free Kindergarten Association of Columbus, Ga., has been conducting its annual Christmas market for the sale of fine needlework and dressed dolls.

The Alice D. Cary Kindergarten, the first colored kindergarten at Charleston, S. C., began its second year October 1.

A free kindergarten was opened November 18, at 109 Butler street, Trenton, N. J., in the Italian Mission Home, by the Ruskin Club. Mrs. Metcalf of Boston, an experienced kindergartner, has been placed in charge. In addition to Mrs. Metcalf as instructor, Dr. Green of the State Schools will send practice teachers to the kindergarten.

Upon the report made by Superintendent Van Sickle, Baltimore, Md., the school board have selected sixteen schools in which to locate the new kindergartens. The superintendent was directed to consider also the advisability of locating two others. The kindergartners appointed are as follows: Emma G. Saulsbury, Mary E. Galloway, Kate W. Tinges, Clara Touchstone, Jane E. Hart, Sarah B. Norris, Frances Weems, Flora A. Guggenheimer, Laura L. Davidson, Anna I. Robinson, Elizabeth C. Seip, Edith Raymond, Mary E. Reid, Ida R. Cummongs (colored), Hattie A. Johnson (colored), and Miss Rosa M. Duffield. Kindergarten assistants were named as follows: Margaret Miller, Ella Hayden, Nellie Schriever, Grace B. Hilderbrand, Lutie F. Berryman, Mary Lansey (colored), Caroline L. Cook (colored), and Estelle Cummings (colored). Among the regulations recommended by the committee on rules is one requiring that kindergartners should have completed a three years' course in an approved kindergarten training school, or a two years' course supplemented by two years of successful experience.

The New Orleans Kindergarten Club at its November meeting discussed the subject, From What Standpoint Shall We Lead the Children to the Meaning of Thanksgiving Day? Miss Eleanor McMain was the leader of the day's program and took part in the discussion with Miss Louise Hofkesbring, Miss Walker, and Miss Ryoski. The second part of the program, From Which of the Mother Plays Shall We Draw Inspiration for this Work? was ably discussed by Miss Marks, Miss Eastman, and Miss Rodd; and the topic, What Stories, Songs, and Games May Be Used, by Miss Weiss and Miss Russ.

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Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

The Memphis, Tenn., Free Kindergarten Association has issued in pamphlet form a souvenir history and report of its work. The officers are Miss Mary S. Druillard, president; Mrs. H. S. Spinning, secretary, and Mrs. A. J. Hall, treasurer. At times the kindergartens have been closed for lack of means, but by means of untiring energy on the part of workers in the association, and by means of generous charities, the work has as often been resumed.

At the October meeting of the St. Louis Froebel Society, a very helpful and instructive lecture, illustrated by stereopticon views, was delivered by Miss Marie R. Garesche, on The Origin and Development of Style in Architecture. The views were well chosen, and the large audience manifested its approval at the close of the lecture by a unanimous vote of thanks.

Miss Emily Cheever, who is in charge of the free kindergarten in the Vest building at 66 East University avenue, Champaign, Ill., reports that the attendance at the kindergarten this fall is much larger than it was last, and the kindergarten is much better provided for, which shows quite plainly that there is a steady growth in public sentiment in favor of the public kindergarten. What is needed most is more room, and it is hoped that another kindergarten will be opened on the East side.

Miss Susan E. Blow will give a course of five lectures on the Second Part of Goethe's Faust, at 68 Marlborough street, Boston, Mass., Monday afternoons at three o'clock, beginning January 6, 1902. Tickets for the course at three dollars each may be obtained on application to Miss Laura Fisher, 68 Marlborough street.

GINN & COMPANY (Boston) have announced as soon to appear a notable work on nature study from the pen of the well-known scientist, C. F. Hodge.

"Nature Study and Life" is a determined reaction against the special and technical, and forms an earnest effort to give fundamental and universal interests in nature their deserved place in our system of public education. After presenting this point of view clearly in the opening chapter, the book takes up concrete lessons on the animals and plants that form the natural environment of the home and group themselves most closely about the life and interests of the child. Each form is studied alive and at work, as a life story to be read at first hand in nature and especially in its relations to man.

The book is intended primarily to assist teachers in directing their pupils in nature-study work and to be used by the children themselves as a reference book.

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See Page 338.

AN AQUARIUM IN A LOS ANGELES KINDERGARTEN.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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CLOSE COMMUNION IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Charles B. Gilbert.

THE kindergarten is more than an institution. As an institution it is of very great value undoubtedly, but as an exemplification of certain educational truths it is of far greater value.

Kindergartners are quite too apt to regard their kindergarten as not merely an institution, but as an exclusive and peculiar institution, and themselves as the elect, alone entitled to full beatitude, while the ordinary teacher is considered at best a sort of Peri too good, possibly, for earth, but not good enough for heaven.

The day of the kindergarten as a thing apart from the school is past. The day of the holier-than-thou kindergartner is also past. Past, too, is the day of the "connecting class."

The difference between the kindergarten and the so-called first grade of the primary school is a difference merely in the tools used. The principles, the philosophy, underlying both are the same. The child of six years does not differ materially from the child of five years. His needs are not best met by unlimited freedom this year and constant repression the next. If the transition from the kindergarten to the first grade is difficult, either the kindergarten is poor or the first grade is wrong in spirit and method. The kindergarten, properly functioned, is the first step in the process of organized and systematized education, from which to the second step is a grade so easy as to be scarcely perceptible to the child. There is no place in education for true complete isolation. Education is as continuous as life, and in school this should be exemplified. One process, one kind of discipline, shades into another as to-day shades into to-morrow. Until children leap in a day from four feet in height to six, or from childish incapacity to adult power, there will be no place for the isolation of processes and steps, no sound reason for sharp and violent transitions

between kindergarten and primary school, grammar school and high school, high school and college. Particularly is the chasm between kindergarten and primary school undesirable.

Here are lessons for both kindergartners and primary teachers. The causes of the schism are several. On the kindergarten side they are chiefly idolatry, ignorance of the real and wide significance of Froebel's doctrine, and a blind faith that in this doctrine finality has been reached and that further advancement is both impossible and undesirable. On the part of the teachers, the chief cause has been a self-satisfied traditional dependence upon repression and stuffing as educational forces, coupled with the inevitable corollaries of these, fear of activity and distrust of freedom, skepticism as to the wisdom of the Creator in endowing children with an irrepressible desire for freedom and activity.

These insulating obstacles to union are rapidly melting in the sun, but the desired union is in most places still waiting for the fusing spark.

By idolatry I mean the worship of those graven images, the Gifts and other orthodox material, which, when placed upon tables marked with inch squares, to many kindergartners are the kindergarten.

It is true that in the books these have a lofty and mystical symbolism which by some occult process is supposed to be filtered into the children. It is true, moreover, that they are very useful tools, and, under the direction of a wise kindergartner who really comprehends their symbolic meaning and has also common sense, may be made exceedingly serviceable for the education of the children. I have no quarrel with the Gifts. I am simply protesting against their worship and the assumption that they are the only good tools for use in training young children. The first grade teacher with her various appliances for keeping children profitably employed, including the reading book, may be as truly a follower of Froebel and may as truly exemplify his educational philosophy as the kindergartner with her Gifts and Occupations. Indeed, I have seen many first grade rooms which were more truly child gardens than many so-called kindergartens in which the formal orthodox material was religiously used. The test is to be found in the life and spirit of the school.

The principles of the true kindergarten are the principles of all sound elementary education,—making use of the natural activities of children, such as play, for educative ends; encouraging free expression through many channels; stimulating and employing bodily activity; bringing the children into contact with nature; developing reverence and altruism; encouraging freedom; in short, stimulating growth by natural means. These and other broad principles are not the exclusive possession of the kindergarten; they are the common property of all elementary teachers, without the recognition of which no school can be a good one. But the tools are a secondary consideration. I have seen an excellent kindergarten

without a Gift. It was a new kindergarten opened in September. The usual supplies had been delayed, and with a full quota of children, the bright young kindergartner was forced to employ her ingenuity. Following Froebel's example, she took her children out of doors, where nature had her own gifts for them in abundance. The kindergarten was so good that I was almost sorry when the formal material arrived. This young girl understood the meaning of the kindergarten.

The kindergartner, too, sometimes fails to keep in mind the truth that growth is a law of life and that this truth applies to institutions as well as to trees. The kindergarten of to-day, if the institution has vitality, ought to be different from that of Froebel's time or that of twenty-five years ago; and, if Froebel were alive and directing it, it would be. Indeed, he, deservedly the patron saint of the kindergarten, did not invent the truths he expounded, he was not even their original discoverer; they had been propounded long before his day and many a time. He did embody them in definite form suited to prevailing conditions. The truths are eternal, but the form will be changed to meet ever-changing conditions. The form is not sacred. At present it needs only slight modification in the kindergarten proper, and the kindergartner should be the first to discover the need and remedy it. She should also be the first to recognize and approve the application of these truths through other means to other conditions, such as are found in the other grades of the primary school, of which hers is merely the first grade.

But the lack of harmony between the kindergarten and the primary school is very frequently the fault of the primary teacher. She too often regards the kindergarten as an inferior institution spoiling the children by too great freedom, unfitting them for school by so stimulating their activities that they will not sit still and study their books quietly during the school session.

It is true that a poor kindergarten may unfit children for giving attention to either teacher or work, but not so a good kindergarten. But even a good one doubtless does unfit them for such a school as the objector I have in mind conducts, the school of repression, rigid "discipline," and intellectual stuffing. A child, all of whose senses have been made alert by the activities of the kindergarten, is utterly spoiled for the dull routine of the machine, still-as-death school; but the remedy here is to be found in making over, not the kindergarten and the child, but the school and the teacher. She needs to study Froebel's philosophy and to be filled with his spirit.

The extreme conditions here stated have been greatly modified in recent years,—more, I think, by the teachers than by the kindergartners, but much remains to be done. The connecting class still exists in too many spots to bridge over the chasm. Kindergartners still are too much inclined to flock by themselves. There is still great need that both the kindergartner and grade teacher study the conditions of each other's work, accept

the great principles of education as common property, and consider the spirit as greater than the tool, the life than the method. The study of the children will give results which will guide them both, and the love of the child will remove professional jealousy and mutual distrust, and will draw them together. A true kindergarten, sympathetically administered in a school, exerts an uplifting influence upon the whole institution. It is like a flower shedding its aroma through a room. But in a true school it is not the only flower.

The desired union of the kindergarten and the other grades of the primary school may be greatly facilitated by suitable organization. One of the best methods is the placing of both under the same supervision.

Commonly the kindergartners have their own organization and their own supervisor, quite distinct from those of the immediately succeeding grades. A better arrangement is to place both kindergartens and primary schools under a single supervisor, or if the system is so large as to make such supervision too difficult a task for one person, at least the kindergarten and the first grade can be combined and so supervised. If several supervisors are required, it is better to have them assigned to districts, each supervising the kindergartens and some of the primary grades, than to have their labors confined to either the kindergarten or the grades.

Such supervisors will necessarily be familiar with the common fund of educational principles and with the methods and actual work of both, and by personal influence can do much to harmonize the teachers and the kindergartners, making of their respective institutions one institution. The teachers and kindergartners naturally will all be brought together in common gatherings for educational and social purposes, where close personal contact and the common study of their work will unite them still more firmly. I have seen this plan tried in different places with excellent effect.

The union here urged is surely and rapidly coming. It is to be hoped that the great kindergarten leaders, whom we all revere, will see the light and exert their powerful influence in favor of broader catholicity, not compromise but union, that the divisions of the elementary school may no longer be, as Elbert Hubbard says the churches of East Aurora are, not cooperative but competitive.

Criminologists estimate that from 50 to 100 per cent of the detected cases of criminology are the result of prenatal causes, the remainder being caused by insalubrious or deleterious youthful environment or by defective education. It is a theorem of penology that criminality is a diseased condition of human character.

—*Henry M. Boies, in The Science of Penology.*

FEBRUARY.

By Nora Hopper.

I am the young year's daughter,
Made out of mist and water,
  Shadow and glimmering sun.
I sought the mere for sedges,
For snowdrops spoiled the hedges,
  And thus my garland won.

* * * * * * *

Sharp risk of being frozen,
Dared Crocus, to be chosen
  Flower of my Paradise.

* * * * * * *

I am the young year's daughter,
Made out of mist and water,
  Shadow and glimmering sun.

—*Selected.*

A PLEA FOR THE BETTER TEACHING OF MANNERS. II.*

By Florence Bell.

THE demeanor of the younger generation is a good deal criticised in these days, and I cannot deny that much of the adverse criticism may be true. I am ready to admit that the manner of some young men—not of all—is conceited, familiar, totally wanting in distinction, and in chivalrous courtesy. But this, perhaps, is partly due to the fact that the manner of some young girls—not of all—is characterized by an unpleasing decision, by a want of dignity and reserve, by an ugly sort of slap-dash assurance, and by a total want of delicate half-tones in the atmosphere which surrounds them. I deplore all these regrettable manifestations. I deplore that there should be sons who come down to breakfast with a scowl, and daughters who contradict their mothers; and I sympathize with the grievance, if not with the clamor, of

* Begun in January, 1902.

the people who write articles in magazines and newspapers to complain bitterly of the manners of the present day, and especially of the want of deference shown by the young to older people. At the same time, I fancy that statistics would show that these articles are all written by the generation that is offended by that want of deference. Young people do not, as a rule, write articles on the manners of older ones. That, at least, we have so far been spared. But I fancy that if they did, and put forth their views with the candor with which their own manners are criticised, we should find that they, in their turn, were often very unpleasantly affected by our manner. If they were always addressed courteously and smilingly, never admonished irritably (and of one thing I am quite sure, that the wrong moment to rebuke a fault is when it has just been committed), never silenced or snubbed or sneered at, however much their utterances may seem at times to demand such treatment, they would probably in their turn feel inclined to reply more amiably, and we should perhaps not hear of so many despairing discussions and inquiries as to the best way of getting on with one's family. But, instead of this, it is too often taken for granted that in the home circle it is allowable, and even advisable, to dispense with the small adornments of everyday courtesy. The influence of such a code on the grace of daily intercourse must necessarily be disastrous. Some children I once knew used, whenever they handed a thing to one another, to do so combatively, with a violent push, which invariably succeeded in infuriating the recipient. The same unpleasing effect is produced when children of a larger growth continue the process, and push their remarks or their arguments home with a momentum which arouses an unreasoning fury in their interlocutor. We all know what it is to argue with such people. It is like trying to write one's opinions on sandpaper instead of on a fair white sheet. It is a crime to allow a human being to grow up with such a manner.

If urbanity were persistently taught and practiced in the home, there would not be so much to learn, and especially to unlearn, with regard to intercourse with the world at large. People would not then have two manners—one to use in public, and one in private. There would be less self-consciousness and less affectation, for these arise from trying to do a thing of which we are uncertain, to assume a manner which we have imperfectly acquired.

* * * * * * *

Often I have seen a mother, when put to shame by her children's rudeness to a visitor, scold them roundly and unavailingly for continuing to do the ugly thing in public that she had tolerated their doing every day in the family circle. I saw the other day a young girl, gently born and anxiously brought up, coming into a drawing-room at an afternoon party just as a dowager was leaving it. To my amazement, the girl, instead of stepping back and allowing the older woman to pass her, pressed

forward with all the impetus of her youthful vigor, so that the departing guest had to wait to go out until the newcomer had pushed her way past her.

This sort of thing ought not to be possible. And the responsibility for it lies entirely on the shoulders of the parent: for it is evident that if the girl had been taught always to step back and to yield the way to older people, she would have done so on that occasion also, gracefully and as a matter of course, and have thereby made a pleasant impression on the mind of the beholder instead of a distinctly unpleasant one. * * * *

In conclusion, then, what we want is some scheme by which a complete training in demeanor should form part of the regular curriculum. The method of tuition, instead of, as at present, consisting of haphazard scoldings, should consist of a systematic course of instruction in the higher branches of manner or manners, to follow as a matter of course the elementary grounding. It is unreasonable to expect, as we do at the present, that young people, arrived at a given stage of existence, would know by intuition that which we have never deliberately tried to teach them. Let us help them, therefore, to acquire betimes certain general maxims of conduct, which should be contained, like other branches of knowledge, in a book compiled for the purpose.

* * * * * *

There is no reason why the laws of behavior should not be as clearly stated as those of golf or cricket, and be as easy to acquire. Most young people know in these days that a golf player must not strike a ball from the tee until the player in front of him is two strokes ahead. That rule, amongst others, is put up on every golf ground. But they do not know, since it is not put up in every drawing room, that very much the same rule should be observed in conversation. A golf player would not think of standing quite close to the tee from which some one else is driving off, with his club raised to strike, before the other has well played. But when he is playing the game of conversation he thinks nothing of standing impatiently, with his mouth open, while the other player is speaking, obviously not listening, but waiting to speak himself the moment the other shall have done. He obeys the former rule because he has seen and heard it clearly stated as a rule of the game; he transgresses the latter one because he has not seen or heard it so stated.

These rules, therefore, should be drawn up and tabulated in a convenient form. The manual thus compiled should, when illustrated by examples and a copious commentary, form a complete code of minor morals, and should serve as a handbook to the gentle art of human intercourse, holding a place between the manual of etiquette on one side, which deals only with immaterial and fleeting details of usage, and the teaching of a wider morality on the other, which deals with the laws and motives of conduct and not with their outward manifestations. The ordinary manual of etiquette, as we know it at pres-

ent (we probably all of us smile at the name), is not a very useful adjunct to demeanor, although it is quite conceivable that it might be more valuable if done upon slightly different lines and with a little more subtlety of discrimination than usually accompanies it. We have yet to be given a book of the higher etiquette, if I may so call it,—a book of precepts for everyday conduct, done on simple lines, and giving us not only the general outline of what I may call our trivial duty to our neighbor, but also suggestions in detail, which would be most specially useful. We all know how sometimes some quite simple suggestion has enabled us to avoid a pitfall, to remove a stumbling-block of which we were unable to discover the cause. We know how maddening it is when a piano jingles or a machine sticks for some mysterious reason that we cannot discover, and how intensely grateful we are to the person who shows us where the difficulty lies and enables us to remove it. Just as grateful should we be to the person who, when our manner jingles, so to speak, can, by proposing a simple expedient, put us on the right lines to remedy the defect.

And here let me again plead that the suggestions should not ascend to too lofty an altitude. The unfortunate offender in these matters is apt to be approached on the highest moral level, and given to understand that unless he alters his whole nature, and gets him a new heart, he cannot hope to mend the error of his ways. This, if I may be forgiven for saying so, is a very needlessly heavy and discouraging line to take, for it is much more difficult to alter one's heart than one's manner.

* * * * * * *

For instance, we are told as a general maxim that we should sympathize with other people's joys and sorrows; and so ready are we to comply with this precept that we all fondly believe we carry it out. So presumably we do, in intention. The mistake is that we do not always translate this intention sufficiently clearly into words. Indeed, we often convey an impression quite opposed to that of sympathetic benevolence. We should probably none of us acknowledge, or even conceive it to be possible, that we should not be sorry to hear of another person's suffering, whether mental or physical. And yet, if an instance of it is brought before us in a concrete form, by the sufferer telling us of a bad night, a chronic complaint or the misdoings of an unruly servant, what do we do? Do we seem sorry? Do we concentrate our attention on the misfortunes of the narrator and pour consolation into his ear? Not at all. The moment his grievance has left his lips we instantly reply by a similar grievance of our own, for which we demand his sympathy instead of presenting him ours. I think I am well within the mark in saying that on eighteen out of twenty occasions in which one human being says to another, "I awoke at five this morning," or "I did n't close my eyes until dawn," the other one will reply, "And I woke at four," or "I did n't go to sleep until the sun was shining." Let

the observer whose attention has been called to this topic notice, for example, at a breakfast-table in a country house, how, if one person says he has been awakened by a thrush at three A. M., he will in one moment be in possession of the experience of the entire table, without one word from anyone of comment or sympathy on the experience of others. Indeed, the interested observer will probably be conscious that he has to withhold himself by main force from contributing his own quota to the list. Let one of the simple rules to be contained in our book, then, be, never to say how you have slept yourself when your neighbor tells you what sort of a night he has had. Such a rule will be easily remembered and the habit of complying with it easily acquired. It sounds trivial and absurd, no doubt; but I believe that compliance with a score of such maxims, judiciously chosen and constantly obeyed, would make more difference to each one of us than we are well ready to imagine, and would be of incalculable help in oiling the wheels of daily intercourse.

And to make the machinery of life run smoothly is surely well worth doing, instead of daily throwing a handful of sand among the wheels; for it would be as easy to pick up again, one by one, actual grains of sand so thrown, and reassemble them in one's hand, as to remove the effect of a hundred little crudities of manner and manners with which some people are wont to roughen the path of life for themselves and for others. These are the things which stand in the way of success; not only of "worldly" success and advancement, to use the conventional expression in its most groveling sense, but of that other success (worldly too, perhaps, but in a higher sense), of making the best of this world while we live in it, in regard to our relations with our kind. Let us realize that this lies a great deal more within our own hands than we are apt to think. Let us help one another to learn the way of achieving it. It means taking a good deal of trouble, no doubt; it means a good deal of deliberation and sustained effort, and, at the same time, will depend a good deal more on the small things we do than on the big ones. This thought is not necessarily comforting. It is to many people rather the reverse; for in our hearts we most of us agree with the Eastern proverb, "One great deed is easier than a thousand small ones." But the great opportunity, that we should doubtless so promptly and brilliantly embrace, does not come to us all; and, instead of letting so much potential heroism run to waste, we had better employ it in the countless daily opportunities that we all have of winning by the veriest trifles—or of putting away from us, as the case may be,—the good will of our fellow creatures.

—*Nineteenth Century.*

THE STORMY PETREL.*

By Anna Sanford Thompson.

Skimming o'er the ocean,
  Dancing on the wave,
Running with the tempest,
  Ever blithe and brave,—
Waterproof of feathers
  On his lithesome form,—
This is "Little Peter,"
  Birdling of the storm!

Far upon the waters
  Joyously he goes,
Knowing that when weary
  He may seek repose,
Cradled by the ocean,
  Safe as in a nest.
Buoyant little body,
  Feather-ball at rest!

Canopied by wave-crest,
  Rocked by raging tide,
Lulled to dreamless slumber,
  Dangers all defied:
He who holds the waters
  In His hollow hand,
Formed this little creature
  Tempests to withstand.

Peter the Apostle
  Once would walk the sea,
But tempestuous billows
  Made his courage flee.
Not so "Little Peter";
  Where the foam-crests form
There he rides in triumph,
  Birdling of the storm!

*This small sea-fowl, a "Little Peter," ventures far from land, half flying and half skipping over the waves. It revels in the tempest, and, when weary, rolls itself into a ball, and the buoyant, oily little body is tossed about by the waves.

KINDERGARTEN ACTIVITIES. I.

By Katherine Beebe.

INTRODUCTION.

IN a recent examination given to kindergartners, one of the questions asked was: "*What activities, outside of the use of the Gifts and Occupations, do you find of value in the kindergarten?*" With a few exceptions, this question was very insufficiently answered. "Music, marching, songs, and games," was the most frequent response. This seems strange, in view of the fact that there has been so great a development along the lines of constructive work, and also in view of the fact that kindergartners have been constantly improving their methods and giving to each other the results of accumulated experience. Every director, out of her own originality and inventiveness (powers which Froebel's system is bound to develop in her as well as in the children), has, during her time of service, been adding to her store of tried and proven kindergarten activities. These have been passed on to assistants and volunteers, and by them to other directors, until every graduate has, or should have, at her disposal, in addition to her training in the use of the Gifts and Occupations, a very wealth of resource.

In each monthly meeting of the Chicago Kindergarten Club some few years ago, ten or a dozen members, who were dealing with some practical aspect of the kindergarten work, gave to the club the help of their experiences, methods, and resources. None of us felt that we could afford to miss a single one of those meetings. No one could come away from them without having added treasure to her store. All gave gladly and all received thankfully.

The same process, on a smaller scale, takes place in Evanston, Illinois, where, every fourth Saturday, the directors and assistants of the public kindergartens meet to go over in detail the work of the coming month. The subjects for consideration are agreed upon when the outline of the year's work is given. At each meeting every one present, from the supervisor down to the newest assistant, gives whatever she has on the subjects to be studied, used, or touched upon. The result is a delightful morning of the freest possible discussion, and a wealth of material from which the programs of the different groups are made out. This includes music, songs, stories, talks, experiences, games, Gifts, Occupations, and *miscellaneous activities.*

As a grateful acknowledgment of the gifts of this sort which we, the public kindergartners of Evanston, have received from others, we desire, by means of the printing press, to extend to our fellow-workers some of

our accumulated results. That is, we want to put at their disposal those things which we have tried and found good, outside of our work with the Gifts and Occupations. We must not be understood as disparaging the technical kindergarten material, however; for we flatter ourselves that we occupy the safe middle ground in these days when some of our confrères are asking for the practical discontinuance of the Gifts and Occupations, while others contend that only these should be used by the true disciple of Froebel. We use both Gifts and Occupations throughout the year, finding in them for the children the development claimed by Froebel; but we also find what seems to us as real a development through work with other material, work which is to the child Life itself, and which helps to make the kindergarten a natural, healthful, child's world.

We shall not try to tell how we do these things, but only what things we do,—knowing that the average kindergartner's training and inventiveness will help her to ways, means, and details.

CHAPTER I.

"BEFORE SCHOOL."

We say "before school" in our kindergartens because these kindergartens are not only in, but are a part of, the schools whose names they bear. We have the children for one year only, from five to six years of age, and so feel that we must in every way economize and use to the best advantage the time at our disposal, which is entirely too brief for all we want to do. Ostensibly kindergarten opens at nine o'clock. Really it begins at twenty minutes of nine, when the big doors are opened and the children are allowed to come in. We regard this twenty minutes as one of the best "periods" of our day; for our work is so thoroughly and carefully prepared beforehand that when the children come flocking in we are as truly theirs as we are after the nine o'clock bell rings.

We get very near them in this "before school" time. We become really acquainted with the shy ones; we wash, brush, tie, and pin up the disheveled ones; and we play with the riotous ones, helping them thereby to keep within bounds. Each of us makes a nucleus of herself, so to speak, every teacher being the center of a group which is drawn to her by a very natural process of human gravitation. We add to our attractiveness in as many ways as we may, and some of these ways I shall try to set forth, hoping that they may prove suggestive, at least to younger kindergartners and to those who are far away or isolated from the centers of kindergarten thought and inspiration.

First, there is our doll, the beloved Daisy Ellen, who appeared in one of our kindergartens four years ago and became an immediate favorite on account of her unbreakable head and soft huggable body. She was young then, only a year old, and had to take naps in her hammock while we worked. In May of her second year she was fitted out with a coat and bon-

net, and a satchel just large enough to hold her nightgown, so that she might made a round of visits among her friends and admirers. Every noon, for weeks, she bobbed gayly down the street with some ecstatic host or hostess. In fact, she was entertained so enthusiastically and constantly that when the last of June came she was almost in shreds.

After the kindergarten had closed for the year, she was allowed to go to California with one of the children who had loved her, in the hope that she might at least last for the child's diversion until the journey's end. Whether she did or not we never heard; but when the kindergarten opened in the autumn, immediate and pressing were the inquiries for Daisy Ellen. Searching questions were asked by visiting "First-Graders," and over and over again in response to the statement that she had gone to California for her health, came the persistent wail: "But *when* is she coming back?" We straightway took counsel together and decided to get one of the printed dolls just then beginning to be advertised, and invest that with Daisy Ellen's memory and many virtues. Old friends found the new Daisy Ellen just as good to squeeze as her predecessor had been, and the new children soon learned not only to love her but to admire her exemplary conduct and to respect her knowledge of kindergarten lore.

Daisy Ellen is a regular attendant on the morning circle and her gestures are always energetic and appropriate. To be sure she is apt to be careless during the prayer; but a friendly hand often shoots out to the back of her head and holds her kindly but firmly in a devotional attitude.

Daisy Ellen no longer takes naps in the hammock. The kindergarten carpenters have made her a chair, and also a table which is marked off in inch squares; and she does her work with the rest. She has a sled, too, made of a starch box, in which the children draw her and in which she coasts in the "before school" time. At the present writing she is having a bedstead made out of the tray of an old trunk. The tray stands on four stout legs and is embellished by a graceful headboard made of a box cover. You need not laugh! It is all even and straight; and after the whole is painted a cheerful green it is going to look very well indeed. After the bedstead is finished, we shall make a mattress, pillow, sheets, blanket, and patchwork quilt. Next year we are going to make Daisy Ellen a wardrobe, with a door which will open and shut on leather hinges. There will be a shelf and dress hooks inside, and this wardrobe, too, will be painted green.

Daisy Ellen is a simply dressed child. She wears a long-sleeved gingham apron over a red and black plaid dress. She is not harassed by floppy bonnets, scratchy bows, clumsy sleeves, and big collars. She does not have to be cautioned every five minutes not to soil her clothes,—although, of course, she is expected to be reasonable. She wears real stockings, and shoes which were bought at Mr. Michael Kelly's shoe shop. Mr. Kelly had a little boy in the kindergarten at

the time of purchase and was therefore much pleased when the whole troop of children accompanied Daisy Ellen to his shop, and breathlessly watched the fitting. The shoes were bought with money taken from the kindergarten bank, which this year again was opened that the dear child might have a pair of rubbers.

Daisy Ellen has had a birthday party and a Christmas tree. She has gone on every visit and excursion undertaken by the kindergarten for the last four years. She occasionally spends a morning in the First Grade room and once in a while goes to visit the sick. She has a number of cousins who closely resemble her, for in this particular school district many small maidens have besought Santa Claus to bring them a doll "just like dear Daisy Ellen!"

Over and over again it happens that a child who finishes his work before the others asks to go and "visit with Daisy Ellen"; and it is a common sight to see the two gravely looking at a picture book or playing blocks together.

So in the "before school" time the first cry is for Daisy Ellen; and happy is the early bird who gets the coveted worm. It is etiquette among us, however, to let some one else hold her at circle time, if we have had her before school; and when we want to be particularly nice to a friend, neighbor, or visitor, we surrender her for a time to other welcoming arms. Many dolls come to visit her. These are welcomed, admired, and appreciated by teachers who really have some idea of how to play with dolls.

In another of our kindergartens is a cousin of Daisy Ellen's whose name is Jimmy. He is only a baby in long clothes as yet; but when he is two years old he will wear Russian blouses, and, later, go into trousers. He has a lovely afghan made of many pieces of "truly weaving" sewed together.

In a third kindergarten is a doll named Jerushy. She is not as generally popular as Daisy Ellen, but is dearly beloved in certain Italian and African circles which she frequently adorns with her presence. She seems especially adapted to settlement work, but will probably extend her sphere of influence in time.

It is during the "before school" period that toys brought by the children who wish to share their pleasures and treasures with their mates are enjoyed. Instead of being placed in the middle of the circle and perfunctorily noticed after nine o'clock, they are examined, sympathetically appreciated, and played with. We have had no end of fun with various mechanical toys, for these give great joy to the poorer children, whose own playthings are of the cheapest. The proud owner greatly enjoys this added "something to do" with a possession which soon reaches its limitations if played with alone. Especially do we welcome toy animals,—dogs, cats, horses, cows, and woolly sheep; and, letting the kindergarten imagination play around them, we are often able to send them home with an added value, making them for their owners more what they should be—centers for widening circles of

imaginative plays, points of departure rather than accomplished ends.

To one of our kindergartens a friend has given beautiful sets of toy animals, with which we have had so many delightful plays that we find ourselves wishing for a further endowment of toys. We hope little by little to accumulate an outfit, for educational use, of housekeeping implements, such as pails, brooms, dusters, brushes, dishes, tubs, irons, and a stove. We also want a large wagon, carpenters' tools, garden tools, and wheelbarrows, all of which we have faith to believe will be ours in time. The dolls' belongings we prefer to make, as well as other toys of which we shall speak later.

We have a set of ragged story books on which frequent hands are laid and we are often besought to "read this one." So again and again we read the dear old tales and verses to children who have them at home and never tire of them, as well as to children who only get them from us. This does not in any way take the place of the regular story telling; it is only doing in a very simple old-fashioned way what mothers do, would like to do, or should do, at home.

We have found this twenty minutes the most profitable time for examining together, in less formal fashion than is possible on the circle, the many outdoor treasures, specimens, and curiosities brought in. Without any restrictions, except an occasional caution in regard to polite consideration, we can crowd together to see, taste, touch, or handle our seed pods, birds' nests, wasp and hornet homes, leaves, nuts, grains, evergreens, stones, twigs and flowers, frogs' eggs and tadpoles. We can take in our hands the bits of wool and cotton, the tiny loom, the woven cloth, the spinning wheel, and the other objects which are loaned to us from time to time.

It is before school that we make our maple syrup, and churn our butter; that we most comfortably thresh our grain, do our milling, and bake our whole-wheat cakes; for while the one necessarily small group actually employed is at work, and the limited number of possible spectators absorbedly looking on, the other children can have the freedom of the blackboard, sand table, picture books, and other attractions while waiting their turn.

Sometimes we make an "object picture" on a table or window sill, using such material as the kindergarten affords, supplemented by suggested loans from interested participants. We evolve kitchens, dining rooms, bedrooms and parlors, barnyards, stables, sheepfolds, pastures, and camps. Sometimes we erect a telegraph line or operate a telephone system. We have all sorts of blocks which at opportune times are conveniently placed for free building. At other times there are tools and bits of soft wood for spontaneous carpentry.

Pets are often brought in, and we have, in our time, entertained dogs, cats, pigeons, rabbits, and white rats. Once we had homing pigeons sent to us from a distance; and we had the exciting pleasure of setting them free at nine o'clock exactly, and of receiv-

ing word from the owner the next day regarding the moment of arrival at the home cote. For many reasons these brief visits from our animal friends have been more satisfactory than our attempts at keeping pets; although we have raised young canaries and had doves, fish, turtles, and cats of our own. These, of course, must be fed and cared for. We also look out for the sparrows during the winter and feed certain pigeons that have learned to look to us for frequent treats.

Then we have housework to do. We wash every Monday and iron every Tuesday during the first weeks of kindergarten, and later at longer intervals—European fashion. Our kindergarten handkerchiefs, our paste cloths, paint cloths, and cleaning cloths, we can in this way care for ourselves. There is much dusting, sweeping and cleaning which small hands can do and do well. An equipment of overalls, aprons, and sweeping caps adds much to the interest of these occupations. We have, moreover, our plants to care for, the dressing rooms to keep in order, and, in the spring, our outdoor garden work.

Now we should find it impossible to do all of these, to us, desirable things in addition to our regular work on the circles and at the tables, if we did not do them between half past eight and nine o'clock. We have found it not at all impossible so to arrange our time that we are free to do this "before school" work; and, in looking back over the results, we are more than convinced that it has paid us for our extra effort. Of course, we do not have all the children every morning. Some few early birds are always on hand, but the others vary in attendance according to home exigencies. But any particularly desirable activity is kept up long enough to give every one a chance; and the very fact that these morning groups are small and fluctuating gives us all the better opportunity for carrying on the various plays and experiences which I have tried to describe.

To be continued.

GRAVE on thy heart each past "red-letter day"!
Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord hath led thee; answered prayers,
And joys unasked, strange blessings, lifted cares,
Grand promise-echoes! Thus thy life shall be
One record of his love and faithfulness to thee.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

BOB, THE SHEPHERD DOG.

By Mabel A. Powell.

THERE was once a dog named Bob, who lived far out in the country on a big farm. Bob was called a shepherd dog because he watched the sheep and kept the little lambs from getting lost.

Sometimes the sheep would become frightened and start to run away. When Bob saw them all running,—the more timid ones following after the biggest and boldest sheep of the flock,—he would run around them, barking as he went. The sheep would know by this that they were being taken care of, and back they would go to the hillside and quietly eat grass again, feeling no more fear. When Bob had quieted the sheep, he would lie down at his master's feet, and his master would pat him on the head and say: "Bob, you are a good dog! I could not take care of the flock without you."

One day, when Bob and his master were watching the sheep, the snow began to fall,—at first very slowly and gently, and then faster and faster, until the ground was all covered over. Oh! what a storm came up! It seemed as though the old woman up in the sky were emptying every one of her feather beds down upon the earth! There was so much snow in the air that the sheep could not see each other. They became frightened and called out in the storm: "Baa! baa! baa!"

Now it was Bob's time to help. He ran around them and barked, and the master's voice was heard calling: "Ca-dey! ca-dey! ca-dey!" When the sheep heard the master calling them and saw Bob running near, they knew that they were safe and would soon be in the barn.

Bob and his master got very cold, and the sheep were so stiff with cold that they had to walk very slowly. But before long, the sheep were snug and warm in the big barn; and then they began to talk, saying: "Baa! baa! baa!" This meant: "How glad we are to get out of the snow and into this warm barn!"

Then the master began to count the sheep, to see that he had lost none; and when he had finished counting he said: "Bob, there is one lamb missing. Go and find it."

So Bob went out into the storm, back to the hills where the sheep had been pasturing. Oh, how hard it was to get through the deep snow! Bob would go a short distance, then stop and sniff the air, and then bark.

He hunted for the little lamb a long time in this way—so long a time that the master thought the lamb would freeze. But by and by Bob was heard barking loudly at the barn door, and when the master opened it the dog rushed in and jumped and frisked about him. He seemed to say: "Come with me! I have found the lamb!"

The master put on his warm coat

and pulled his cap over his ears, and started off with Bob. Back to the pasture they went, the wet snow beating in their faces. Bob led the way to a far corner of the field, and there, in a heap, lay the little lamb. It was too cold even to say "Baa!" The master lifted it in his arms, and, covering it with his warm coat, carried it back to the barn. There he gave it warm milk to drink, and soon the lamb began to frisk and play with the others. The old sheep looked sober and called it a foolish lamb to stray from the others and get lost; but Bob and his master looked very happy, and so did the little lamb, safe in the fold.

MARCHING SONG.

By Emilie Poulsson.

Ready! Ready!
Quiet every foot and hand;
Ready! Ready!
All attentive do we stand.
Left, right! Left, right!
Till we hear the next command—
Forward! March! Then
Marching on we go.

Tip-toe! Tip-toe!
(Steady now, erect and tall!)
Tip-toe! Tip-toe!
Softly do our footsteps fall;
Tip-toe! Tip-toe!
Lightly treading, one and all,
Tip-toe! Tip-toe!
Thus we march along.

Tramp, tramp! Tramp, tramp!
Heavy now again our tread;
Tramp, tramp! Tramp, tramp!
Till the marching time is sped.
Tramp, tramp! Tramp, tramp!
Till a sudden word is said—
Tramp, tramp! Tramp, tramp!
Halt! The march is done!

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

By courtesy of Mr. Wales C. Martindale.

A KINDERGARTEN AQUARIUM.

By Florence Lawson.

POSSIBLY no more intense interest has been created by any celebrated international yacht race than that which held spellbound the small members of our kindergarten on the occasion of the launching of two walnut shell sailboats upon the untroubled seas of the kindergarten fish pond. The test in the latter case was, however, less a test of speed and nautical skill than of seaworthy endurance. Of course, the boat launching was but an incidental interest of the pond; the real and lasting interest is due to the life that the pond supports.

Two things must be considered in establishing an indoor aquarium: the reproduction, in so far as is possible, of the natural conditions of pond life; and the preservation of a certain standard of attractiveness, without the sacrifice of the first essential. For a large indoor aquarium, running water is far preferable, since it is impossible to support any variety of life in stagnant water. To keep the water running constantly is desirable, —although it is possible to preserve a certain amount of freshness if the water is allowed to run for a short time once or twice a day. It is also well to have the pond so placed that light and air may have free access.

A question of great interest to the school board is the manner and cost of construction. The tank, which is pictured in this number,* is of galvanized iron. It is eight feet long, six feet wide, and six inches deep, and the cost was eleven dollars. The wooden flooring under the tank is also eight by six feet and is raised six inches above the floor of the room. A wooden wainscoting sheathes the whole structure and is finished at the top by a wooden cap three inches in width. In the center of the pond is a supply pipe one half inch in diameter, three feet in height, and surmounted by a spray cap. A waste pipe three quarters of an inch in diameter and eight inches high is finished with a piece of quarter-inch wire mesh. There is a plug in the bottom of the tank and thus it is easily emptied at house cleaning time. The cost of the plumbing and of the woodwork would be largely determined by the appointments of the building and the carpenter force.

It is important to preserve in the aquarium a proper balance of plant and animal life, since each contributes to the support of the other. Crowding this life, either as to kinds or numbers, should be avoided, from both sanitary and æsthetic points of view, since overcrowding makes dirty water, and dirty water is conducive neither to the health of the pond's inhabitants nor to the attractiveness of the pond.

*See Frontispiece.

As for the kinds of plant life: papyrus, umbrella plant, bulrushes, or any plants liking wet soil or water, may be arranged among the rocks and stones about the supply pipe. A few floating or partially floating plants may be used, such as the water hyacinth and water lily. The common horned pond weed *(ceratophyllum)* or ditch moss *(elodea)* should be used for the double purpose of beautifying and aerating the water. A little light green pond scum *(algae)* of some kind may be used to advantage, if care is exercised that it does not spread too much.

Goldfish are most satisfactory occupants of such a pond, since they are easily cared for and are a constant delight to children. Frogs are of too retiring a disposition to appreciate the attentions lavished upon them and are apt to leap to destruction upon slight provocation. Sometimes one frog may be induced to remain several weeks, if allowed a safe hiding place among the plants. Here, if unmolested, he will croak out his opinion of children in general and the kindergarten children in particular. Although the salamander is an amphibious animal, we have kept several successfully from year to year in the pond. The favorite "land" retreat for one was the back of the largest turtle; another coiled contentedly in the wet dirt at the foot of a calla lily. In the eastern part of the United States, the red salamander of Southern California gives way to the spotted or tiger variety; and the newt is available in that part of the country.

If the bottom of the pond is supplied with sand, two or three clams could be put in to advantage. It is impossible to keep tadpoles, since they are preyed upon by all the other animals. Turtles are most attractive members of a pond colony, and the delight of watching them never lessens; but, if you have them, prepare to sacrifice fish, frogs, and other life to their voracity.

A word as to the food for the different animals: Live worms should be given to the salamanders, although pieces of raw meat may be substituted; and fish and turtles will also crowd to the feeding grounds for their share of this food. Prepared food for goldfish will be more convenient for the children to use in feeding the fish, and lettuce may be given to both turtles and fish.

At present our pond is rather empty. A thorough cleaning and renovating took place some time ago, and the gradual replacing of the animal and plant life is giving the pond special interest. The children pull their chairs up to the railing, and gaze with unending delight at the shells on the freshly painted green bottom and at the goldfish swimming in and out among the rocks.

Not a few tragedies have been enacted in this pond. One morning we found the great turtle devouring our largest goldfish. The children were watching with silent interest, apparently as unmoved as they were when they saw a lot of tadpoles, actuated either by hunger or jealousy, pull a brother recently promoted to the estate of lungs, legs and frogdom, down under water, drown and devour him.

The children have never exclaimed over this struggle for existence, although their attitude is not that of gloating or enjoyment.

Feeding the turtles is one of the greatest delights. The pieces of raw meat are placed on the rocks, and the joyous exclamations are many when the cumbersome creatures drag themselves up, stretch out their long necks, fix their tiny bead-like eyes on a luscious morsel, make a quick dart and snap, and disappear under the water. Intense excitement prevailed one morning when the smooth-skinned frog, a great favorite, made a leap more famous among us than any ever recorded at Niagara, in his effort to escape those same darting, snapping jaws.

But the crowning event in all our history came quite near being a catastrophe. An exciting game of tag was brought to an abrupt and shrieking conclusion when the eager pursuer plunged headlong into the pond. He was promptly rescued, but for a time all efforts to calm his mingled rage and fright were unsuccessful. But as in all history ultimate good comes from present evil, the tradition of that watery plunge lives with us and has its influence upon proximity to the pond during a game of tag.

MOLLY'S BAKING DAY.

(WITH SECOND GIFT.)

By Valentine Pritchard.

Oh! here 's a little rolling pin
  To use on baking day;
And when you see the nice things made,
  I 'm sure you 'll wish to stay.

And this, a cube it really is,
  So very smooth and white;
But when I 'm baking, it shall be
  A loaf of bread so light.

And yes! oh, yes! The sphere can be
  (No matter 'bout the size!)
That great round thing that grandma makes
  Into her pumpkin pies.

TWO EARS.

By Alva Deane.

ONCE upon a time there was a queer little dwarf named Zekko, who lived in a queer little house behind the waterfall. Everything about Zekko was queer, from the top of his little round head to the bottom of his little flat feet; but the queerest thing about him was that he had only one ear. One was all that he had ever had, so he did not know what he missed, and thought himself as happy as could be.

Zekko had a dog, and the dog, too, had only one ear, which he would perk up in a funny way whenever he heard his master call him; but half the time he did not hear, and that was very bothersome for them both. Zekko had a pet cat, too, who was very fond of him. Poor pussy! she was lean and sickly, because, since she had only one ear, she lost half the mice that she might have caught. Zekko said: "The cat is lazy," and he bought only enough food for himself, the dog, and the donkey. The donkey was not so great a comfort as he might have been, because, having only one ear like the rest of the family, he often made mistakes, such as going fast when he was told to go slow, and stopping when he was told to go on.

One lovely day in spring, Zekko decided to ride down the valley to buy some food. All there was left in the house was a tiny piece of meat, which he threw to the cat, saying: "Pussy, pussy, here is a great treat for you!" But pussy had her one ear turned the other way, and did not hear him; neither did she hear a little mouse that was nibbling in the wall close beside her. So she sat still, licking her hungry chops. The dog lay before the fire, fast asleep. "Come, come, old fellow! You may go, too," called Zekko. But the dog's one ear was under his head, and he could not hear. Sorry enough he was when he awoke and found that his master had gone off without him.

"Now," said Zekko, as he jumped on his donkey's back, "take me down the valley." But the donkey thought that Zekko said: "Now take me up to the top of the mountain;" so up the mountain he went, and his master could not stop him. Zekko had never been anywhere except down the valley and back by a road that ran along the bank of a rushing river. And so it happened that he had never heard the birds sing, for in the morning when he went down, his ear was turned toward the roaring water; and although, when he came back, his ear was turned toward the woods, by that time evening had always come and the birds were asleep with their heads under their wings.

Now, as he rode up the mountain, he heard for the first time the sweet singing of the birds, and he was so enchanted by it that he forgot all

about the food which he had intended to buy, and stayed on the mountain all day.

The next morning very early, before the cat and dog were up, he started again on his important errand. This time he was careful to talk into the donkey's ear, so that there could be no mistake; for, although he would much rather go up the mountain to hear the birds sing than down the valley to buy food, he knew that he must not starve himself, his dog, and his donkey.

But as he rode along by the river it suddenly occurred to him that the birds might be singing in the woods, —indeed it was more than likely. How charming it would be to hear them! Oh, if only he had an ear on that side of his head! Why was he not born with two ears instead of one? So he longed for an ear, and longed and longed, all the way down the valley, until just as he reached the end—wonder of wonders! a little ear had begun to grow just where there ought to be one. Every time he rode down the valley he listened so hard to hear the birds singing, that by the end of a week his new ear had grown as big as his old one.

Then he began to take walks through the woods all by himself. "My donkey is so contrary that I can't ride him for pleasure," he would say, "and my dog is so stupid that he would surely get lost. Of course, my cat would n't care to go. What a lazy old cat she is!"

And so it happened that as he wandered about listening to the birds his two ears grew very sharp, so sharp indeed that finally he heard a great deal that was worth hearing besides the songs of the birds. He heard the crickets chirping, and the bees humming, the whirr of the locusts' wings and the laughter of the brooks, the rustling of the leaves in the wind and the crackling of the twigs under his feet.

"Oh, the world is full of music," he would say. "How glad I am of my two ears!"

Those days, so happy for Zekko, were hard for the rest of the family, who felt sad and lonely with their master gone so much; and every night they groaned and moaned and sighed in their sleep. But Zekko did not hear them (for his ears were not yet so sharp as they might be), until at last one night, when he was lying awake in his bed listening to the music of the great waterfall, which had never seemed so grand before, he began to think about the other three. The more he thought about them the more he pitied them; and the more he pitied them, the sharper grew his ears,—so sharp, in fact, that above the roar of the waterfall he could hear the donkey in the shed, and the dog at the foot of the bed, and the cat lying on the mat, all tossing about uneasily and talking in their sleep. The donkey was groaning: "He thinks me contrary, but alas! I have only one ear." The dog was moaning: "He thinks me stupid, but alas! I have only one ear." And the cat was sighing: "He thinks me lazy, but alas! I have only one ear."

Then Zekko was ashamed to think how cruel he had been to the rest of

the family, and he wished that he might help them. He remembered how a good fairy, who lived a hundred miles beyond the mountain, had come to him once and promised to give him anything that he might need for others, but it must be something that he could not buy. It had never occurred to Zekko before that the poor creatures who lived with him needed anything besides food, but now he knew that they wanted two ears as well as he.

The next day he went off on his long journey, walking all the way so that what he brought back might be a joyful surprise to the donkey as well as the rest. A hundred miles beyond the mountain the fairy was waiting for him with a bag in her hand.

"I am glad you have come at last," she said, "to get something for somebody. Here are treasures that cannot be bought."

Zekko took the bag and peeped in. Exactly what he wanted! There was a long, stiff, hairy ear, a limp, soft, silky ear, and a little, smooth, furry ear.

When Zekko reached home late at night and found the unhappy animals tossing uneasily in their beds, he crept about noiselessly, and fastened each ear on the right head in just the proper way, blessing the good fairy for giving him in every case such a perfect match. Can you imagine what a beautiful surprise it would be to waken in the morning with two ears after going to sleep with only one?

The donkey was delighted now to take his master about on the mountain, going precisely where he was told to go, for now he understood every word that Zekko said. The dog went, too, and a merry time he had, chasing woodchucks and squirrels, without a fear of being lost, for he could always hear his master when he whistled. The cat stayed at home, of course, and kept the house free from mice. Not one could escape her now, and she grew as sleek and fat as every good pussy-cat ought to be. From that time on, the donkey was always obedient, the dog followed his master faithfully wherever he went, and the cat was busy from morning till night at home. And so in the queer little house behind the waterfall they all lived together, a Happy Family, forever after.

I know a little boy who always has a plant given him on his birthday. On his sixth birthday, as he was just entering school, a beautiful little geranium was given to him, which he carried to school. During the summer vacation he cares for the plant at home. He is now eight years old and the first plant has grown into a large shrub, which has gone through three rooms with him, being promoted with him, and at present three plants have been his companions. He cares for them in the schoolroom, and they are very dear to him. This growth of the plant with the child is very beautiful; and it also furnishes a pretty window decoration.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

A SHORT SKETCH FOR CHILDREN.

By Florence Gleed Teare.

THERE was once a father and mother who had many blessings, one of them being a little daughter whose name was Parthenope. Parthenope had playfellows, but she often wished for a little sister; and one day her wish was granted.

Yes, a real live baby sister came to live in Parthenope's home. Such a wee thing was this baby, that Parthenope wondered if it would ever be able to walk and talk! And this wee baby had no name. The father and mother looked tenderly into the little face, but could not decide what name should be hers. At last Parthenope had a bright thought, and said: "Let us name her Florence, after the beautiful city in which she was born." Father and mother agreed; and so the little one was no longer called Baby, but Florence.

While Florence was still a small child, the family returned to England, their native land. Then came happy days of play for the sisters.

Florence was a dear child, gentle, loving, and kind to all; but especially was she kind to the sick. If a pet cat or dog were ill, little Florence took special care of it; and if a tiny bird were hurt, Florence was the one to nurse it back to health. As she grew older, she went to the cottages near by (many of which were owned by her father), where lived dear old grandmothers and grandfathers. The old people looked forward to her visits, for she had kind words and pleasant smiles for all, and was especially good to any who were ill. They said to one another: "Florence Nightingale has the magic touch of a true nurse."

The time came when Florence Nightingale had to say good-bye to these dear people, for she was going to a school to learn more about taking care of the sick. Can you not imagine how hard it was to part with those she had loved from the days when she was a small child? It is said that one dear white-haired old grandmother pressed into Florence's hand a small silver coin, the last she had; but it was given willingly to show her love. Florence Nightingale had a hole bored in the little coin, and wore it on a ribbon around her neck ever after. She stayed at the school for many months and learned many, many things. Then she returned to her home, and great was the rejoicing.

Soon after this came a time when fair England was sad, for her soldiers had to go to a far country to war. Then said Florence Nightingale: "An angel hand has been guiding me, for I am now ready to go and nurse the sick and wounded." She went to the far-away land where the battles were fought, and not once was

she weak or faint-hearted, although she had left her dear home and those she loved, and might perhaps have to give up even her life!

The soldiers, in affection, called her their ministering angel,—and no wonder; for at night, when the doctors and the other nurses were asleep, Florence Nightingale, knowing how long the hours seem to those who are suffering, would go quietly to one soldier after another, giving cool water to ease the fever, stroking the forehead to ease the pain, or giving a word of comfort to ease the sad heart. What a wonderful mother-heart this sweet woman had! One soldier said of her: "She is, indeed, our hospital angel, and our eyes follow her as she glides in and out among the narrow beds. She cannot speak to each one of us every day, for we are so many; but each gets his turn, and as her shadow falls upon my bed I can rise up and reverently kiss it. So thank God for that!"

There came a day when the soldiers, both sick and well, were sad indeed; for Florence Nightingale had taken the horrible fever, and they feared that she would never again be well. Many of the soldiers who were half-sick themselves, tried through kind deeds to show their deep love for her; and one poor man, pale and weak, knowing of her fondness for wild flowers, hobbled on his crutches to the woods to gather some for her. Miss Nightingale received them with pleasure and said afterwards that the flowers were truly medicine, for from that day she began to grow stronger. But she was never again quite well.

At last the war ended, and Florence Nightingale returned to her home. The people whose fathers, brothers, and husbands had received such devotion from her said: "We must make a gift to Florence Nightingale which shall tell her of our thanks." Their gift was a large purse of money; and what do you suppose she did with it?

I need hardly tell you that she was far too noble and unselfish to keep it all for herself. She opened a school where other women might learn how to care for the sick and suffering. Was it not a noble use for the beautiful gold coins? She said to those who had presented the great sum of money: "I will give away your gold; but I will treasure in my heart, for all time, the love which made you give it to me."

Florence Nightingale was born on the same day as another noble woman, Queen Victoria of England;—or perhaps it is better to say that on that day two queens were born, although Florence Nightingale's only crown was the love of grateful hearts.

A SOLDIER SPEAKS.

By L. Winnington.

Extract from officer's letter from the Philippines: "Wherever wounded have been found they have received all the care that our own soldiers have, and our men have carried them on their backs for miles over the most fiendish trails to be found in the world, for the purpose of saving the lives of these unfortunates, risking their own by so doing."

I fired my gun.
  He dropped, and bled.
  I gave him drink, I raised his head.
And then beneath the jungle's sun

I carried him a mile or more
  Till in our tents' refreshing shade
  The kind-eyed surgeons gently laid
The breathing burden that I bore.

They sent me over seas to kill—
  The folks at home that run the war:
  That 's surely what a soldier 's for!
I serve the flag with all my will.

And yet it puzzles my poor brain
  Why duty first bids murder him,
  And then, to save, risk life and limb;—
Perhaps the chaplain can explain.

—*The Outlook.*

CHILDREN'S READING ROOMS.

ESTABLISHED BY MRS. QUINCY A. SHAW.

By Sara E. Wiltse.

THE reading rooms under my care, supported by Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, are a direct outgrowth of the kindergarten. Those kindergartners who were first engaged in Mrs. Shaw's experiment of establishing kindergartens in the poorer districts of Boston will remember that children were enrolled, not according to age, sex, or previous condition, but rather according to present poverty, ignorance, and criminal environment.

How well I remember the oscillations of my mental compass in those first years of Froebelian practice, after considerable experience in the old school of teaching. I was somewhat inclined, as young enthusiasts are apt to be, to throw aside good old, along with bad old, implements; and when I discovered that my little pupils were from bookless homes, with no precious inheritance of pictured primer, or even an illustrated Book of the Saints, my heart was moved within me.

My new teaching was at war with my old training. I was sure that too much of the book had been given to little children, but ought it to be quite regarded as Ashtoreth? The subject was taken to Miss Garland and Miss Weston for advice. Should I not take a beautiful blue and silver copy of the Water Babies into the kindergarten and read aloud five minutes each day? How seriously we discussed this precedent of reading a story instead of telling it, and how earnestly I was cautioned not to allow reading to take the place of story telling!

That was the beginning of a future great work. The children tried to square their little lives to the motto of the fairy Irish woman who wore a gray shawl and a crimson madder petticoat. We had not read the first chapter of the charming book before some children came to kindergarten with clean hands, holding them up for inspection, while they quoted: *"They that wish to be clean, clean they will be."*

Having found the taproot of our reading rooms of to-day, we will trace some of the fibers that were feeders of an unforeseen growth. The children spent a great deal of money, cent by cent, for candy and other deleterious things which went into their mouths. They were easily persuaded to put the cents into a bank from which they were to draw them out at Christmas for the purchase of gifts for father, mother and baby.

Saving for themselves easily led to dividing their savings with others, and an arrangement was made whereby the savings from Christmas until June should be given to the Kindergarten for the Blind, while those from September till December should be spent for family gifts. It must be remembered that these were savings from money given them for gum and candy, and parents were not importuned for the purpose.

It was my pleasure to follow these children through the primary into the grammar school, keeping in touch with their new interests, and becoming acquainted with their teachers as they passed from grade to grade. One day a grammar school teacher laughingly complained to me that my old pupils were such good readers that they had exhausted all suitable books in the school library as well as in her own. This was before teachers could draw public library books for their pupils.

I asked if I might speak to the girls five minutes; and being granted that privilege, I asked every girl who had a cent in her pocket with which she intended to buy a pickle to raise her hand. The number of hands

raised surprised even me. Then I asked for a like show of hands from the girls who had cents in their pockets that they intended to spend for gum. A second surprise came; and a third when the candy contingent was reckoned with.

These girls were eager for books, but it had never occurred to them that they could afford to purchase one for themselves. Being reminded of the old bank in kindergarten, they decided to have another. They gave me enough cents that afternoon to purchase one book. Miss Hayes, their teacher, whose memory is forever blessed, promised with me to provide a gift book for each book purchased. Our gifts came from many sources: among them generous children and Abbott Academy pupils; and a handsome donation from Chattanooga showed the girls how ready the world is to help those who show any disposition to help themselves.

In time, the Pickle, Gum, and Candy Library outgrew the limits of space at the Comins School, and Mrs. Shaw kindly gave us the very room in which we began our first reading of Water Babies. She still purchases books for us, and children in that district occasionally buy a book for the shelves or for their own homes. The Public Library sends us one hundred books whenever I ask for them and Mr. Putnam devised a special card method for our use.

The room is opened when school closes, boys being admitted one afternoon and evening of each week, and girls received on another afternoon and evening. Occasionally one of the parents comes in to read, but oftener the children draw books for their fathers and mothers to read at home.

Visiting a tenement a few years ago where one of my faithful readers was confined by a sprained ankle, I was invited to see his picture gallery. He was president of a boys' club of picture gatherers. The members assembled once a week in a very dark cellar which was scrupulously swept and garnished. Their highest idea of art was represented by gorgeous bill posters. Athletics and æsthetics were combined in charming boy fashion. There were several sticks of wood standing about in critical attitudes—"regular members"—my host explained. Only a limited number of boys amenable to the strict rules of the club could be found. These sticks never made any fuss, and they could be used to leap from better than most boys. To diverge as I am tempted to do by these "orderly sticks," would lead us away from our subject.

Mrs. Shaw kindly allowed me to invite the picture gatherers over to the reading room, and gave me one evening to spend with them. They made a scrapbook of pictures which were of their own selection and contribution. I was not sure of my ground in dealing with boys of so much originality as to vote in sticks for properly behaved members of their association. When Mr. Earl Barnes was in this country, I sought his advice about letting these boys work out their own artistic salvation, and I was glad he agreed with me that they should not be hurried. Ac-

cordingly, I permitted their choice of crude pictures, and they have preserved their first collection, which, however, has now lost all interest for them. One must follow boys a rod or two if one would have them follow a mile in the higher way one would lead.

These boys have made a collection of pictures by Raphael, Millet, Landseer, and others. They read about the great picture makers, and write little papers about great pictures, not venturing beyond their own thoughts about them. Once in three months the parents are invited to spend an evening at the club, and great was the joy at the last reception, for the boys have a camera now, and are exercising creditable taste in their selection of subjects. I had to refuse to spoil their very first film. I should not have had the heart to deny them if I had not thought that their proposal to take my picture was made out of politeness and not because they considered me a picturesque subject.

When it was found that boys and girls could be so easily led to read the best literature, I was appointed to do something in the same line at the industrial school in North Bennett street. There had been books, but no enthusiasm in their use. The board of managers gave me three months to kindle the fire of love of good literature. I fancy the fire is never dead, but alas! it is too often smothered with books. I have never been permitted to burn any books in my reading rooms, except those contaminated by infectious diseases; but it is my settled conviction that a fine conflagration of a great mass of juvenile printed matter would result in much good.

In the beginning, I read aloud to the girls at the North End, using my own copy of the Odyssey, and asking them to write whatever they liked best,—a phrase, a glimpse of character, or a story,—as it sounded to them. In less than three weeks they were reading Church's stories from the Odyssey with a delight that astonished as well as gratified me. From the numbers that flocked to that reading room a literary club was formed; and this club is now in its seventh year of actual existence, although it became self-governing some time later.

These girls do not simply read, they study books and authors. Two evenings a week we meet for reading. We also keep our parents in our lives, and on occasions of social gatherings our most honored guests are the parents.

Afternoons, before the club meets, children gather in the reading room, in numbers limited only by the capacity of the room. This mass could easily be broken up into little classes, and definite courses of reading could be pursued; but there are the century-old conditions of fields white for the harvest but no harvesters.

The girls of the literary club purchase most of their own books; and whenever they raise money for their own use they generously contribute some share of it to other children.

There can be no doubt of the beautiful influence upon their young lives which good literature has supplied.

If Cordelia does not afford to a young girl some inspiration toward growth of character more valuable than mere literary appreciation of Shakespeare; if the Lily Maid of Astolat, and Pippa at her "wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil," do not make these girls sweeter daughters, better pupils, and even more valuable employees in shop and factory, then the highest purpose of literature has not been attained.

Note. A few further particulars have been given us by Miss Wiltse, as follows:—

I believe that the books were transferred from the Comins School, whose quarters they had outgrown, to Cottage Place, in 1889. Very soon thereafter Mrs. Shaw established another reading room, in connection with the day nursery at Albany street, and I was placed in charge of this, as well as of still another, established at Moore street, Cambridgeport, going to the three places on different days of each week. Later, the reading room at Albany street was left in charge of the kindergartners there, and my services were rendered, instead, to the newly established North Bennett street reading room. After a year or two of attendance at these three places,—in Roxbury, Cambridgeport and the North End, —it was thought best for me to concentrate my efforts on two points, Cottage Place, Roxbury, and North Bennett street, at the North End. The other reading rooms, however, have not been abandoned. At the North End I have only occasional volunteer assistance; but at Cottage Place I have a regular assistant and also an efficient little worker, one of the readers, who is employed to carry books. The attendance at Cottage Place ranges from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five. At the North End the room is smaller and the conditions are less favorable for attentive reading; but the attendance is very favorable. I can often introduce a new book by reading a few pages aloud, or insure interest in it by selecting something for a leading spirit to enjoy, whereby a book immediately becomes popular.

A FLOWER RHAPSODY.

By Martha Young.

DID it ever occur to you to keep a diary in flowers?—or, if you are one of those supersensitive souls that care not to pluck the flower from its parent stem, to note by name in your diary a flower for each day in the year? In our latitude and climate (Alabama), no day is without

its blossom. We had roses at Christmas, roses at New Year,—outdoor roses at that. Even now (in February), some pale buds are showing themselves in sheltered nooks in our gardens.

We have violets in plenty;—and such a variety of them! There is the large, deep-blue Neapolitan; the crinkled, very sweet, old, old, old-time violet; and the violet with the round "woolly" leaf,—the violet that grew around the border of every bed in Aunt Morse's garden. The children, no longer children now, who learned to read at that dear teacher's knee, will never forget the delight which the whispered promise gave: "If you say every lesson perfect, you may stay to-day after school and pick a bunch of violets." No reward on earth was more sought for or valued than was that reward in our wee school world. We remember the sweetness of the prize, we who won it.

Then there is the little modern violet with its sleek pointed leaf, so marvelous a bloomer, always sending its halo of blue above the green. They bloom almost under one's fingers, it seems, for it is next to impossible to pluck a border bare of blue. Already are blooming the white violets, the purple-veined Persian ones. Nor are these lowly flowers the only ones that dare midwinter air. The few camellia japonicas, spared by the bitter winter of three years ago, are giving us their splendid blossoms. Some yards are almost stiflingly sweet with the odor of the white winter honey-flower. The little midwinter yellow-starred jessamine, that grows in a self-pruned mound of gold, is brightening many an old garden. The white hyacinths, most pallid and frail of all yard flowers, are long since abloom. They write in white letters on the flower borders their remembrance of the old Greek legend of their birth. Every student of the world's most melodious language can trace in the pale flowers the story of woe: "Ai, Ai, Ai."

The heavy-scented narcissus has set out its white and gold cups and saucers to catch the first draughts of spring.

If I were a teacher, I fancy that I should open my school every morning with an Observation class; and I should keep a diary of flower observations for the children. Each one should tell me each day of a flower seen on the way to school; then we should choose from the number one to represent that day; and so our Book of Flowers would grow until we closed the volume at the three hundred and sixty-fifth page. In that year, many lessons would have been taught. First and foremost, the lesson of observing;—many of us go through life half blind to the beauties that are near us. Second, lessons of botany, a science of sweets that few of us even glance into. Third, a love of horticulture; and that love once instilled and its exercise begun, we are happier all our life long, for the earth's blessings are new every day.

—*Alabama Beacon.*

MORNINGS IN BOSTON KINDERGARTENS.

II. THE KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND.

By Emilie Poulsson.

AMONG philanthropic Boston's educational enterprises the Kindergarten for the Blind has its unquestioned high place. The generation which, in earlier days, had been awakened to the practicability and advisability of educating older blind children, seemed to have bequeathed some of its aroused sensitiveness to its immediate posterity; so that when this second generation was appealed to by the eloquence of the Greek-American, Dr. Michael Anagnos, on behalf of blind children too young to be taken into the existing school, what was there for philanthropic Boston to do but to listen, dry its eyes, pull out its pennies or its units, tens, hundred or thousands of dollars, as the case might be, and set to work to establish the kindergarten?

April, 1887, saw the formal opening of the first building. There were only a few children, but as many as the prospect of providing sufficient bread and milk, care and training, warranted. That first building is one of three now completed, and there is a fourth of which the basement and one story are built. This incomplete building is used for sloyd and gymnastics and for general exercises.

The kindergarten children live in two of the houses,—girls in one, boys in the other. The primary department for boys occupies the third. A house for the girls' primary department is the present urgent need. The children come from several states, and the Kindergarten for the Blind is necessarily a home as well as a kindergarten.

As Dr. Howe said years ago in arguing for the School for the Blind, if there are children who cannot be educated in the common schools, we must have uncommon schools for them. The Kindergarten for the Blind is one answer to this demand. New children are constantly being heard of who ought to be taken in immediately, and the "waiting list" lengthens fast, although it is not often

increased by four names at once as on one day lately.

A kindergarten visitor usually starts out in the early morning; but, empowered by special permission, I presented myself at the hospitable door of the Kindergarten for the Blind late one Sunday afternoon in order to see the little folks in their home life and to be on hand for the early beginning of work in the morning.

Sitting in the parlor and chatting with the gentle-voiced matron (a lady associated with the work from its early days) I could hear sounds of boy-life in the upper regions. The little fellows had taken a walk, had been out at play in the grounds, and a few had attended church, in the morning. Having had their home Sunday school in the early part of the afternoon, they were now amusing themselves as they pleased in their own rooms. With the incessant chatter, the snatches of song, the imitation train whistles and steam puffings, the tinkle of music boxes and the rattle of other Christmas toys, there was not exactly a Sabbath stillness in the air; but the noises, gay and lively as they were, were all tempered to a happy point of satisfactory outlet for the children, without distracting tumult. It was a merry *Kinder Sinfonie,*—an unconscious improvisation by the twenty-three jolly little boys that it would take a genius to surpass for originality, variety and sweetness.

Strolling down the corridor, on either the second or third floors, you will see the children's bedrooms on each side of the hall, each with its two little beds, chairs, and bureau, while at the ends of the halls are teachers' and matrons' rooms, music room, play room, etc. You look twice at the beds, remembering that, as a rule, they are made by the boys themselves, and you see that they are mostly patted smooth and that the pillows are usually set straight by little groping hands. When the bed-maker is not much larger than his pillow, however, it is no wonder that there are sometimes undiscovered wrinkles or crooked pillows, or even an occasional mishap like that of the other day, when a lost nightgown was finally discovered inside of the bed, where it had inadvertently been made up.

At tea there was the same freedom within sensible limits that had been noticeable in the afternoon. The children responded brightly when spoken to, made simple little remarks of their own, and had quiet hints, when necessary, as to the whereabouts of a mug or piece of bread, or as to table manners; but the talk at the four tables made all together only a pleasant conversational hum. Many of the children have been accustomed, before coming to the kindergarten, to being fed; but most of them soon learn to feed themselves with as much neatness and propriety as does a well-trained seeing child of the same age. The observer who watches the napkin folding may wonder a little how it is coming out; but, with much measuring and straightening and shaking and patting, the task is finally well done.

Whir-r-r-r! went the electric bells

at half-past six the next morning. "The children get up at half-past six," I had been told, "but the seven o'clock bell is what they call the 'talking bell.' By that time they are far enough along in their dressing for the talking not to interfere too much."

The "talking bell" certainly had most prompt obedience yielded to it. Its tongue had scarcely finished its first wag before at least twenty little human tongues contributed to the noise. "How near are you ready?" and "I had to wake Harry up this morning," and "Did you find your marbles?" and "I 've got new shoes and new rubbers," and a buzz of other remarks were mingled with laugh and song and boyish ejaculations.

The twenty minutes past seven bell summoned the boys to morning prayers led by the matron in the kindergarten room. The matron read Psalm XIX, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." All repeated the Lord's Prayer; the boys sang a joyous hymn, full of the freshness and happiness of a new, bright morning; and then teachers, matron and children all assembled in the dining room for the morning meal.

Bed-making and play filled the time between breakfast and the opening of the kindergarten at quarter before nine. At that hour, I betook myself to the girls' kindergarten, since I wanted to get glimpses of different classes.

The tiny girls were just taking their places as I entered the pretty room. The kindergartner was at the piano. Hearing a little commotion in one direction, she said: "Is that Nellie? Oh, no! That 's Fanny. Fanny will find her chair all right." And Fanny, brave and beaming, does find it very soon. "Here 's Nellie! Call her, Jessie." So Jessie pipes up: "Come, Nellie!" and the little uncertain wanderer, who is just learning her way about, follows the sound and reaches Jessie's side without further trouble.

The children are all fresh and bright, and have many songs and finger plays to sing. They are good listeners, too; and the "morning talk" period has so much variety in it that it does not drag, even though it lasts three quarters of an hour. When time for intermission comes, the girls form into line. Two, somewhat larger and freer in motion, take charge each of a little girl who needs guiding, and the troop marches out, singing. When the children walk past the long table, there is a slight tendency to keep close to it and so be helped; but a cheery reminder comes from the kindergartner: "We can get along nicely now without touching the table," and the line recovers its self-dependence.

Morning talks, songs and other exercises in the Kindergarten for the Blind are very similar to those in other kindergartens. Gift and Occupation work is necessarily accomplished with much more slowness than by seeing children, although enough is done, and done with excellence, to make the visitor admire and wonder while looking at the folding, pasting, clay work, sewing, and weaving. Some kindergarten materials

have to be adapted for blind children's use, but people are usually surprised to see how much of the work is exactly like that in the ordinary kindergarten. The Gifts, as far as the Seventh, are unaltered; but the tablets have small holes drilled through them so that they may be pinned down on cushions made for the purpose; wires with holes in the ends are substituted for sticks, and the rings also are pinned down on the cushions. These cushions are of the size of the kindergarten table tops, and are marked off in inch squares by cross rows of stitching that can be easily felt. When a blind child has made a design with tablets, sticks or rings, fastening these down on the cushion, the design will stay in place while he has the satisfaction of examining it. Beads, also, when used to make outlines, are pinned down upon the cushions. The squares upon the kindergarten tables are marked by cut-in lines. Paper marked off into inch squares by means of embossed lines is used for pasting designs upon, either in parquetry or designs of flowers and seeds. There is a device for pricking, too, that is sometimes used.

Kindergarten games are of great importance for blind children, and certainly the joy of these children in their games was unmistakable. The kindergartner was wisely making much less of the singing,—in the game of The Train, for instance,—than of the play. There was examination of the wheels, coupling of the cars, talk about the destination, and, above all, vigorous motion. The train steamed away at no slow pace. It was an Empire State express and nothing less. The coupling broke between the first car (a weak little fellow) and the engine (two vigorous boys). Perhaps the re-matching of engine and train took more time than if seeing children had been uniting them, and perhaps the train moved in a more wavering line down the long play room; but boyish ardor ran high and the play was so spirited that you

were much more conscious of the boyishness and the fun and the reality of the game to the players, than of the blindness. In the games of chasing, the individual child is brought out more, and differences in freedom and agility are very noticeable. Plenty of time was allowed for each chase, and one of the victors said as he came back panting: "Oh, my! Did n't I run like *seventy,* though!"

The marching, too, is done with vim and enjoyment; but when a few at the head of the line discover that the line has broken just behind them, they slacken and back up and guide the delinquent with that ready helpfulness of which I saw so many pretty evidences during my visit.

Bravery, helpfulness, self-reliance, cheerfulness,—all these traits seemed to be cultivated in a healthful degree in the little blind children by their living together. "Hurry up, Ben! Come along! Why don't you hurry?"

"Oh, well!" responded Ben, as he continued his groping search along the hall, "I 'll get there pretty soon. I 've got a boy to take care of."

"Oh! All right; I 'll wait."

Ben finds his boy, leads him along in a protecting fashion, and all three are soon out of doors.

One of the afternoon periods I spent with the little boys who were reading raised print books of different grades of difficulty. Some had the Cyr readers; some, the Little One's Story Book; and the most advanced group was reading stories from In the Child's World, undaunted by long words. Little fingers have to travel over quite a space to gather up such words as *Mediterranean, usually, impossible;* and it is rather difficult to acquire fluency in reading raised print. But these small students are working well toward it, and some already read as rapidly as is desirable.

The scheme of manual training at the Kindergarten for the Blind is particularly good. The weakest part of it just now is the handwork in the kindergarten proper, where some of the materials used are not yet coarse enough; but this will doubtless soon be remedied.

The sloyd knitting and sloyd sewing, which are remarkably interesting, thorough, and progressive, are followed by wood sloyd. The boys as well as the girls have the sloyd knitting and like it so well that some of them elected to return to it after being promoted out of the class.

Any visit to the Kindergarten for the Blind, even a short one, ought to be timed to include one or more of the delightful singing classes. I spent a few moments in each of four classes, and heard not only songs, some with two parts (for even the younger children here drop into alto and sustain a second part without wavering), but, with the older boys and girls of the primary grades, scales and exercises of such difficulty that we can scarcely understand how these children can sing them. Major and minor scales, triads, diminished sevenths, intervals of whatever difficulty,—the tones being called for in rapid succession and the response coming immediate-

ly—this is what you may hear if you get into these singing classes, which are held daily between quarter of four and five o'clock. That the instruction and practice of vocal music comes daily is one secret of the children's excellent work; the quality of the teaching being, of course, another.

The Kinder Orchestra practices at irregular times, since the children have to perfect their individual parts before playing together. It boasts now six violins and is becoming quite ambitious, having advanced with the growth of the children, and aiming now at a more musical result than could be attained with the kazoos, whistles, paper bags, etc., of its first days.

Piano or violin lessons are given to the children at quite an early stage in their school progress;—as soon, that is, as they show sufficient development to make it advantageous. Music is so much of a resource and delight to blind people that it has by right a prominent place even in their early education.

It must be remembered that while the whole "plant" at Jamaica Plain goes, for convenience' sake, under the name of Kindergarten for the Blind (which at first truly designated it) it is now a Kindergarten and Primary School. The children remain there until they reach a grade about parallel with the fifth grade of the public school. Then they are transferred to the Perkins Institution at South Boston.

Are visitors allowed at the Kindergarten for the Blind? Yes, indeed. There is no day set apart for the public, as at the South Boston school (Thursdays, from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.), but any interested person is heartily welcome to visit kindergarten or primary classes at any time. Classes begin at quarter before nine, and continue, for different children and different teachers (and including gymnastics, manual training, vocal and instrumental music), until five o'clock, with the omission of a proper time for dinner. A fifteen minutes' recess comes in every hour, and the children play freely about the grounds many times a day; so they have a good deal of entire relaxation and fresh air, notwithstanding the fact that they are very busy children.

After five o'clock there is a delightful period when the children are gathered into groups in different rooms and read to by the teachers.

Tea follows this period, and soon after tea, bedtime, and the blind children have come to the close of another day. "A nice little crowd," says the matron, fondly, when she comes downstairs after the tucking in and the good-nights. "A nice little crowd, indeed," I echo in my heart as I travel homeward; "a busy, brave, helpful, self-reliant crowd of blind children. Blessings on them!"

THE MINER.

Words and music by Ernestine Gifford.

With vigor.

Down in the earth the mi - ner goes, (Hear the clang of his heav - y blows!)

Work - ing there by day and night, Thus we have the sil - ver bright.

Iron, salt, coal and oth - er things, These the good mi - ner to us brings.

Cling, clang, cling, clang, cling, clang, cling! So his heav - y blows do ring.

Suggestions for Game:—The children (representing miners carrying picks on their shoulders) march around the ring once or twice while the music is played, before beginning to sing. At the words "Hear the clang of his heavy blows," the children turn on the ring, and make the motion of striking a rock with their picks. This motion is then discontinued until the singing of the line "Cling, clang, cling, clang!" etc., when it is again resumed.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

AN exhilarating, abundant fall of snow had made of the school yard an enchanting place with white-walled walks and wondrous mounds. Out went kindergartners and children, and set to work with a will, making a snow-man. What a joy it was to the children! And how marvelous the result of their work appeared to them! The kindergartners wondered a little as to the fate of the snow-man when the big boys of the school should be let loose in the yard; but the boys showed a great respect for "the little kids' " work, and would no more have demolished it than would the kindergartner herself. When this was spoken of to a group of kindergartners, the suggestion was made that the big boys might be asked to build a wall around the snow-man. A great deal can be done for the older children by including them in kindergarten plans, intrusting something to their care, or getting them to undertake some special responsibility. In one public school the boys, who were undeniably "a rough set," were one spring invited to visit the garden that the kindergarten children had made. The little children's delight and pride could not be withstood by the big boys, and they became the stanch defenders of the garden from that time forth.

A GIFTED preacher who was often misquoted, probably because of the originality of his thoughts, used to remark somewhat whimsically that the English language was plenty good enough for him to express himself clearly in, but it did not seem equally good for people to hear him in.

Very few of us ordinary folk have any quarrel with the adequacy of the language as a general thing; but in speaking on some subjects we seek vainly for words expressive of the exact meaning we wish to convey. Who of us has not felt this difficulty in explaining the kindergarten?

How impossible it seems to speak so that we do not apparently claim too much for the kindergarten and its influence! Over and over, time after

time, we say, we repeat, we reiterate, that the intention in the kindergarten method of education is to affect by influences as fine and delicate as itself the fine, delicate material, the susceptible child-soul, whose development we reverently attempt to aid. Just as emphatically and just as often do we say that we expect the results to be equally fine and delicate, both in quality and degree, with the influences and the material; but no matter how often this is said, some one time when we assume it to be understood,—alack-a-day! down swoops the caviler, and the chance expression is taken as an explicit statement.

The folly of any claim that the kindergarten child is ever after regenerate, altruistic, logical, ambidextrous, is as clear to the kindergartner as to the critics who so unweariedly hold up the folly to ridicule. The justifiable claim is that the kindergarten child has had an impetus toward right development rather than away from it; that his heart and mind and body are better prepared than they would otherwise have been for vigorous growth in future stages because of the wholesome natural growth fostered in this earlier stage; that the nurture of all that was sound and true in his instincts and tendencies has strengthened the sound and true; that lack of nurture and exercise of unworthy instincts has weakened them, and that therefore their chance of development later is lessened. Having faith in the existence of infinitesimal germs or seeds in the nature of man as well as in the realm of matter, we also believe in the importance of the right fertilizing element for these germs or seeds. Summer experiences with pumpkin-flavored melons, "sweet" corn that has been planted near field corn, parable this truth for us clearly though in negative form.

An exchange has the following:—

"In a book of advice which the good old English Dr. Gregory left as a 'Legacy to My Daughter,' toward the close of the eighteenth century, he said, 'Should you be so unfortunate as to possess a robust constitution by nature, simulate such sickly delicacy as is necessary to keep up the proper female charm.' "

The smile which this advice provokes from every reader testifies to the different standard now prevailing for the physical condition of women. Chicago, often the venturesome leader and experimenter, was the first to take a stand in the matter of requiring a certain physical fitness, determined by examination, in the applicants for teachers' positions; but the good initiative is likely to be generally followed before long. The kindergartner needs particularly a good physique and sound health,—a surplus of health, in fact,—an abounding vital-

ity which gives her that *Euphoria,* that *joy in life itself,* which is like the child's own feeling and which therefore makes the teacher who has it more companionable for him. Complaints have been entered, in some instances, against the kindergarten normal course as being so exacting as to impair the students' health. Refreshing counter statements are not lacking. In a class recently heard from, every member finished the course in better health than when she began it. Doubtless many things contributed to this happy result; but the credit was given to the gymnastics.

The frequent inquiries for "campaign literature" about the kindergarten indicates that more and more communities are awakening to the desire for the kindergarten for their children. Among books which will be of help to the kindergartner in furnishing her with argumentative material, the wonderfully interesting volume entitled the Science of Penology takes its place. With regard to the maintenance of kindergartens,—a sufficient number for all children, —by the State, the author, Henry M. Boies, says: "Science proclaims it now as an incontrovertible fact, an axiom of human progress, that every dollar that the State expends in providing that wise and uniform nurture of its children which they need before reaching school age, is worth ten spent after that in correction and education, and a thousand expended for protection (of the public) from criminality and for reformation of criminals."

The author also speaks strongly of the value of kindergarten training for women, and of the influence which the kindergartner has in moulding the forces of the home in her visiting. He calls the kindergartner a mother-trainer as well as teacher, bestowing "her benefits upon two generations with an equal hand."

The building of Boston schoolhouses, having been taken out of the hands of the School Board, is now under the charge of a Building Commission composed of three persons, who are to have one million dollars a year for four years to expend.

The need of new schools in the congested districts is very great. Owing to the high cost of land in these quarters, it has been proposed that only land enough for the accommodation of the school buildings should be bought, no space being allowed for school yards. This proposition has aroused strong public opposition, and interest in the subject is spreading throughout the city. The chief opposing agency is the Massachusetts Civic League, through its Playground

Committee, whose chairman, Mr. Joseph Lee, is an ardent worker and excellent pleader for education through play. The Massachusetts Civic League has a membership of 1100 citizens banded together in public spirit. Several of Boston's most honored associations and prominent individuals have thrown their influence into the scale, and are sending resolutions and pleas to the Building Commission; and it is said that a mass meeting of children is to be held, that their desire for proper playgrounds may be expressed.

With regard to basement and roof playgrounds as substitutes for school yards, it is objected that basements, although useful in rainy weather, are not suitable because of lack of sunshine, which the children certainly ought to have. Free, open, sunny air is needed for real refreshment and recuperation,—what the recesses are designed for. The roof playground, if closed, lacks the open-air advantages. If open, it is objected to on account of too hot and glaring sun or drafts and winds that are dangerous to health.

It is even urged that if land for both house and yard cannot be bought at once, the money at present available be used for the purchase of ground alone, and buildings put up as soon as the money would allow. The land could then be used for organized playgrounds, until built upon; and there are prophets who affirm that the children will thus gain more in the end than if they had had, in the meantime, new schoolhouses without proper playgrounds. Perhaps if the school classes already existing in these congested districts were divided into study and play sections (the children alternating from study to play), more children could be accommodated between the school and the playground. With proper playground organization and supervision, and with some rough housing in the playground for winter, the results could be of the best.

Brooklyn, driven to the desperate point, adopted "half time" classes for its superabundant school children. To the surprise of the school officials, the "half-timers" had accomplished as much, by the end of the school year, as those housed for the full day!

A LITTLE WHILE IN KINDERGARTEN.*

By Florence Gleed Teare.

FOR days and weeks after our return Louie drew pictures of Christmas trees decorated in the most fantastic manner possible. He was a strange little lad, and would sometimes sit very still for a long time, with a far-away look in his beautiful

Begun in December, 1901.

eyes. One day when he had been sitting in this way rather longer than usual, I took his soft slender little hand in mine and said: "What are you thinking of, little man?"

He answered: "I 'm thinking I 'll come here and live with you, for you must be lonesome when it 's dark."

When I explained that I did not live in the kindergarten, he was very much surprised, and, I think, a little disappointed; for he said: "Oh! and it 's so nice here!"

He seemed quite unable to grasp the thought that the kindergarten was not my home, for the next day he remarked that if I had not two beds, he would sleep on the piano. Again I told him that I lived a long way off and not at the kindergarten. He pondered for a few moments, and then a new idea seized him. With eyes fairly dancing he exclaimed: "You 'd like to live here, though, would n't you? Say, Miss Beth, let 's me and you come and live here always!" I told him that we could not very well do so, for his mamma would need him, and my mamma would need me; but from the rather withering look which Louie bestowed on me, I felt sure that he thought my argument weak.

A few days later, Louie came very early (there seemed to be no trouble about his waking nowadays), and laid still other plans for the future. He began by giving a sidelong glance at the piano, and then remarking: "I don't think it would feel very good to sleep on the piano if you fell off, do you, Miss Beth?"

I answered that I, for one, should not care to try it. He then went on: "Well, we won't live here; but say, Frank and me and Millie and you will all go away off to a far-away country where the fields are full of Christmas trees. Maybe it will be It'ly."

I said that I thought it would be very nice, only we should have to wait a little while until we all grew a little larger. Louie was radiant when we compromised in the following manner: Frank stood against the wall and I marked his exact height, and then made another mark about eighteen inches above his head. Millie followed, and I did the same for her. Louie stepped up next, and I did the same for him. I stepped up last, but none of the children could reach above my head. We certainly were at a loss for a moment, but the problem was solved by the ever-practical little Millie. She told me to sit down on the floor. This I did, and she made my marks. Thus the matter was settled, all agreeing that when these higher marks were reached we were to leave for a far-off land.

Louie, being the originator of the plan, often measured us, and, needless to say, the others always seemed more satisfactory than I, for in a few weeks they really were a trifle above the lower marks; but when I sat down for measurement the report from all three was that I was "just the same!" I thought sometimes that Louie appeared a trifle indignant about my failure,—as if he thought I might try a little harder. But when I appeared discouraged he would at once turn

consoler, and say encouragingly, "Well, never mind; maybe next time you 'll be 'way, 'way up." Then turning to the others he would say in a fatherly way, "We won't go without Miss Beth, if she never grows, will we?" A vigorous shake of the heads, accompanied by an emphatic "No," was always the response, at which my spirits naturally rose.

But we never left this land for that far-away country abounding in Christmas trees, one reason being that our leader changed his mind. He came to me one day and said in a very solemn voice: "Miss Beth, you ain't growed a bit yet, but that ain't why we ain't going; but if we went the other kids would cry, and that would spoil it all." Louie had a great aversion to tears. He himself indulged in them very rarely. I do not remember that he ever cried, except upon the day of our Christmas festival, and one other occasion.

Some one has told us that if, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we should give to those we love the gift of a beautiful thought, we should then be giving as the angels give. To give to those we love something which we dearly prize is rather an unusual thing; or, if not unusual, surely it is not half usual enough. Really, do we not often give away that which we shall never miss—that which we do not care for so very much?

One day Louie came to kindergarten with a new lead pencil. The outside was bright red; and there was a shining arrangement at the end for holding the rubber. It was indeed a beautiful pencil, and Louie handled it lovingly. Any child would have prized it,—then how much more did it seem to one whose life was passed in the dinginess of the slums? In a little while the pencil interfered with Louie's work, for which he needed both of his hands, and I asked him to lay it on the shelf. This he did; and when the morning came to an end I handed it back to him. He took it, held it for an instant, then, with a merry twinkle in his eye, dropped it into the pocket of my apron.

I said: "Why, Louie! this is your pencil." He answered, "No, it 's yourn." Then, in our grown-up way, I asked: "Why, don't you want it yourself, dear?" "Gosh, yes!" he said, "but I wants you to have it more." It was only when excited that Louie indulged in "gosh" and "kids."

For a long time we had been saving pennies; and one day, to our great joy, we found that (with substantial aid from a friend) we had accumulated enough to indulge in our longed-for luxury—a canary bird!

In the afternoon the purchase was made, and next morning at the sight of the dear little yellow creature, singing in his golden house, the children's joy was unbounded. When at last the tumult had partly subsided, I suggested that we might name our little treasure, and then came a variety of opinions. Nearly every child wanted it named for his or her particular baby. There were a few exceptions;—Louie was one, and he wanted it named Mary. I thought this a rather strange choice, but he

said, "I likes the name of 'Mary Chinchine'; and then when we sings, 'Good morning, Mary Chinchine!' to the outdoors, we can sing it to this little Mary Chinchine indoors." And so our little bird was named Merry Sunshine, but was soon called Sunshine for short.

Having the bird in kindergarten seemed to make Louie particularly thoughtful of birds. He said that he thought if they only had some trees in their yard, lots of birds might come and live there. I said yes, I thought so, too. Soon after this, he asked me for a little paste to take home. I gave him the paste, and asked what he was going to do with it. He said that he could not tell me until the next day, and with that I had to content myself.

The next day came, but Louie offered no explanation as to what he had done with the paste; and he sat looking so very solemn that I thought he must be ill. A little later I noticed that Millie was absent; and as Millie and Louie were inseparable friends I decided that her absence caused Louie's disconsolate looks. During the morning I had occasion to pass through the hall, and, glancing down the stairway, I saw a little figure crouching on the bottom step. It was Millie. When I asked her why she stayed down there, she said that it was because it was late when she came.

Now although this might be true, I knew that it was not the whole truth; for Millie was privileged to come whenever she could, on account of work at home. By this time her lip was trembling,—a storm was coming. I said: "Millie, you had better tell me what the trouble is."

Millie burst out crying and said: "Oh, Louie thinks I 'm glad and I ain't!" Then after she had cried some of her troubled feelings off, she told me that Louie had been making trees by pasting bits of green paper on to little sticks, and that he had planted these out in their yard, and along the curbstone, hoping that the birds would come to them!

Poor little lad! Planting such fragile structures in the yard of a tenement house! The yard of a tenement house always looks as if it had been under a blacksmith's hammer for generations.

Now Millie, I suppose, had been looking on while the trees were being constructed, and had told Louie that they would not grow, and that if it rained they would be washed away. Consequently, when he found the pitiful-looking little objects the next morning (for it had rained in the night) he remembered her words; and, as they had proven true, he felt sure that she had induced the rain to fall; and then, suspecting that she would be glad, he had decided not to speak to her. Millie understood from this treatment that Louie "thought she was glad." Louie was brought out into the hall and with a very few words convinced that Millie was not rejoicing in his misfortunes.

Louie shed no tears (certainly Millie had shed enough for two small people), but he was very kind to her. We all went into the kindergarten to-

gether, Millie with very red eyes, and Louie with his happy smile again. It happened that we had a small willow tree growing in a flower pot. It had originally been a pussy willow twig. This little tree we planted in Louie's and Millie's back yard, to the great satisfaction of both children and of all the tenants. Louie soon brought the most wonderful accounts of birds hovering over that small willow tree; and, although Millie never contradicted, she often looked surprised.

Louie was very fond of plants, and Millie and he often sprinkled those which were the property of the kindergarten. Once, while they were doing so, I heard the following conversation: "Let it hang down," said Millie. "No, I want the ends all up," said Louie. "What for?" asked Millie. "Cos I do," answered Louie. "But, Louie, God made little girl's hair to hang down," said Millie. "Did He tell you so?" asked Louie, in an awe-struck whisper. "No, He did n't tell me so," said Millie, "but I just knows it." No more was said; but when the children left, the little "joint plant" which Millie had named "little girl's hair," had its ends all hanging down.

Perhaps some one may remark that such children as Louie and Millie are not to be found in the slums. In answer, I will say that late in the autumn a few years ago, in a city neighborhood where the work of excavation was being carried on preparatory to the erection of large buildings, more than once and in the most unlikely places.—indeed, almost under the horses' hoofs,—tiny violets were found. And so it is all through life; often, when we least expect to see them, the sweetest flowers are found!

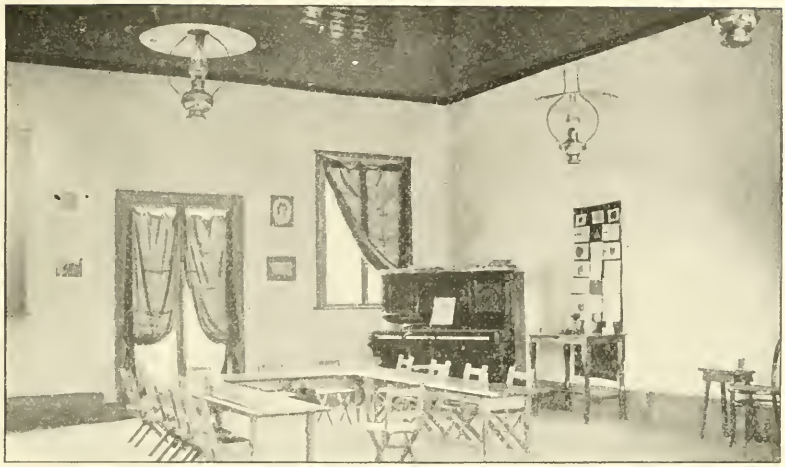
To be continued.

A KINDERGARTEN IN AFRICA.

By R. Emory Beetham.

A KINDERGARTEN in tropical Africa! What an anomaly! It cannot be true. There is nothing in that region but Kafirs and wild animals!

Yes, there are innumerable Kafirs, many wild beasts, and vast stretches of territory untouched by civilization; but there are also a few places where the attractions have been so great that the white man has made permanent settlements. Gold has been the luring element in many instances. But no matter what the cause of his coming, the white man, wherever he has come, has brought with him his needs and desires. These needs he supplies as far as it is in his power. The native "kia" and "kraal" do not answer for his house and vil-



lage, so houses and villages are built. Kafir "skoff" does not satisfy his appetite, so he sets about cultivating the kinds of food that he had learned to use at home. He is not content to allow his children to grow up in the barbaric ignorance with which he is surrounded, hence come the schools.

One is likely to be surprised at the kind of schools that can be found in these out-of-the-way places. Some of them are equal to, if not better than, the schools in many towns and villages in England and America. Besides private schools, there are those backed either by the Government or by some religious denomination. In these latter named schools nothing is spared to make them of high order.

In Umtali (Rhodesia, East Africa), the school is under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church and is backed by the Chartered Company. The instructors are educated and experienced teachers from America. This school has a music department and a kindergarten, Miss Harriette F. Johnstone, a talented musician and a teacher of large experience, being the instructor in both. The morning is devoted to the kindergarten and the afternoon to musical instruction.

The kindergarten is as good as can be found anywhere. Not even the usual supplies are wanting. There are the beautiful little tables and the proper little chairs, together with everything else that the Milton Bradley Company of America can provide. A piano and an organ are also a part of the equipment. The rooms are large, and are supplied with an abundance of air and sunlight. Amid such surroundings and with this complete equipment, the work is a delight to the teacher and a great benefit to the children.

Although the school is an entirely new thing for this community, there seems to be no lack of children for this kind of work. In fact, the newness has been an advantage, in a way,

and Miss Johnstone has all the children that she can care for properly. It is interesting to see the native boy servants taking the little white children through the streets of the town to and from the kindergarten. Of course white children only attend the school. They are mostly the children of English parents who have come to this place to "increase their store of worldly goods."

It is quite difficult for those from the Northern Hemisphere to accustom themselves to the change of seasons in this region, and the school vacations that result therefrom. Instead of having vacation during July and August, and then a week or two at Christmas and Easter, as is customary in the United States, the schools here have about six weeks' holiday in midwinter (June and July), one of similar length in midsummer or Christmas time, a week at Easter, and then a week in September (at Michaelmas), besides numerous single days all through the year.

The New Umtali Seminary, of which the kindergarten is a part, is the beginning of what the Methodist Episcopal Church hopes to make a large and permanent institution for the Christian education of the youth of East Central Africa. Liberal grants of land have been made to the church by the government, and the erection of new buildings is now under consideration. Bishop Hartzell, in his broad-minded plans for the Christianization of this great continent, gives no small place to the work of this school. Some of his fondest hopes are centered in it. Of course, he does not expect everything to be done in a day. He plans and works for the future, and waits patiently for results as only a great man can wait.

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE EDUCATION OF TEACHERS. By W. H. Payne. B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va. $1.50

When a reviewer reads a noble, inspiring book such as Dr. Payne has written, he is inclined to cry, "Oh, for a voice! a persuasive voice!" so fain is he to induce men and women to avail themselves of the treasure. A book for teachers and by a teacher, it nevertheless has a universal quality in its message which makes the book as good for the general reader as for the professional teacher. This is true even of its more technical portions. Many writers have discussed the subjects treated here, but not many have presented them with equal readableness and force or kept so persistently on a lofty plane. That teaching is first and always a spiritual act or art is not for a moment forgotten by Dr. Payne, and his readers gain, or are strengthened in, the same elevating conviction. This conviction the public must have before the public schools can be equipped throughout with teachers of the right caliber, teachers who are "live coals" rather than cinders or unkindled lumps, teachers whose education has been marked by the catholicity, wholesomeness, and progressive conservatism that Dr. Payne advocates.

If you can own the book, own it; if you cannot own it, request your town library to supply it, and see how many people you can induce to read it. A direct elevation of public opinion could not fail to result from a wide reading of these ten wise, high-minded, forceful chapters.

THE SCIENCE OF PENOLOGY. By Henry M. Boies. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. $3.50

When the leaven of such books as this has had its working in the understanding of mankind, great will be the results. The author writes out of extended experience and wide knowledge; and to every one of his well-weighed conclusions both heart and common sense cry out "amen!" Readers of Mr. Horace Fletcher's The Last Waif will find here, in more scholarly and exhaustive form, all the substance of that striking book, with much else that we all ought to know and act upon. In The Science of Penology, a complete plan is presented (to which all details can be adjusted, and based on all that has been learned by students of the subject the world over) for the rational treatment of "all those who from physical deformity, mental incapacity, or moral depravity are either unable or indisposed to regulate their lives in conformity to the laws which have been enacted for the welfare of the community in which they dwell." The subject of Penology is treated under three heads: Diagnostics, Therapeutics, Hygienics. The wise recommendations of this book need only an enlightened public opinion back of them; carried out, they would give a wonderful impetus to the progress of the race.

THE MIND OF A CHILD. By Ennis Richmond. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.00

An Englishwoman of judgment and experience here reasons out many things in such a way as to make clear to parents the foundations which should underlie the training of children. The thought is searching, and will well repay the studious mother's attention. Mrs. Richmond's English point of view shows chiefly in the latter part of the book, where the sending of children to boarding schools is considered.

HEATH'S HOME AND SCHOOL CLASSICS. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Some volumes of this Home and School Classics have been commented on before in KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, and some others are reprints of such well-known books that they need no comment.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES as arranged by Mr. Charles Welsh is now to be had in a gay cloth cover more attractive and practical than the dull brown paper covers. This thirty cent volume is a good one for the kindergartner to own.

Well known as THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE has been, children of these days do not know it as they should. This edition has an introduction by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, which describes the story well and from which we quote: "The story is as full of interest as if it had not a moral to its name. It is genuine fairy work, interlaced with the unexpected, alive with marvels. But there are horizons to this fairy story. It looks beyond the story and above the fairy; and it sees, far against the impa-

tient wishes and caprices of a child's daily life, lying at a soft and purple distance, like the outline of cloud and hilltop, the eternal and merciful meaning of pain. No child will be sadder, and many may be happier, for learning, without knowing it, how to bear suffering if it shall come to him." Paper, each part, $0.10. Cloth, two parts bound in one, $0.30.

The Crofton Boys is especially welcome, since most of the editions hitherto available have been in quite fine print, and the story is too good a transcription of boy life and boyish heroism to be allowed to drop out of the children's library. Cloth, $0.30. Paper, two parts, each $0.10.

Sophie is not the entire *Les Malheurs de Sophie*, but comprises seven scenes taken from it. This story must be counted less worthy than others of the series. The ignorant mistakes of the heedless experimenting child are not differentiated with sufficient clearness from her real faults.

So-Fat and Mew-Mew is just the book for little children who need something easy to read, and who greatly appreciate a book not so distinctly lesson-y and schoolish as the regular reading book. Their need of easy storybooks is so scantily supplied that this tale of dog and cat life, simple in idea and incident as well as in language, ought to be much in demand. Paper, $0.10; cloth, $0.20.

Crib and Fly, a tale of two terriers, is for more advanced readers than is So-Fat and Mew-Mew; but it is similar in being a story of the everyday life of domestic animals. Paper, $0.10; cloth, $0.20.

The Story of a Donkey. Black Beauty has furnished the model for a great many books about animals, and most of these books are easily rated by comparing them with Black Beauty. Mme. de Ségur's Story of a Donkey, however, published in 1860, antedated Black Beauty by more than a quarter century, and merits commendation as an original. The present version of Neddy's autobiography is a somewhat abridged translation of the French story, but it contains all the chapters that relate to Neddy's adventures. It is an amusing book, whose influence over children will be toward sympathy with animals and the right treatment of them. Paper, $0.10; cloth, $0.20.

The Rose and the Ring. With all of Thackeray's fondness for children, this story is the only one written by him for them. It was written in Rome to please a sick child, and read to the family of children as a "fireside pantomime" during the Christmas season. The illustrations (by Thackeray) are extremely expressive and comical, and the fun of the story is rich. Thackeray's inimitable touch of satire is upon it, making it yield a pleasure to the older reader which the younger one only vaguely comprehends. It is a story to be especially enjoyed by clever children who have a background of other story reading against which to see its effective points. Paper, $0.15; cloth, $0.30.

Dolph Heyliger is a story extracted from Washington Irving's Bracebridge Hall, and is a delightful little tale, giving to children a fund of information about early Dutch days of New York. Pictures abound and provide rich apperceptive material for future service. Paper, $0.15; cloth, $0.25.

Tales from Munchausen are chosen from the large old collection of jolly extravaganzas, with an eye to what is suited to children. Thinking as we do that the spirit of fun is to be cultivated, such lark-y tales as these of the old German officer ought not to be neglected. Paper, $0.15; cloth, $0.25.

Several other books go to the making of this series. Their wise selection may be judged from the specimens here brought under consideration.

Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny. By Effie Bignell. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.00.

This is the life story of two robins, whose misfortunes brought them under the care of a lady who was a bird-lover and who called out in an unusual manner the originality of her charges. Their doings were really remarkable for the intelligence displayed, and the accounts of their travels are interesting. Everything told is true, and the occasional preachments are only slight blemishes. There are several photographs of the birds.

Celia's Conquest. By L. E. Tiddeman. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.00.

Celia, who had been petted and spoiled by the indulgent old French people with whom her father had placed her and her brother, would not for a long time make any effort to overcome her discontent at the change nor her unreasoning dislike of her new guardian, Miss Helsham. But Celia's mistakes are gradually revealed to her by Miss Helsham's persistent love and self-sacrifice, and the conquest is completed when Miss Helsham turns defender for Celia's father against the aspersion that he has deserted his children. The subsequent struggle with poverty is eased and sweet-

ened by the mutual trust of Miss Helsham and the children, and all finally ends happily with the return of the long-lost father. To read of Celia's victory over self will incite other girls to the same noble battle.

WHAT CAME TO WINIFRED. By Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. $0.50.

This Winifred is a wonderful and charming child, but not impossibly so; what came to her was likewise wonderful and delightful, but not impossible. The story can be recommended as full of life and sweetness and sure to interest girls of ten to twelve years of age. The author has gratified, in this happy story, the feeling which many children have and which is expressed by Winifred in her comment on her father's novel writing: "I don't like die-y stories, or when people don't get what they want. It 's so lovely to have a place where everybody gets the right thing. When people can make things go just as they choose, as you can when you write books, I don't see why there 's ever any sadness in books." Miss Timlow's stories show better workmanship than a great many juvenile books of the day.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL PUBLISHING CO., BLOOMINGTON, ILL. Wagner Opera Stories. By Grace Edson Barber. $0.50.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK. Bible Lessons for Little Beginners. By Mrs. Margaret J. Cushman Haven. $0.75.

HENRY ALTEMUS CO., PHILADELPHIA. Folly in Fairyland. By Carolyn Wells. With illustrations by Wallace Morgan. $1.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON. A Book of Nursery Rhymes. (Mother Goose.) By Charles Welsh. $0.30. The Rose and the Ring. By W. M. Thackeray. $0.25. Dolph Heyliger. By Washington Irving. $0.25. The Adventures of Ulysses. By Charles Lamb. $0.25. The Wonderful Chair and the Tales it Told. By Frances Browne. $0.30. The Story of a Donkey. Adapted from the French by Charles Welsh. $0.20. The Little Lame Prince. By Mrs. G. L. Craik. $0.30. The Crofton Boys. By Harriet Martineau. $0.30. Jackanapes. By Mrs. Ewing. $0.20. Tales from Munchausen. Edited by Edward Everett Hale. $0.20. Sophie. Adapted from the French by Charles Welsh. $0.20. Child Life in Japan. By Mrs. M. Chaplin Ayrton. $0.20. Three Fairy Tales. By Jean Ingelow. $0.20. So-Fat and Mew-Mew. By Georgina M. Craik. $0.20. Crib and Fly. Edited by Charles F. Dole. $0.20. Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. $0.40. All illustrated.

DANA ESTES AND CO., BOSTON. What Came to Winifred. By Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. $0.50.

THE BAKER AND TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK. Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny. By Effie Bignell. $1.00.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK. The Ruling Passion. By Henry Van Dyke. $1.50.

F. S. BLANCHARD AND CO., WORCESTER, MASS. Christmas Poems and Rhymes of Childhood. By Mary Newcomb Allen. $0.25.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK. The Snow Baby. By Josephine Diebitsch Peary. $1.20.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO., NEW YORK. The Musical Basis of Verse. By J. P. Dabney. $1.60. The Mind of a Child. By Ennis Richmond. $1.00 net. Clean Peter and the Children of Grubbylea. From the German of Ottilia Adelborg. Translated by Ada Wallas.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND CO., PHILADELPHIA. Celia's Conquest. By L. E. Tiddeman. $1.00.

SMALL, MAYNARD AND CO., BOSTON. The Round Rabbit and Other Child Verse. By Agnes Lee. $1.20.

A. W. MUMFORD AND CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Bird Jingles. By Edward B. Clark. $0.60.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

A SETTLEMENT EPISODE. By Helen Campbell. The Christian Register, January 2.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM. By John Dewey. Educational Review, January.

THE MIDDLE WEST. By Frederick J. Turner. International Monthly, December.

A TENEMENT SETTLEMENT. By Emma Winner Rogers. American Monthly Review of Reviews, January.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Items of news and reports of the work for the news departments are solicited from kindergartners in all parts of the country. Copy should be received before the tenth of the month to insure insertion in the next issue.

New York City.

Work Among Mothers and Children. Definite progress, wider influence, and enlarged facilities for work are shown by the annual report of the New York Kindergarten Association. With two new kindergartens opened in September, there are now twenty kindergartens under the supervision of the association and many more are awaiting adoption. Two mothers' libraries, one in the Amity Street Kindergarten and the other in the Daisy Memorial Kindergarten, have been started, the books being for the use of members of the mothers' classes.

The teachers report some interesting facts connected with these classes. A strong interest has been shown in manual work, basket weaving, and hat making. In some of the kindergartens during the last year it has been the custom to take mothers with their children on excursions to the Natural History Museum and to the Aquarium, and these trips have been preceded with interesting talks on nature topics.

The significance of the work done by the children in the kindergarten is beginning to be felt by both the fathers and mothers. This year, instead of an exhibit for the general public, each kindergarten has had an exhibit of the children's work for the mothers and fathers and friends of that particular kindergarten and some interesting facts were developed. One mother has partitioned off one corner of her kitchen as a place where all the work of her children can be safely kept. Another said: "Did Chrissy do all dis vork? I tought he vas lazy." Another, when she learned for the first time that her son had remarkable talent for drawing, said: "I am glad. I did not know it. I am willing to make any sacrifice to have Harold taught the right thing."

During the summer most of the children of the kindergartens were sent to the country for one or two weeks. The following letters which they wrote home speak eloquently of the beneficial effects of the outings: —

Dear Mamma: The soup is good, the bed is good, the flowers are good, the porch is good. I play in the yard. I sleep in a bed with Rose. Miss S. washed me. We have potatoes. Miss S. likes me. We sit on a bench to get to eat. We sit on chairs. I send my love to my mother, father, sister, the baby and brother. JETTA.

I 's good, and I ate bread with butter and milk and eggs and plums. I 's clean and I wash myself. I thank my mamma and my brothers and my papa and Sadie. Miss G. made me a bath last night. I was eating cake and strawberries and oatmeal and meat for dinner. We have flowers on the table and napkins and tablecloths.

Dear Mamma and Papa: It 's nice here. The country is nice, and we sleep in a nice little bed, with a clean, white cover to cover myself. We play in a big yard. Miss S. is a nurse. She gives us lunch, and water and rocking chairs on the porch. We eat on a long white table on the porch. The bench to sit on is nice. I eat meat, potato, strawberries yesterday, and oatmeal and egg for breakfast. I drink milk. I only eat at the table. I have a clean napkin for myself. I had a ball last night. I send love to mamma, papa, and everybody.

SOPHIE.

I get a bath on the night. And I am get a good time. The birds are in the country, and there was yesterday a real bird.

In fifteen of the kindergartens of the association there are long waiting lists of children, for whom there is no room, and a strong appeal is made for more kindergartens, as well as for such minor accessories as an aquarium, several sand tables, and a cabinet for various schools.

New Age Limit. A clause in New York's new educational charter provides that children under six years of age shall not be admitted to grade work. If they enter school before they are six, they must be taught in kindergartens. In the judgment of City Superintendent W. H. Maxwell, this is a most wholesome provision. "Under six," says Mr. Maxwell, "the average child is not mature enough for the work, and the necessarily somewhat rigid discipline of the grades. Under six, his proper school activity consists of the games and symbolic exercises of the kindergarten.

"As for relief in the matter of crowding in the schools, which has resulted in keeping many children out of school, and giving only part-time instruction to others," continues Mr. Maxwell, "I believe it will come, not so much by increased appropriations as by the establishment of kindergartens for children under six years of age, the better utilization of present school accommodations, and the better distribution of new buildings. I doubt very much if the incoming administration in the city's present financial condition will be able to give much larger sums for school buildings than has the present administration. If all the children under six years of age who are now in the grades were in kindergarten classes — outside, where necessary, of the public school buildings — it is obvious that considerable room would be left for the children who are above six who are now either on part-time or are excluded from school. Then, again, many of the classes in the higher grades of the elementary schools are only partially filled. By a wise and careful consolidation of classes, many rooms in various parts of the city could be set free for the use of the younger children. Much, too, may be accomplished by taking greater care in the location of new buildings. For instance, four large new buildings were opened last September in the suburbs of Brooklyn. These buildings are not more than half full, while the buildings in the older parts of the borough are crowded to suffocation."

At the annual meeting of the New York Kindergarten Association there was discussion on the effect of this new law. Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, speaking of the matter, said there are 70,000 children between the ages of four and five years, and 56,000 between the ages of five and six years, and to provide for even a part of these, 600 kindergartens, each accommodating fifty children would be needed. Present efforts fall far short of that, he said, but it should become the policy of New York to provide for them.

Children's Drawings. The regular monthly meeting of the Kraus Alumni Kindergarten Association was held at The Tuxedo, on Saturday morning, December 14.

The subject was, The Child as an Artist, presented in an address by Mr. Fritz Koch of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Mr. Koch identifies himself with kindergartners, having worked for two years in a kindergarten with his sister at the Berlin Royal Academy. His talk was suggestive and helpful, as he brought out the points of view of many writers and thinkers on the subject of children's early drawings. Mr. Koch claimed that to stimulate the art instinct in a child, we must give him to draw that which he loves.

The child draws first for the mere pleasure of movement and to produce a change, or merely to imitate his elders—the "aimless scribbling" period. A little later, he tries to draw something he has *seen*, and thus motor and visual images are interchanged. He draws, at this period, from *visual impressions*, and *not* from an *object*, but from images previously acquired and held, without effort, in the mind. The drawing of the human figure usually begins about this time. Mr. Koch said that the very young child seemed more interested in the human figure than in anything else, and would try continually in very crude ways to represent a man. He showed drawings made by children in charcoal illustrating the various stages of this art. At first only head and legs were represented, then arms, perhaps, coming from the head, and later an attempt at more detail, fingers, eyes, nose, and so on until *overmuch* detail is added. When the child comes to what Mr. Koch called the diaphanous age, where legs are represented as seen through trousers, birds through the nest, and stairs through the walls of the house, his drawing should be very much guided, because too much of this would be detrimental to the development in him of true art.

The child at first sees only in fragments, and he gives expression to these. Drawing is a language, a writing, to him; and fragments are executed one by one, important things being drawn large. The child expresses what he *feels* as well as what he has *seen*. He attempts to draw the air, or the flying of a bird, indicating it by certain lines. Smoke is always represented coming from the chimney, because the child loves to see motion, and so remembers it. Thus his drawing becomes a lineal description of what he knows and feels about things.

To show that there is much of feeling in all true art, Mr. Koch gave, as a fine definition, that "Art is the expression of a beautiful thought about nature." He compared the works of Corot and Rousseau. Both these men saw the same nature, and yet saw it so differently. Each expressed what he saw according to his own individuality of thought and feeling.

Some discussion followed the address, as to how far mere symmetrical drawing, the grouping of lines to form pretty figures, was educational and art-developing. Mr. Koch thought this of value, because all art has

this sort of foundation — follows certain laws of æsthetics of which harmony and symmetry are the results. The children in following the law learn to love the beauty — the results.

An interesting incident of this meeting was the presentation by Mrs. Kraus of little pins, silver wreaths of laurel, to those of her former pupils who have been in active kindergarten service for twenty-five years or more. The pins were awarded by the association to Miss Susan E. Blow, Miss Goodman, Mrs. E. G. Love, Miss Annie Bond, Miss J. B. Merrill, Mrs. S. Hanford, Miss Mary Perkins, Miss E. I. Conant, and Mrs. Mary F. Watson. Five of the recipients were present to receive them. To the others, the pins were sent.

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Work of Kindergarten Training Schools. At the meeting of the kindergarten section of the teachers' institute, held in Grand Rapids in December, reports of the work of the various kindergarten training schools of the state were given.

In the absence of Miss Hester P. Stowe of the State Normal College at Ypsilanti, secretary, Miss Bertha Bradford of Grand Rapids presented the report.

In this college the kindergarten department has been established fifteen years, but it is an elective study, and though not preparing for full kindergarten positions, supplies a need in training teachers for sub-primary or kindergarten-primary positions.

The kindergarten department of the Central State Normal at Mt. Pleasant was represented by its principal, Miss Margaret Wakelee. In this school a full two years diploma course is given.

In the absence of Miss Flora Mowbray of the kindergarten department of the Northern State Normal at Marquette, her report was read by Miss Bradford.

Alma College was represented by Miss Alice Marsh of Grand Rapids, who, though not a student of that department paid a pretty compliment to the kindergarten by reporting something of its work and influence as viewed and appreciated by the collegiate students.

Miss Clara Wheeler reported for the kindergarten training school of the city, a three years course of study including normal work for training teachers in addition to the usual two years diploma course.

As a pleasant diversion the next item on the program was a story from Uncle Remus, told by Mrs. Treat. The principal speaker of the afternoon was Prof. Graham Taylor of Chicago, who is at the head of the Chicago Commons. His address was upon The Kindergarten as a Factor in Settlement Work and it was of special interest. He told, in opening his address, an incident of the pathetic surprise of his own little daughter upon seeing in the near neighborhood something she had never seen before, a woman throw a brick at a little girl.

To better this condition in his neighborhood a kindergarten was opened and Professor Taylor gave many interesting incidents relative to the gathering together of the children for that purpose, and illustrations showing how the parents' hearts were gradually unlocked to the kindergartner as the teacher of their wee ones, and through the influence of direct work with the children, indirectly the influence of the kindergarten revolutionized the parents.

The effect upon the neighborhood of the bringing together of the various nationalities of mothers in the social intercourse of the mothers' meetings was also given as a most helpful influence of the kindergarten.

At the close of this address the election of officers of the kindergarten section for the coming year was held, resulting as follows: Chairman, Miss Mary L. Day of Ferris Institute, Big Rapids; secretary, Miss Jessie B. Ridgly of Congress street public kindergarten, Grand Rapids.

Newton, Massachusetts.

Question Box. On January 8, the kindergartners and primary teachers of Newton, Mass., met in Claflin Hall, Newtonville, for a question box conference. The meeting was in charge of Miss Titus of Newton Highlands. Questions were sent in by both kindergartners and primary teachers several days before the meeting, and distributed for reply. Primary teachers answered the kindergartners' questions and *vice versa*. The hour was delightful and profitable, and discussion on the questions was free and kindly. Both kindergartners and primary teachers felt that they had received many helpful suggestions and had become better acquainted with each other and each other's work. With one exception, the primary teachers expressed the preference for children who had received kindergarten training instead of merely home training. After the discussion, Miss Davis, a kindergartner, sang two songs, and Miss Kate Butler, a kindergartner in Newtonville, led the games, with which the program closed. The primary teachers soon caught the spirit of the games, which thus scored one more success for the afternoon. Several of the masters were present, and also Mr. Fifield, superintendent of Newton schools.

Des Moines, Iowa.

The American Kindergarten. The American Kindergarten was discussed by Homer H. Seerley, president of Cedar Falls Normal School, before the kindergarten section of the Iowa State Teachers' Association in Des Moines, December 28.

He said that it is to be recognized that there is positive need of a kind of kindergarten that is distinctively American and that is accepted as introductory to the American primary school. The object of his paper was to direct attention to some of the difficulties that are most apparent and make a few suggestions as to the probable approximate solution of some of these problems.

1. The present kindergarten is more German than American, more philosophical than practical, more entertaining than instructive, and hence there is a great chasm between the kindergarten as directed and the primary school as managed. It is apparent that both the kindergarten and the primary school need some modification. There should be more harmony of purpose and unity of effort.

2. The American kindergarten should have a distinctively American course of study.

In Germany the common plan is to open the kindergarten for the poor, for those with inferior home surroundings and with a great need to have some place to stay and improve their time while their mothers are away earning daily bread. The wealthy and the well-to-do are not supposed to need this particular kind of attention. Hence the situation is decidedly different. In the average American public kindergarten of to-day there will be found the well-dressed, the well-trained, the cultivated, the well-cared-for children, and hence the course of study and training must be quite distinct and regardful of these conditions.

3. The American kindergarten needs to have a new kind of gifts, exercises, and employments. Froebel's gifts and interpretations are too artificial and philosophical to fit the necessities and requirements of the American child. The American child is more in touch with nature, he has more knowledge of things and activities, he has more experience with food and vocations, he sees more of the practical and the commercial, and his gifts, exercises, and employments should partake of these possibilities. The old time industrial art so common in the kindergarten belongs to a century ago and should not be perpetuated as giving the ideas best needed to give the true touch of humanity. So the songs and the plays are frequently such as belong to the children of the race rather than to the sturdy manhood of development and progress that exists now in nearly every community and section of this western world. There is then great need of proper adaptability to times and environment and adjustability to the life of the homes and the community to make the kindergarten conform to American ideals and conceptions.

4. The American kindergarten needs to be pre-eminently a practical institution, specially helpful to the child's present career and happiness. It should contribute to his success by developing his senses, enlarging his skill of doing and cultivate thereby his love for work and the duties of the school and the home. There is certainly need, therefore, of a little more of the strenuous and a little less of the entertaining. Even child life cannot all be gayety and hurrah and enjoyment. There is great danger of developing intense excitability, too much of a readiness in response to interest and activity, so that it becomes in the end abnormal and hurtful to those thus trained.

5. The American kindergarten can be the best kindergarten in the world because it has the largest field of service and is specially needed to do for the children of all classes what wealth and prosperity prevent the homes from doing for the children in fact. The industrial kindergarten is the coming American kindergarten. It will be highly acceptable to the American people because it will conform to the atmosphere of American life and will become a living element in the activities of modern education.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Simmons College. A new institution of learning bearing the name of Simmons College is to be established in Boston. It is the outcome of a bequest left thirty years ago by John Simmons, a Boston merchant, who directed that the fund should be allowed to accumulate until a certain amount had been added to the principal, and that the whole should then be used to establish and maintain a college for the education of women along lines that might enable them to earn their livelihood. The college was incorporated a year or two ago, and the trustees have recently taken an important step in the organization of the college by electing Dr. Henry Lefavour, the Dean of Williams College, to the presidency, and by appointing as Dean Miss Sarah L. Arnold, a

supervisor of the Boston public schools. No site has been selected, but it is expected that the college will open next year in temporary quarters in Boston, and that the permanent home of the institution will be within the limits of that city. The admission requirements will presuppose the preparation usually furnished by good high schools. Various professional courses will be offered, each requiring four years for its completion, and in each course there will be a broad foundation of non-technical subjects, such as English and the other modern langnages, the sciences, history, economics, psychology, and ethics, the studies being arranged so as to give as broad a general culture as possible, as well as a strong subsidiary training for the professional work. In this way it is hoped that a student may secure a large part of the advantages of a college of liberal arts and at the same time be prepared to earn her livelihood. The trustees have under consideration courses in applied art, with special reference to designing for textiles, pottery, wall-paper, book-covers, etc.: in domestic science to train women to be matrons and superintendents of institutions as well as to instruct them in a knowledge of the sciences and economics applicable in the private home; in secretarial work for the training of private secretaries to assist professional business men and women, as well as to give instruction in the principles of business useful to all women; in horticulture for general and landscape gardeners; in library technique for librarians and their assistants; and a general course in science preparatory to the study of medicine or to teaching. It will be possible also for one to pursue an eclectic course so as to combine liberal and practical subjects, and special facilities will also be offered to graduates of other colleges who desire to take only the professional subjects. Another very important part of the college will be its extension classes, in which elementary instruction will be given for a nominal fee in various technical subjects in evening classes of working people, and the facilities of the college will be used as far as is practicable for vacation schools and Saturday classes for teachers and others not connected with the college as its regular members but qualified to profit by the instruction. In this way the benefits of the foundation may reach a large number of those not able to give the time to a regular course. The status of the college will thus correspond very much to that of the technical schools for men, except that in most of the courses there will be a larger proportion of liberal studies, and less time will be needed for technical specialization than is now allowed in the training of engineers. No work of this character is being offered in New England, and the college promises to be a valuable addition to the many educational facilities of that part of the country.

— *The Outlook.*

The Southern Workman says that two things are of vital importance in connection with the educational problem in the South: namely, that the people, both North and South, know the facts in regard to the schools of the South, and that the people of the whole country be aroused to a sense of the necessity of giving good schools to the large body of the native white population who have had almost no educational advantages, and to the blacks, who were brought here against their will.

The Conference for Education in the South has recently organized a committee for the purpose of ascertaining and making known the facts concerning the public schools of the South. A bureau for gathering statistics and general information is to be established at Knoxville, Tenn., under the direction of President C. W. Dabney of East Tennessee University. Dr. Alderman of New Orleans, Dr. McIver of North Carolina, and Dr. Frissell of Hampton, Va., are to be district directors of the work of educational evangelization in the Southern States. In charge of all this Southern work, as general director, is that veteran in the cause of the public schools, Hon. J. L. M. Curry. Associated with the work as field agents are Dr. Booker T. Washington, whose knowledge of Southern conditions and whose hold upon the whole country will make him invaluable, and Dr. G. S. Dickerman, whose annual reports to the conference have been full of valuable information obtained in his educational tours through the South.

Mr. Robert C. Ogden, the devoted president of the Hampton board of trustees, is president of the committee, and Mr. George Foster Peabody is its treasurer. Dr. Wallace Buttrick, chairman of the Board of Home Missions of the Baptist Church, Dr. Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, Dr. Page, editor of the *World's Work*, and Mr. W. H. Baldwin, Jr., of New York, are also members of this committee.

KINDERGARTEN NEWS.

The Glasgow (Scotland) Municipal Corporation appointed a sub-committee to confer with representatives of the school board on the utilization of school playgrounds after school hours, with special reference to the placing of gymnastic appliances in certain playgrounds. The sub-committee reported that the school board were willing to put four playgrounds at the disposal of the Corporation, on condition that the Corporation take charge of such grounds and accept the responsibility of the erection and maintenance of the gymnastic appliances.

Miss Susan E. Blow will give a course of five lectures under the auspices of the New York Kindergarten Association, as follows: February 6, A New Experience and its Interpretation; February 13, From the Kindergarten to the Home; February 15, First Climax of the Program; February 20, The Beginnings of Emancipation; February 27, Lighting the Spark of Patriotism. The meetings will be held in Assembly Hall, United Charities Building, 107 East 22d street, at 3.30 P. M.

The Eastern Kindergarten Association and its friends are working to raise funds for a memorial to Miss Mary J. Garland, for many years a well-known kindergartner in Boston and president of the association. It is proposed to raise a sufficient sum of money to place the kindergarten of Elizabeth Peabody House upon a permanent foundation, in her name. Elizabeth Peabody House, already the memorial to Miss Peabody and Miss Weston, will thus be bound by a threefold cord of blessed association, as it becomes also the memorial to Miss Garland. The committee in charge consists of Mrs. Henry S. Grew, Mrs. Oliver S. Wadsworth, Mrs. James B. Greenough, Miss Lalia B. Pingree, Miss M. Elizabeth Lombard, Miss Laura Fisher, Miss Lucy Wheelock, and Mr. Arthur Dehon Hill.

A free kindergarten association has been organized at Springfield, O., with officers as follows: President, Mrs. Stewart L. Tatum; first vice-president, Mrs. Scipio E. Baker; second vice-president, Mrs. R. S. Thompson; recording secretary, Mrs. George Frankenberg, Jr.; corresponding secretary, Mrs. John L. Plummer; treasurer, Mrs. Charles L. Bauer.

The municipal convention of Melrose, Mass., in nominating the school board for the ensuing year, passed the following resolutions unanimously: "The people of Melrose demand schools equal to any in the state. We approve of modern methods, modern buildings, accomplished teachers, the ablest management. We approve of wise and liberal appropriations by the city for school purposes. We commend the establishment and maintenance of kindergartens, and particularly in those sections of the city where reside families of moderate means, for whose children the kindergarten is an especial blessing."

"Is the Kindergarten a Success?" a question asked by the *Boston Globe*, has been answered emphatically in the affirmative by Sarah L. Arnold, supervisor of the Boston public schools; Frank A. Hill, secretary of the State Board of Education; Thomas M. Balliet, superintendent of the public schools of Springfield; William E. Bates, superintendent of public schools of Fall River; and C. E. Carroll, superintendent of public schools of Worcester.

Marcus White, principal of the State Normal School, New Britain, Ct., was the speaker at a conference on The Kindergarten and the School, held early in December, by the kindergarten section of the Brooklyn Institute Department of Pedagogy.

The trustees of the diocese of South Carolina have turned over to Mrs. Ida M. Lining the building known as St. Stephen's Chapel, at Charleston, S. C., for the purpose of establishing a free kindergarten. All children in need of kindergarten instruction are eligible. The patrons of the mission have been drawn from broad-minded and philanthropic men and women of the city, having at heart the welfare of neglected childhood, thus making the work co-operative in its broadest sense.

Among their other activities in connection with the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition, the Charleston women have made provision at the woman's building for the care of babies and children. A day nursery is conducted there by the South Carolina Kindergarten Association, and an attractive playground is inclosed immediately outside of this room. An experienced kindergartner conducts games and occupations suitable to the age of the children, and entertains them with songs and stories. In a separate room fresh and dainty cribs stand ready for the sleepy

babies, and a plentiful supply of milk and condensed milk is on hand to satisfy their wants. The playground offers outdoor delights in all good weather. Children of any age are received, from infancy up, and for the sum of twenty-five cents may be left from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., or for any portion of this time.

Miss Mari Ruef Hofer is to give four lectures on Music before the New York Public School Kindergarten Association. The remaining lectures will be given on Fridays, at 4.15 P. M., February 7 and 21, and March 7, at the Normal College, 68th street and Park avenue.

At the meeting of the Nebraska State Teachers' Association held January 1-3 at Lincoln, Neb., a strong program was presented by the kindergarten section and was heard with great enjoyment by an audience of teachers and club women. The first address, The Froebelian Idea. Is It Practical? was given by Mrs. Elsa Hofer Shreiber of the Froebelian training school, Chicago. She thought the spirit of Froebel's teachings, rather than his exact methods, should be followed, and said, "The ideal never can be outgrown, but the form changes." Miss Mary Jean Miller of Chicago told Some Facts About the Kindergarten, which included just criticisms as well as actual results from kindergarten work. As a refutation of the charge that the kindergarten is useless because only a playground, she said that only in play do the head, heart, and hand of a little child work together. The State Federation of Women's Clubs which co-operated with the kindergarten section was represented by Mrs. E. L. Hinman of Lincoln, who spoke on What Club Women Can Do for Little Children. This is the first year that kindergartners have been considered a separate section of the association. A resolution was adopted asking that one joint session of the kindergarten section with child study and the primary departments be arranged for the next meeting of the association.

The subject of the January meeting of the Cleveland, Ohio, Kindergarten Union was, The New Gifts that Complete the Series already in Use in the Kindergarten, presented by Miss Daisy Trace. The next meeting will be held February 14. Subject: The Hand Work Best Adapted to the Youngest Children in the Kindergarten, by Miss Grace Forbes Allen. At the March meeting the question, How Does the Kindergarten Prepare for the Primary? will be discussed by Mrs. Stuart, Misses Stryker, Walker, Smith, French, Berlin. The officers for this year are: President, Miss Mabel A. McKinney; vice-president, Mrs. Alida E. de Leeuw; recording secretary, Miss Edith Runciman; corresponding secretary, Miss Ruth Dowdell; treasurer, Miss Mabel H. Wheeler.

The matter of a free kindergarten for the North Side schools at Dixon, Ill., was discussed at a recent meeting of the board of education, and the board voted unanimously to submit the question to a vote of the people. During the past year Miss Bessie Pankhurst has conducted a paid kindergarten in the old high school room. The kindergarten was very successful and the board of education, which has been watching the developments, has been well pleased and wishes to institute it as a regular part of the school system.

Salem, Mass., is considering the kindergarten question at the meetings of the Essex Institute this winter. On January 6, at Academy Hall, the question The Educational Value of the Kindergarten, was opened by the president of the institute, the Hon. Henry C. Leach, and Edward F. Brown, Esq., of the school board. On January 20 occurred the second night of the kindergarten debate in which Miss Anne L. Page of Danvers, Miss Anna W. Devereaux of the state normal school at Lowell, and Cyrus A. Durgin, master of the Bartlett school at Lowell, took part. On February 3, a general debate will be invited from the whole public who are interested in the kindergarten question.

After nearly five years of successful work, the Logansport, Ind., kindergartens have been forced to suspend work because of a lack of funds. One hundred dollars per month is required to meet the current expenses, to pay the teachers' salaries, and furnish supplies, and this amount the board of managers is unable to raise. There are three kindergartens with a total of one hundred and eighteen pupils, one in the basement of the Broadway Presbyterian Church, another in the basement of the Central school, and the third in the basement of the Washington school. The one in the basement of the Broadway Presbyterian Church is the only one that is self-supporting and will not be closed.

Portland, Me., hopes to have several new kindergartens during the coming year. A kindergarten is wanted at Woodfords, also one in the vicinity of the custom-house, as there is a dense population in that section to whose children a good kindergarten would be a great advantage. There are at present seven kindergartens in

the city, in the Monument street school, North school, Washington street, Pearl street, Staples school, Brackett street, and B street.

The sum of $5,000 has been bequeathed to the Belvidere, Ill., board of education, the net income of which is to be used in establishing and maintaining a kindergarten.

At the State Teachers' Association meeting held at Franklin, La., December 27, Miss Evelyn A. Waldo, principal of the kindergarten training school of Franklin, spoke on The Relation of the Kindergarten to the Public Schools.

The Newton, Mass., Froebel Union has lately had three public meetings for mothers and kindergartners of Newton. The lecturer was Mrs. Annie Moseley Perry of Boston, and the subjects considered were Obedience, Responsibility, and the Spirit of the Kindergarten. Each lecture was followed by a pleasant social hour.

Miss Scofield is the new kindergartner at Lakeville, Ct., in place of Miss Richards of Hartford, who resigned on account of ill health.

The ladies of the Oak Cliff Improvement Society, Dallas, Tex., have been successful in the establishment of a kindergarten.

A free kindergarten for crippled children has been opened at the Goodrich House, corner of Bond and St. Clair streets, Cleveland, O., under the direction of Miss Callaghan.

The members of the Peoria, Ill., Free Kindergarten Association are feeling very happy at having cleared nearly seven hundred dollars from their production of the operetta, The House That Jack Built.

Mrs. Nellie Peters Black, president of the Atlanta, Ga., Free Kindergarten Association, has just received a gift of $770.50 for the association from a number of representative Atlanta citizens in appreciation of the great work that is being done by this association for the future men and women of the city.

In the February *Delineator* Dr. Grace Peckham Murray introduces a series of articles on Child Training, by describing the disposition and tendencies of everyday children. The children's department in this number is particularly attractive. Line Beard gives easy directions for making the pyramids from cardboard, with the sphinx, date palms, camels, and Arabs. Silas G. Pratt presents the second story of Dimplecheek and the Brownies, with the song, The Brownies' Toboggan Slide. The decorative illustrations accompanying the story are very clever.

On Thursday afternoon, January 9, the Kindergarten Club and the Mothers' Kindergarten Union, of Dayton, O., held a joint meeting, at which they were addressed by Miss Caroline T. Haven of New York. Many of the primary teachers of the city were present at the lecture. During the afternoon an informal reception was held at the kindergarten room of the Central school, and the kindergartners enjoyed an exceedingly suggestive and helpful conference with Miss Haven, on various kindergarten topics.

The Sixth National Congress of Mothers will be held in the First Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., the last week in February, beginning at 9.30 A. M., Tuesday, the 25, the sessions continuing through Friday the 28. A very efficient committee will be in charge of the local arrangements. The incoming trains on Monday and Tuesday will be met by members of the reception committee. Delegates and visitors who are planning to attend the Congress should write for full particulars to Mrs. Robert Cotten, Corresponding Secretary N. C. M., "The Cairo," Washington, D. C.

The kindergarten established in the borough of Eddystone, Chester, Pa., opened January 6, with a very large attendance. Miss Mabel Fulton is the kindergartner.

A kindergarten department has been regularly organized at the Woodfords, Me., Universalist Church. A year ago Miss Anna D. Huston had charge of a kindergarten class of six. The work has been increasing until now there are thirty-six children, so that a department has been organized with Miss Huston as superintendent and Miss Etta Bartlett and Mrs E. L. Greene as assistants.

At the Principals' Association meeting held January 4 at Pittsburg, Pa., the subject of Mothers' Meetings was discussed. For some time the principals have been trying to interest the parents of their pupils in school work, but without great success. It is known that the kindergartners have been very successful in interesting the parents in their work, and Miss Georgia Allison, superintendent of the Kindergarten Association, was chosen to address the association on Mothers' Meetings — How Organized, Conducted, and the Resulting Benefits of Such Meetings. Miss Allison said that the mothers' meeting as conducted by kindergartens created a greater sympathy in children both in the mothers and the teachers, and the acquaintance there formed did away with many of the misun-

derstandings between parents and teachers. The interest created in the work afforded the opportunity to make the public better acquainted with the aims and wishes of the teachers and their support of the same was the more easily obtained. She proved very conclusively that where the mothers were interested in the teachings that the pupils were in every way benefited — better clothed, better fed, and eager to learn.

The school board of Lewiston, Me., in its annual report notes the institution of mothers' meeting and the organization of the Lewiston and Auburn Kindergarten Association, in the kindergarten department of which Miss Virginia W. Evans is director. One more kindergarten was opened at Main street, under the direction of Miss Laura M. Smith, each of the larger districts of the city now being represented, with the exception of the Coburn school.

Sincere sorrow will be felt by all acquainted with Prof. Dr. Eugen Pappenheim or his important work in Berlin, Germany, at the news of his death, which occurred peacefully on December 25, after a painful illness. Professor Pappenheim's seventieth birthday was celebrated with great honor in April, 1901; and it must be a happiness to the many who participated in the beautiful tribute of love then given that he had that expression of love from them before leaving the world. His life was one of devoted labor in the kindergarten cause, and his talents had won much for its advance. He was full of intellectual and spiritual vigor to the last, and his soul was ripe in goodness. There are those in America, who, although they have never seen him, have learned to love and honor him through his written words.

WISCONSIN STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION. KINDERGARTEN SECTION.

Officers: Nina C. Vandewalker, Milwaukee, chairman; Lucy R. Peckham, River Falls, secretary; F. E. Converse, Beloit, treasurer.

The meeting held at Milwaukee, December 27, 1901, was called to order by the chairman, who extended greetings to the visiting kindergartners, and stated that it had been her aim to select such topics for the program as would admit of practical illustration instead of those that were purely theoretical. The first speaker introduced was Miss Grace Peterson, who presented the subject, Instrumental Music as a Factor in the Kindergarten Program. Miss Florence Neubouer gave practical illustrations upon the piano. Miss Peterson urged the importance of cultivating the child's musical sense, and showed the part that instrumental music should take in this. She pointed out the need of attention to details in time, expression, and melody.

In the discussion that followed, Superintendent Siefert of Milwaukee advanced the opinion that the range of young children's voices was quite limited and that many of the kindergarten songs are beyond this range. He thought also that too many songs were taught, and that the children would enjoy singing more if they knew the songs better, even though this might necessitate reducing the number.

Mrs. Gaynor of Chicago, Ill., said that from her wide experience with little children, she had found their voices capable of very wide range, but that the songs were poorly taught because of the teacher's inadequate musical training.

Mrs. Ferson of Burlington spoke of children's great power of interpreting music and gave a number of illustrations of that fact.

The next exercise was a demonstration of Rhythm Work in the Kindergarten, by students from the Milwaukee Normal School, led by Miss Mabel Comstock. The purpose of this was to show how rhythmic movements may grow naturally out of the thought underlying the program. The exercise began with a circle talk supposed to take place in the autumn. This was followed by rhythmic imitation of sleeping flowers, flying birds, falling leaves, and pattering raindrops. Movements illustrating the farmer's activities were next given, such as the sowing and reaping of the grain, and the gathering of the fruits.

The next speaker was Mrs. Maud B. Curtis of Oshkosh Normal School, who told several kindergarten stories in a charming way.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, the discussion was here limited to a brief paper by Mrs. Effie Strickland of Sheboygan.

Next on the program came a talk on Song in the Kindergarten by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, which was listened to by many primary teachers also, the primary section having adjourned for the occasion.

Mrs. Gaynor first discussed the purpose of music in the kindergarten, claiming that the child's enjoyment of it was but one reason for the emphasis placed upon it in the kindergarten program. She referred to the importance attached to giving

the child correct visual pictures of the objects about him as a preparation for his later work, and claimed that just as much importance should be attached to giving him an adequate stock of auditory images. Without exercise in discriminating between sounds and rhythms, the child lacks the true foundation for music. Because the child's ear is not thus trained, his efforts at learning songs are unsuccessful. Mrs. Gaynor gave point to her talk by singing several of her own songs as illustrating her thought. She spoke particularly of the action song, which should be a natural outgrowth of the child's own thought, the rapidity of the child's movements determining the time of the song. She illustrated this by singing The Blacksmith, The Shoemaker, The Song of Iron, and The Froggie's Swimming School. She showed also how the accompaniment helped to "tell the story," and the part that it should play in the child's musical development. She closed by singing two new songs, in both of which the music paints a picture to form a setting for the words.

The question of a permanent organization of the kindergartners of the state was presented by the chairman. Miss Vandewalker said that the 175 kindergartens in the state require a more effective organization of their working forces. The kindergarten section of the State Teachers' Association is of value, but there is no continuity in the work from year to year, since the chairman is appointed annually by the president of the association. The extension of the kindergarten movement is greatly needed, and a permanent organization could work toward that end.

During the discussion that followed it was moved and carried that the chair appoint a committee to draw up plans for a permanent organization, to be presented at the next meeting of the State Teachers' Association.

At the close of the meeting the Froebel Union of Milwaukee gave an informal reception to the visiting kindergartners. Tea and lemonade were served and all spent a most enjoyable hour.

FANNY H. BELL,
Secretary pro tem.

INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION, BOSTON, APRIL 23—25.

The following additions are made to the program printed in January magazine: —

Round Table, Miss Caroline T. Haven, chairman. *a.* How shall We Raise the Standard of Instrumental Music for the Kindergarten? *b.* The Standard of Requirement for Training Teachers. *c.* The Standard of Requirement for Supervisors.

The name of Mr. E. P. Dutton is added to the list of speakers for the Training Teachers' Conference.

The local committee is planning excursions for Saturday morning, April 26, to places of historic interest near Boston,—Plymouth, Concord, etc.

On Saturday afternoon a reception is tendered by the "College Club" to delegates and visiting members of the International Kindergarten Union.

The Elizabeth Peabody House extends its hospitality and will be open to all visitors in the afternoon from four thirty to six P. M., when tea will be served.

This program is subject to change at the discretion of the executive and local committees. A program as complete as possible will be published in the March number of magazine.

FANNIEBELLE CURTIS,
Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

IN addition to the clubbing offers on the opposite page, we make the following special offer for

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The Henry Barnard Books

The entire stock of the publications of the late Dr. Henry Barnard has been transferred to me, and is now in my office. It consists of electrotype and steel plates, sheets, stock, and bound books weighing more than 35 tons, and covering the following:

The American Journal of Education, 31 volumes, Kindergarten and Child Culture Papers, National Education in Europe, Pestalozzi and Pestalozzianism, American Teachers and Educators, German Teachers and Educators, etc., etc.

As rapidly as possible all missing volumes will be reprinted, and this noble educational library will be once more accessible. Meantime all inquiries will be promptly answered.

C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

See Page 401.

ALBANY STREET DAY NURSERY, BOSTON.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

VOL. XII. SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MARCH, 1902. No. 7.

THE SURPRISES OF EXPERIENCE.

By Susan E. Blow.

THROUGH the surprises of personal experience we begin to understand ourselves. Through the surprises of professional experience we begin to understand our work. It need not therefore dismay us that during the past thirty years kindergartners have had a series of surprises. To interpret the meaning of these surprises will be to distill the essence of our collective experience.

In the early days of the kindergarten movement we were told again and again that the Froebelian idea could not be carried out if there were more than ten or fifteen children in a kindergarten. A kindergarten of fifty children was condemned by the intolerant as a surrender to the hostile powers and was excused by the tolerant as a perhaps unavoidable bowing in the house of Rimmon. To-day, I have no hesitation in saying that, so far as my observation goes, the average educational results reached in larger kindergartens far surpass the average results reached in kindergartens attended by only ten or fifteen children. That this fact should be indisputable is the first surprise of experience.

I do not refer to this verdict of fact for the purpose of urging larger kindergartens; and, to avoid all possibility of misconception, I will confess that while I believe admirable work can be done in a kindergarten of fifty children, I concur with most Froebelians in the conviction that a kindergarten of one hundred children either necessitates a degree of repression fatal to development or provokes a degree of excitement dangerous to health. In mentioning the present contrast between large and small kindergartens I am simply confronting the question why conditions supposed to be the best have not yielded the best

results, and seeking an interpretation of the first surprise of Froebelian experience during the past thirty years.

One probable reason for the present superiority of larger over smaller kindergartens is that, since it requires greater ability to conduct the larger kindergartens, the more competent directors are drawn into these positions by a process of natural selection. A second reason may be that having more children to attend to, the director of a large kindergarten is compelled to throw each child more on himself, and thus develops greater self-reliance and industry. A kindergartner who realizes what the ideal of development means will consciously throw each child on himself, even in a small kindergarten. But where there is defect of insight, the kindergartner too often understands by development the forcing of some particular form of mental activity; and in her desire to develop sense perception, imagination, or sentiment, she neglects the prosaic and commonplace virtues of industry, promptitude, and self-reliance. In large kindergartens the director is therefore less exposed to the danger of seeking an unbalanced development, and in this fact we must recognize at least a partial explanation of their present superiority.

Another advantage possessed by our present large kindergartens is that since they are generally either connected with public schools or under the control of associations, they offer to the individual director larger opportunity for contact with other workers and place her under the supervision of a specially qualified person who, be it also noted, profits in her turn by watching the work of many different directors. What she sees one kindergartner do well she tells to others and thus helps each to rise above the limitations of her own individuality. Left to herself, the individual director must fall into errors incident to her native bias of temperament and to her limited intellectual outlook.

It will, I hope, be understood that I am referring only to average tendencies. I am not claiming that there are no good kindergartens which are also small kindergartens. I am not denying the existence of some admirable private work. I am simply commenting on its rarity and asking why the small private kindergarten, which was claimed as the most perfect embodiment of the Froebelian ideal, has not, after a trial of thirty years, yielded results to be compared with those achieved under theoretically inferior conditions.

We all look back with reverence to the great kindergartners whose admirable private work gave the kindergarten its first foothold, and whose example is still a beacon light. It will, however, be granted that these pioneers were women of exceptional ability, of rare consecration, and of large experience. Moreover, most of them carried their children forward from the kindergarten into the school, and thus had the opportunity of testing the results of their own work; whereas the average private kindergartner to-day bids good-bye to her pupils at six years of age, and rarely interests herself to find out

what they do later either at home or in school.

It is claimed by our eminent Commissioner of Education that a large school is better than a small one for the development of individualism, because it forces educators to devise a more careful system of regulations in order to prevent the individual from colliding with the social whole and to teach him how to get along without crushing his fellows or being crushed by them. Applying this insight to the kindergarten and to the history of its development, we begin to understand how we have been forced by numbers to plan devices for securing freedom. In a kindergarten of fifty children, for example, it is not possible to allow each child in succession to repeat each game. Hence has arisen the device of allowing all who choose to be birds, fishes, butterflies, or whatever object or person the last child in the ring has chosen for impersonation. This single device, called forth by the exigency of numbers, has contributed more than many of us realize not only to the freedom but also to the beauty of our games, and has effectually broken up the pernicious habit of constantly calling into the circle, especially in presence of visitors, the more active, graceful and attractive children. Again, large numbers have made it imperative for directors to prepare material for work in advance; to seek varied means of enlisting class attention in Gift exercises; to lessen the tension of numbers by a division of time which respects the recurrent need for relaxation; to discover simpler and more logical series of exercises in Gifts and Occupations; to select stories embodying universal and typical experiences; and, above all, to seek from among the varying interests of little children those most likely to appeal to every child. The result of these efforts has been a perceptible growth in the freedom of the kindergarten.

In attempting to explain the first surprise of experience I have touched upon the second, which is, that far from having exerted the baleful influence which was predicted, the reaction of the public school upon the kindergarten has materially aided its healthful development. Within the past few years I have visited public, private, and association kindergartens in many different cities; and as the result of extended observation there is no doubt in my own mind that by far the larger number of superior kindergartens are either directly connected with public schools or guided by supervisors who have had the benefit of public school training.

The reasons for this superiority are not far to seek. The first is, again, that public work gives occasion for contact with other kindergartners, and places all kindergartners under competent supervision; the second, that it adds a masculine touch to the otherwise exclusive femininity of the kindergarten; the third, that, since the children of any given public kindergarten are promoted to higher grades of the same school, the kindergartner is forced to confront the results of her work and thus slowly learns to correct its defects; the fourth, that being in organic connection with higher grades

she is compelled to ask herself what connections there may be between her developing exercises and the studies of the school, and thus supplements her theory of development with some conscious grasp of educational values. Of these reasons, the first needs no further discussion; the second, third and fourth it may be profitable to consider in some detail.

Within the past few years a number of small signs have shown that kindergartners are slowly waking to consciousness of the fact that since kindergartens are conducted exclusively by women, and usually either by spinsters or young girls (*i. e.*, women who have never known the richest and most educating experiences of life), they must have defects incident to defect in the intellectual and moral outlook of those who conduct them. A married woman living in daily companionship with her husband insensibly modifies the feminine by the masculine view of life. The young woman who rarely talks seriously with men, and the ageing spinster who gets few opportunities to talk with men at all, are prone to relapse out of human living and thinking into sex living and thinking. This simple fact explains what have been scathingly called the "elaborate fooleries of the kindergarten." Every kindergartner should be alive to this danger and should avoid it by conference with men, by participation in educational meetings where the masculine representation is large, by reading books written by men, and by inviting from men criticism of her own work.

The more clearly one realizes the significance of sex the more alive will he or she become to the necessity of not allowing it to swallow up the larger humanity and freedom. The larger humanity embraces man and woman. "In the image of God created he him—male and female created he them." "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female." To be bound by masculinity or femininity is to lose the divine image. Sex does not belong to the soul, but is one of many conditions external to it. No one who has the least insight into self-activity can believe that any individual need be the victim of temperament, that he cannot cope with climate and conditions unfavorable to development, nor even that there is a fixed limit set to his progress by the race or stock to which he belongs. All of these conditions belong not to the soul itself but to its environment. The same is true of sex. The free Spirit can and must triumph over these and all other limitations, and it achieves its triumph through that ever-fruitful source of spiritual blessing,—human solidarity.

It is said that women are more versatile than men, and men more persistent than women. A due reaction of each sex upon the other will therefore increase the persistence of women and develop the versatility of men. It is said that in men justice preponderates over tenderness, and in women tenderness preponderates over justice. Then let the great human soul, which is neither male nor female, grow in both justice and mercy, and let it do this by enriching men with

opportunities of nurture, and women with problems which call for the exact return of the deed upon the doer. There is no feature of our natural endowment which has not been created by action. If women are tender, it is, as has been well said, because for long ages they have tended the young. If men are just, it is because for long ages they have meted to right and wrong doers the rewards and penalties of their deeds. Hence, only by companionship and by participation in each other's lives can men and women acquire each other's virtues and preserve their otherwise threatened sanity.

One of the most interesting facts now coming to light is the change in the tone of literature, brought about since many women have become writers and a majority of women readers. In some respects the influence of women upon literature is valuable. It is eliminating obscenity and diminishing harshness. It is also, however, depriving literature of its virility and, to a certain extent, of its integrity, and it is prone to substitute a sentimental idea of what ought to be for a candid recognition of what is. A similar influence is traceable in education and particularly in the kindergarten. It has produced the perennial smiler, from whose smile, critics aver, the child flees in terror. It has produced indirect and sentimental forms of address and appeal. It condemns all stories which recognize in little children the possibility of wrongdoing. It has an inordinate desire to call everything by a fictitious name. It does not want children to look at Froebel's shadow pictures. It is afraid of soldier games. It dreams that life is beauty and does not know that life is war. It claims that the blind preferences of the unformed child shall determine his education, and caricatures Froebel's most important dictum by following with unintelligent passivity wherever he may lead. Hence it delivers its victims to the school with enfeebled will, arrested intellect and greatly increased caprice and waywardness.

One of the surest signs of the healthy development of the kindergarten is the appeal it is now making for masculine aid and sympathy. It is inviting fathers to its meetings. It is urging them to bring their greater width and clarity of vision to bear upon problems which mothers cannot solve alone. It reminds them that the subtle moral sensitiveness of women needs the support of their saner judgment, and that unless father and mother unite their educational forces the character of children must be warped by the predominant influence of a too exclusively feminine point of view.

As the mother needs the help of the father, so the kindergartner needs the help of masculine educators; and it is because public kindergartners have been forced to hear and respect criticisms upon their work by principals of schools and superintendents of school systems that they have escaped some pitfalls into which the isolated feminine worker has stumbled.

The public kindergartner is not only blessed with masculine criticism of her work while it is going on, but

must await and abide by masculine criticism of its results as shown in her promoted pupils. In addition to this, she profits by the criticism of the higher grade teacher, who is in daily contact with her promoted pupils. It is a great thing to be forced to confront the issues of work and influence. Many a mother comes to know her errors in nursery education through seeing their outcome in the characters of grown sons and daughters. Had her children died at six years of age she would never have known whither her mistakes tended. In like manner the private kindergartner, whose children drop out of her life when they leave her, loses an influence indispensable to her own development. Statistics show that no class of professional men die so young as physicians and no class live so long as ministers. Doubtless one reason for this contrast is that the former are worn out by responsibility with visible and immediate results, while the latter, never being forced to face the final outcome of their teaching, take life, on the whole, more easily. We all need to be on our guard against the danger of deeds with invisible or remote results; and just because the isolated kindergartner is exposed to this danger, only rarely earnest as well as rarely sane individuals are able to do successful work.

The final reason for the present superiority of the public school kindergarten is, as has been already said, that the public kindergartner has been forced to consider the relationship of her exercises to the studies of the school, and has thus been led to supplement her theory of development by some conscious consideration of educational values. In other words, she has asked and answered to herself some of the following questions: Why does the elementary school devote the greater part of its time to teaching reading, writing and arithmetic? Is it well that so much time should be given to these studies? What other studies should be introduced into the elementary school course? How much time should be given to natural science, to drawing, to singing? What is the value of each? Should manual training be introduced into the elementary schools? Should any of the kindergarten Gifts or Occupations be used in the primary grade? Finally, in the existing condition of elementary education, how is the work of the kindergarten related to the work of the first grade, and how shall the kindergartner preserve an ideal relationship between the two while at the same time keeping intact the conception of the kindergarten as an institution which extends into the school the family ideal of nurture?

The close connection between the public kindergarten and other grades of school work has forced kindergartners to ask these questions. The attempt to solve them practically has called forth the organized plan of work or program. Only those who understand its genesis can be in any measure prepared for the last and greatest surprise of experience, which is, that by far the larger number of good kindergartners in the country to-day have adopted some form of pro-

gram, and that in proportion to the organization of the program is the freedom of the kindergarten work.

The history of the program movement may be given in a very few words. In the early days of the kindergarten the one word on every tongue was spontaneity. The children were to be spontaneous, the director was to be spontaneous, the assistants were to be spontaneous. Of all the mechanism I have ever seen in my life, this spontaneity was about the worst. Thoughtful Froebelians fell into perplexity, and for twenty-five years the collective mind of the kindergarten wrestled with the alternative ideals of definitely planned and more or less planless work. In actual practice every kind of plan between the two extremes has been tried. It has been contended on the one hand that everything should be left to the initiative of the child, and on the other that everything should be determined by the kindergartner. Some kindergartners have thought the children should choose every day what they would do; and elaborate statistics of choices have been taken with the no less amusing than gratifying result of proving that first year children unspoiled by bad training choose about the things which Froebel has given them, while second year children deviate perceptibly not only from Froebel but from all traditional experience. Other kindergartners, rejecting the belief that the children should always choose what they would do, accepted the modified idea that it was too formal to have the same Gift on the same day of different weeks and that it would add to the child's freedom if he came to the kindergarten without knowing exactly what to expect. Still others claimed that this privilege should be extended to the director and that she also would be freer and more spontaneous if she refrained from planning and went to her kindergarten each morning with a mind unbiased by any previous thinking. Her duty was "to follow the child," or rather the fifty children. True, they might want to run in fifty different directions; but what, after all, was the object of the kindergarten if not to develop the agility of the kindergartner?

Perhaps even to-day few conscientious kindergartners have quite made up their minds on this important subject. I confess it has been difficult for me to make up my own, and I sympathize with both parties, because I have felt in myself the pull in both directions. The point I wish to make clear is, that while we have not been able to decide the question theoretically it has decided itself practically. Whether we will or no, the program is abroad in the land and the real issue now is not, Shall there be a program? but, Of what nature shall this program be?

Avoiding theory and sticking close to observable fact, I venture to state, without the slightest fear of successful contradiction, not only that the ideal of definitely planned work has won the victory over its antagonist and thereby claims the privileges accorded to survival, but that it is already beginning to show itself capable of realizing that ideal of free-

dom which was blindly and ignorantly attempted in the spontaneous kindergarten. If, in the past, experience has proved that no kindergartens are so mechanical as those which trust everything to the "spontaneity"(!) of director, assistants, and children, it is proving to-day that no kindergartens are so free and so developing as those which follow a carefully considered plan of work. There is nothing remarkable in this fact,—for freedom is never a dower but always an achievement. We are simply fighting in the kindergarten a battle which is raging in state, church, civil society and in every province of education. What I wish to emphasize is, that as the result of thirty years of struggle, the program is victorious, that it has arisen necessarily in the effort to achieve freedom, and that it has had its largest development in public school kindergartens because there the evil effects of planless work were brought home to the mind of the kindergartner through the scrutiny of intelligent critics, through her own forced observation of the issues of her work, and through the fact that she was led to consider the particular relationship between her exercises and the different branches of study taught in the schools.

I think that no one who has followed the history of the kindergarten movement will deny that the three great surprises of experience are as I have said: that large kindergartens are doing better work than small ones; that public and association kindergartens are doing better work than private ones; and that definitely planned and organized work has triumphed over falsely so-called spontaneity. It remains for us to seek an explanation of these surprises, for external facts are transmuted into experience only when their meaning is understood. The explanation of all our surprises may be condensed into a single word: Isolation. The private kindergartner is isolated from other workers. Being in connection with no school she deals with an isolated period of development. Having few children she isolates individuals and adapts everything to their idiosyncrasies. Having herself one or more particular aptitudes, she isolates and exaggerates some phase or phases of her work at the expense of others. Thus by isolation from a larger whole, by isolation from other periods of life, by isolation of child from child, of exercise from exercise and of faculty from faculty, she produces not harmonious development but either an unbalanced development or an arrest of development.

I have endeavored to state briefly my reasons for preferring planned work to planless work, but it may be justly urged that all I have said proves only that each kindergartner should plan her own program, and that there should be from time to time meetings in which different plans and methods of work are compared. The real question at issue now, it will be said, is not whether there shall be programs, but whether it is possible to make one general program which can be profitably used by many different kindergartners working in different

parts of the country. I accept this statement of the present issue as correct, and shall attempt to answer the question it proposes.

Since the time when the more intelligent representatives of the kindergarten discarded the ideal of planless work, varying methods have been adopted to secure good working programs. In some of our best training schools students are given an extended course in program creating. With this plan I am warmly sympathetic because I recognize the value to the student of reducing so much of the theory of the kindergarten as she has learned to practice and thus supplementing her study of the science of education by some conception of education as an art. But I know that students cannot make programs adequately embodying Froebel's educational principles, for the simple reason that they have not thoroughly mastered these principles; and I should as soon think of urging a young kindergartner to use her student essays as lectures as to use her student programs in work with the children.

I do not mean to imply that the directors of training schools would themselves urge their graduates to use student programs. If I understand their point of view, it is that students who have had a course in program creating will continue to create programs and will in course of time succeed in making very good ones. What experience shows, however, is, that the majority of kindergartners are inclined to repeat mechanically, year after year, exercises learned during their two years of training, and the practiced observer easily recognizes in these widely repeated exercises the stamp of the special school where each kindergartner has received her training. Mechanism is, however, the lesser danger to which young kindergartners are exposed. The greater danger assails the brighter minds who, without guidance, read educational literature and fall under the influence of psychologic and pedagogic fads. For example, much has been written within the past few years with regard to the necessity of cultivating the child's power of visualizing objects. Prompted by a desire to conform to these suggestions, one kindergartner poured a stream of water over the floor of the kindergarten so that the children, who were to sing about building a bridge across a river, might visualize the river; and another kindergartner placed a candlestick on the floor and allowed each child who wished to jump over it, in order that the class might visualize the Mother Goose rhyme:—

> Jack, be nimble,
> Jack, be quick,
> Jack, jump over the candlestick.

I wish that I could make all who love the kindergarten feel, as I feel myself, the dangers inherent in its ideal. Its watchword is conscious nurture. It demands that every seed of truth, goodness, and beauty indigenous to the soil of the mind shall receive its appropriate nourishment. In order to give such nourishment, the kindergartner must herself recognize the highest ideals. Therefore

she must study science, art, literature, history and human institutions. She must also know something of the nature of the mind she is seeking to develop. Therefore she must observe children intelligently and must study psychology and educational method. Is it not as inevitable as it is regrettable that in her inexperience she too often caricatures the ideal she is honestly trying to realize, by attempts to illustrate subjects beyond the range of childish apprehension, and by methods whose silliness is due to the fact that she sees some one thing which seems to her desirable to do and is blind to a thousand things of equal if not greater importance?

As experience rendered its verdict against the unguided initiative of independent directors, a second plan evolved in the consciousness of kindergartners, and a core of concentration, usually called the Thought for the Week, or Month, came to be agreed upon in a conference of directors, or was accepted by many directors from the relatively wiser and more experienced supervisor. This plan decided for the director what should be done in her kindergarten, but left her free as to the manner of doing it. The cores of concentration chosen were sometimes fairly good, sometimes perfectly trivial and sometimes far removed from the interests and sympathies of little children. Moreover, the core of concentration was itself a caricature of the Froebelian ideal of inner connection, and betrayed kindergartners into that merely illustrative method of using the Gifts which a few years since threatened the kindergarten with the loss of every principle for which it is supposed to stand. This plan has been so generally abandoned that it needs no further comment. I pass on therefore to consider a third plan, which has for some years been in process of evolution. Advocates of this plan claim that even students graduated from our best training schools are not capable of reducing to practice the educational principles of Froebel, and that a program given to young directors from week to week by a supervisor, with explanations of its generative idea and varied illustrations as to the best ways of carrying out this idea, serves as a kind of post-graduate training in the art of early education, and develops both theoretic insight and practical skill. This plan has been tried for many years in the city of Boston. The program has been given each week to all kindergartners who of their own free will came to the meetings. The ideals embodied in it have been explained, and each exercise has been considered in relation to the principle it illustrated. Criticisms have been requested by the supervisor from all directors using the program. The songs, games and stories originally selected have been and are still being tested by their appeal to and influence upon large numbers of children. The serial exercises with Gifts and Occupations are tested in the same way. Eliminations are made each year; and any kindergartner who suggests a song, story, Gift or Occupation exercise that is better than some one previously

given, is sure that it will find a place in the program, which has now developed into a plan for concentrating the minds of all kindergartners in this city upon definite common problems.

The general program now in use in Boston has within the past few years also been tested in Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Albany, and, to some extent, in other cities. Wherever it is given, the request is made for criticisms of its defects and suggestions for its amendment. Its advocates frankly recognize its imperfections, but they believe in it as an honest effort to concentrate the collective mind of at least one school of kindergartners upon the practical embodiment of Froebel's ideal; and most of them have an assured faith that this plan gives fair promise of valuable and abiding results.

The objections to such a general program are many and obvious. The first and, to my mind, one of the most serious is that whereas a kindergartner who creates her own program has in herself the generative idea whence it proceeds, the kindergartner who accepts a program from her supervisor may simply receive a number of external suggestions without the least apprehension of their procreative and unifying impulse. In this case, no matter how developing the program may be, her use of it will make it formal and mechanical. Seeing work of this kind, the honest observer is forced seriously to consider the question whether the crudest plan evolved from an individual consciousness is not better than the wisest plan presented by a supervisor. In the latter case, will not the different phases of work be merely riveted, or, at best, welded together; in the former, will not the whole work be fused into fluid and flowing impulse?

This is no light question, and I frankly confess that nothing but the irresistible proof of experience could have decided me to advocate the given program. My impulse would have been to say that each kindergartner could only do well what she herself had planned, and even to-day I am unfaltering in my conviction that only she who by re-creating in herself the given program makes it her very own can use it to her advantage and the advantage of her children.

I am in sympathy with the general program because it concentrates many minds on common problems and is a power which works for the highest development of the individual director. It is a device for helping each kindergartner to profit by the results of thirty years of experimental work; a continuation of her course of training; a means of clarifying her theoretic views by showing their practical application, and an instrumentality indispensable to her deliverance from her own temperamental bias and defect.

The emancipating influence of the general program upon the young kindergartner needs to be emphasized, because one of the favorite arguments used against it is that it destroys originality and arrests development. This argument comes generally from heads of training schools who have never had the opportunity of super-

vising large numbers of kindergartens. Their own special work causes them to emphasize the development of the student rather than that of the child, and again and again the appeal is made: "Think what it means in the mental growth of a young director for her to create her own program." If these heads of training schools could see what a supervisor sees, two new questions would undoubtedly arise in their minds. Are children to be perpetually sacrificed to the crudities of young directors? Is it really true that the young director gains original power by spinning her program out of herself as a spider spins his web? What the supervisor of a large system of kindergartens learns and what the observer who studies kindergartens in many different cities knows even more surely, is that the graduates of training schools repeat year after year exercises learned as students, and that what they call making programs consists for the most part in writing out lists of familiar songs and varying Gift exercises by substituting one more or less unimportant core of concentration for another. These mechanical repetitions and feeble adaptations assuredly do not develop the kindergartner, and since the majority of these programs leave nothing to be done by the child they also fail to develop him.

My personal faith in the general program was for many years a tentative one. It has now become assured, and one source of my assurance is a comparison of the results attained both with children and kindergartners under the several different plans of work adopted. In addition to my own observations on this point I have been influenced by the testimony of large numbers of kindergartners who have themselves worked at different times according to different plans. Boston kindergartners have worked with and without given programs, so have the kindergartners of Washington, Pittsburgh, and Albany. The testimony in all these cities is overwhelming in favor of the given program, not only as a means of developing the children but also as a means of developing the young director.

There is no doubt as to the verdict of experience where both plans have been tried; and we will all admit that only those who have fairly tried both plans are competent to weigh their respective merits. But I do not rest my argument only on experience. I rest it upon the one principle dearest to the heart of the disciple of Froebel —the principle of spiritual solidarity, or, in the word which Froebel himself created to express his idea, the doctrine of the *Gliedganzes.** The general program simply means that the experience of thirty years shall be given to the young kindergartner so that she may not lose time finding out what is already known. If it be true that each person must spin everything out of himself, then I do not see how any education or indeed any human progress is possible. But if we can assimilate experience not our own and make a synthesis of such experience, then we may constantly move forward to new discoveries.

* See Symbolic Education, pp. 33-48.

A second objection urged against the given program is that the children in each kindergarten differ from those in all other kindergartens. They may be younger or older; of superior or inferior intelligence; and, above all, they have had different antecedent experiences. The answer to this objection is that in nearly every kindergarten the children range from three and one half to six years of age, so that plans of work adapted to these different ages will meet their varying needs; that experience has enabled us to determine with accuracy what the great majority of these children are able to do; and that certain experiences common to children furnish the necessary points of contact with their interests and sympathies. The recognition of these simple, natural and universal points of contact is indeed the one sure deliverance of the kindergartner from two dangers to which she is peculiarly exposed—the danger of arresting development by puerile exercises and the danger of stultifying the mind by forcing upon it subjects beyond its capacity.

In my own mind there is no longer any doubt that the given program is the best device thus far adopted for the post-graduate education of the kindergartner and for the healthy evolution of the kindergarten itself. On the other hand, I believe that each young director should study critically the program she has received, should constantly try herself to develop its implications, and should never permit herself to fall into that state of amiable mental acquiescence which is too often the cloak for mental indolence. After the post-graduate course with the given program has been completed, it should be followed by meetings wherein the burden of suggestion should fall not upon the supervisor, but upon the more experienced directors. Such meetings are now constantly held in Boston, and an interesting description of them was given in the January number of the KINDERGARTEN REVIEW in an article by Miss Helen L. Duncklee, entitled The Boston Kindergartner's Opportunities.

While the intelligent use of a general program makes for the development of both kindergartner and children, it is frankly conceded that such a program will produce mechanism if given by a supervisor who does not know, or is not in sympathy with, the ideals it embodies and the principles it applies. It is for this reason, and for this reason alone, that advocates of the one general program used in the cities referred to refuse the requests constantly made for copies of it. It represents certain convictions and mental attitudes which are the outcome of long study of Froebel's own works, of a comparison of his ideals with those of other educators, of a loyal acceptance of the truths of rational as opposed to empirical psychology, and of a view of symbolism clarified by study of the great World-Poets. Kindergartners who have accepted with equal sincerity a different mental attitude cannot approve of this program, and its advocates would be false to their own deepest convictions if they sought to influence them to accept it. Similar practice can come

from nothing but similar convictions; and only kindergartners who accept the same criterion of development can adopt the same plan of work. But all kindergartners may recognize in each other that impulse of nurture which makes them one in aim; and, yielding each other a frank and cordial respect, may openly struggle for the principles in which they believe. To decline the open struggle is to be false to principle and unjust to the fair spirit of honest opponents.

Since the kindergarten is an ideal which has had only sixty years to create the specific forms through which it may be realized, it must for a long time continue to experiment. It is, however, important that future experimenters should know what, if anything, has been found out, in order that they may be saved from a tedious re-discovery of the already discovered. This general program, evolved as I have described, commends itself as a synthesis of experience and a means by which the young generation may mount upon the shoulders of its predecessor. Those who are wisely old long that the young may learn more than they know and may do better than they have done. To help them to this higher vision and nobler achievement by giving them the fruits of effort and of failure is the last privilege of age.

I HAVE SAVED THE BIRD IN MY BOSOM.

By Henry Johnstone.

During the Wars of the Roses, Montagu, brother to Warwick the King-maker, defeated the Lancastrians at Hedgeley Moor, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in April, 1464. Ralph Percy led the van of the Lancastrians, and when he fell the Lancastrians fled. Percy, as he lay dying, is said to have exclaimed: "I have saved the bird in my bosom!" meaning his loyalty to the House of Lancaster. See C. W. Oman's Life of Warwick, p. 151. Loyalty to that spirit of childhood appealed to in the poem, is the source of cheer and courage in many a care-burdened life.

Spirit of innocent Delight,
  Whose home in children's hearts is made,
Purge thou mine eyes, and from my sight
  Dispel the dull and heavy shade
  That gathering years thereon have laid.

I cannot sing except I see;
  But bid me see, and I will sing
Such childhood carols, honoring thee,
  That round about, from everything,
  Echoes of answering joy shall ring.

Be this my pride, be this my boast,
  That even when my breath I drew
In pain, surrounded by a host
  Of cares, I strove to keep me true
  To thee, and render homage due.

Accept the will, however lame
  The deed, and be the dauntless word
Of dying Percy mine—the claim
  That conquering foes with wonder heard—
  "Have I not kept my Bosom-Bird?"

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

By Margaret W. Morley.

THE eggshell split and a caterpillar stepped out. The caterpillar remembered something indistinctly. Light suffused her eyes but she saw nothing. A familiar odor assailed her senses, and she began to move her hard jaws along the edge of the green leaf upon which she rested. The result was pleasing to her and she swallowed the product of her industry. Thus she continued doing all day and for a number of days. When one leaf was eaten she willed herself upon another and her mechanism obeyed her will. She found herself moving by merely putting one of her sharp clawed feet and then another forward on the leaf. She somehow remembered the use of the six sharp clawed feet, and remembered that when they had moved, one after the other, the fat elephant legs at the back of her person would help shove along her hinder parts.

Men called her a caterpillar; but, for my part, I do not know what she was. I only know that she could not see, although she remembered the light; and that she could not hear, although she remembered sound; and that she could eat and grow. She grew until her skin troubled her, then she moved herself within it and split it open down the back and it fell off.

Then she ate again, and grew. And her skin troubled her again; and she moved within it and struggled until it fell off. Again she ate, and grew. Again she spurned her skin and continued to do these things for a number of times.

She grew larger and plumper at every molt, but she could not see and she could not hear. But she remembered and was patient. One day, her outer skin fell off as usual, but not to free her into a looser covering this time. She was bound hard and

fast by a strange, new inner skin. She had no feet now, for they seemed to have fallen off with her outer skin, and she had no head, for that seemed to have fallen off with the skin, and she was called by men a chrysalis, though for my part I do not know what she was. I only know that underneath the chrysalis skin she remembered, and got herself eyes and organs of hearing and legs and other new things, and that all of these new things were not new, but had, in a sense, belonged to her all the time. She kept still; and the planets rolled on, and the stars; and although she lay motionless but a few weeks, the time of some of them came and they went out and shone no more, although what became of them did not, at that moment, concern her.

And her time came, and she stepped out of her second eggshell that men called her chrysalis case; and she had eyes and could see, and auditory organs and could hear, and she had six long, slender, many-jointed legs unlike her larval legs. And she had wings. On them she floated in the air above the herbs. She saw the leaves she once had liked to eat, but now she had no desire for them; instead, she sought flowers and drank their nectar; and at night and on stormy days she hid away. When she flew it was with an erratic motion for fear some bird might be in pursuit; for she remembered that the birds wanted her.

Then she saw another butterfly and remembered him; and life was very sweet for a brief time. When he left her, she went to the leaves like those she had eaten, and upon them deposited her eggs. Then she remembered something else, and the fragile winged body was one day left lying—bróken like her chrysalis skin and her larval molts; and then—but I can get no farther.

Another egg split and Primus came out—not a caterpillar this time, but a lowly thing in the water—and this happened millions of years ago before there were men on the earth. But Primus remembered the things that never had happened, but that were to happen. It willed to move, and it moved. It willed to see, and it saw. It was born from form to form, and at each molt it saw more and heard more and felt more and reasoned higher and knew at last that it was God, although it called itself man.

It willed upward towards universal life and universal knowledge; and when its skin grew too tight and its eyes saw not the things it had remembered, although it never had seen, it dropped off its form of man—and—out in the spaces the stars rolled and some of the older ones burned out;—but that last effort of the God within the form had freed a soul—and—but I can get no farther yet.

BARD AND CHRYSALIS.

By William Pitt Palmer.

Musing long, I asked me this,
Chrysalis,
Lying helpless in my path
Obvious to mortal scath
From a careless passer-by,—
What thy life may signify;
Why, from hope and joy apart,
Thus thou art.

Quoth the Chrysalis: "Sir Bard,
Not so hard
Is my rounded destiny
In the great economy;
Nay, by humble reason viewed,
There is much for gratitude
In the shaping and upshot
Of my lot.

"Though I seem of all things born
Most forlorn,
Most obtuse of soul and sense,
Next of kin to Impotence,
Nay, to Death himself; yet ne'er
Priest or prophet, sage or seer,
May sublimer wisdom teach
Than I preach.

"Mark yon airy butterfly's
Rainbow dyes!
Yesterday that shape divine
Was as darkly hearsed as mine;
But to-morrow I shall be
Free and beautiful as she,
And sweep forth on wings of light,
Like a sprite."

—*Selected.*

BOSTON DAY NURSERIES.

ESTABLISHED BY MRS. QUINCY A. SHAW.

THE great naturalist, Agassiz, born and bred in one republic, bestowed great blessing on another by making it his second home and establishing a family therein. Other countries craved the honor of providing him a field for his labors, and America may well feel thankful that it was her happy lot to be privileged to do so. Not only did he give an impetus to scientific study that was unparalleled in its force and effect, but he founded a family of which one representative—to mention one only—has been the means of social salvation to thousands upon thousands, and has done not a little toward establishing the kingdom of love and righteousness upon the earth. This modest, earnest, faithful and munificent doer of good deeds is Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, a daughter of Agassiz.

In the History of the Kindergarten Movement in Boston, published in this number of the REVIEW, some account is given of the support by Mrs. Shaw of free kindergartens in Boston for ten years, at the end of which time the city became convinced of the educational value of the kindergarten and adopted it into its public school system.

The generous handing over to the city of the ripe fruit of her experimental labors did not, however, mean a cessation of educational philanthropy on Mrs. Shaw's part. Manual training has been for years one of the streams through which her benefits have flowed. The establishment of Day Nurseries, and the consequent development of these into what are virtually social settlements, is another; and it is of Mrs. Shaw's beneficence through the latter channel that this group of articles treats.

Founded in 1878, the Day Nurseries are now nearing their quarter century of existence. They are five in number, and all are located in parts of the city where they are greatly needed. The first person put in charge of the work as a whole was Miss Phœbe Adams, who, in 1894, was succeeded by Miss Laliah B. Pingree. It is to Miss Pingree that the development of the Day Nurseries into centers of settlement work is due, and the remarkable fact is that she has done all this "with one hand," as it were, being in the meantime occupied with many other philanthropic and educational interests.

The accounts of the work connected with the five houses are given by the respective matrons, with the exception of the last (Mothers' Meetings at Cambridgeport Neighborhood House), which is summarized from records furnished by the matron.

THE EVOLUTION OF "THE CHILDREN'S HOUSE."

By M. H. Burgess.

About twenty-four years ago one of the teachers of the Dearborn School was much troubled over the enforced absence of some of her pupils, who were kept at home to care for younger brothers and sisters. She saw the need of a place where young children whose mothers were obliged to work for their living could be cared for through the day. Her desire was realized in the establishment by Mrs. Shaw of the Albany Street Day Nursery, which became not only a refuge for these "day-homeless" children, but a distinctly educational center. The aim, from the first, was to give the child not only the best physical care, but to consider his whole nature. To this end a kindergarten was established for all those of kindergarten age, while the younger children, under the care of a kindergartner, divided their time between elementary kindergarten, free play, and sleep.

A strenuous effort was made to educate the mothers toward constant improvement in their home-care of the children. Visiting in the homes, and giving counsel to the mothers as they came to the nursery for their children, have always been an important part of the matron's work.

The neighborhood and the need were such as to insure rapid growth in numbers, and very soon a nursery and kindergarten caring for over seventy children each day filled the large Davis house on Albany and Mall streets.

Soon after the nursery was started, sewing classes for the older girls were held on Saturdays. Occasional courses of lectures on practical subjects were given to the mothers by physicians and others. This was the nursery of twenty years ago, and it did an important work; but because the work was full of life its needs grew; and because where Mrs. Shaw gives she is satisfied with nothing less than the best giving, the work was expanded to meet the needs and came to include such neighborhood agencies as manual training and singing classes, lectures, meetings for social enjoyment and training, etc.

One serious defect of the work was the short-lived influence over the children who, after brief connection with the nursery in time of need, were lost to it when that need ceased or when school age arrived. Many other children in the neighborhood, who never came in touch with the nursery at all, had meager home lives which appealed strongly for some enrichment.

The sewing classes were at first the only means employed to reach these children; but a sense of the value of a love of reading, and of the necessity of intelligent selection of books and direction in their use, soon caused the establishment of a juvenile reading room. This reading room is still continued, but greater effort is made now to get the books into the homes, where the families may become familiar with their contents. This we think better than to encourage the children to stay in the reading room in their after-school hours, when they need outdoor air and exercise.

Observation of the spendthrift habits beginning in these young children led, here as elsewhere, to the establishment of a Stamp Savings station, which has been for years the regular bank for the youth of the community. Last year the aggregate number of depositors was 3,248. The total amount received was $661.75; and the total amount paid out, $643.15.

Neighborhood work is limitless in its opportunities. Out of these beginnings have grown clubs and classes bringing to the nursery—now the Children's House—about five hundred different children each week. In a work like this, comparisons are difficult; but it may be safely said that the Day Nursery is still the most important part. This is the nucleus; from it we get our material, and while it continues the supply will never fail. By it, many families are kept together that otherwise would have been broken up and scattered. With the mother at work and no father—or a father disabled, physically or morally,—the younger children find daily care in the nursery, while the older ones are profited and amused through their connection with the House. We do not wish to free the older children from responsibility, but that responsibility should be proportioned to their years. The little drudge of twelve, who was kept from school to care for younger children and had little outside of her task (made dreary by monotony and ignorance), now has her chance for both learning and fun.

One hundred and twenty girls between the ages of ten and twenty meet once a week in nine different clubs. Here some idea of organization and official duties and responsibilities is gained. In most of the clubs some handiwork is accomplished, but part of the evening is devoted to amusement, pure and simple. The amount of fun to be derived from frequent repetition of one favorite game is remarkable. Acting charades is one of the favorites, and is a good test of ability. From these charades the club leader learns to whom to assign parts when the preparations for the annual dramatic performance of the club begin.

The eight boys' clubs, with their hundred boys, are conducted like those of the girls, with a little more attention given to parliamentary rules and with more games of skill. Their working time is filled with basket weaving, sloyd, or gymnastics.

We find that sloyd is not only extremely advantageous for bright children, as a means of education and expression, but that it reveals and develops brain power where very little seemed to exist. We see in this last, hope of solving the problem of the stupid, naughty boy, who, deriving little good himself from the ordinary club, lowers its tone for all. Sloyd classes for girls and boys every afternoon and evening now form an important feature of our work. We are trying, too, on Saturday mornings, the experiment (which promises success) of adapting the sloyd work to children from eight to ten years of age.

On Saturday, the name of our

house is easily to be guessed. Anyone passing along the street and seeing the swarms of waiting children at nine o'clock, would exclaim at once: "This must be a Children's House!" Yes, it is; and more,—it is a children's village; for the three houses of our settlement are filled by the one hundred and seventy children enrolled in the club of Happy Little Folks, and the Sunshine and Acorn clubs. The first is a kindergarten club, composed of children who have just exchanged "the paradise of childhood" for the primary school, with its mysteries of book-learning. They are very glad to return to the kindergarten occupations and games, on their school holiday. The little Sunshiners have advanced a step in age and are equal to an advance in work, reading, and play. The "Acorns," who expect to become great oaks in time, are furthering their growth, we hope, by this morning of music, reading, play, and work. They are at the fairy tale age and their appetite for reading is keen. The need of public playgrounds is demonstrated every week by the children's great enjoyment of outdoor play for forty-five minutes. Swings, hammocks, tops and marbles keep them occupied in warm weather; exercise with reins, sleds, and snowballs gives them a warm glow on the coldest day.

Our object is to awaken and stimulate intelligence, to arouse and train the moral sense, and to give busy fingers occupation and skillful direction, and so to make of our little neighbors happier and more useful members of society. In no way can this be more effectually furthered than by showing these children how to enjoy their leisure hours in wholesome ways. In all social classes, the hours devoted to pleasure are likely to be the hours of greatest danger. Temptations to wrongdoing are then strongest, and resistance least easy. Three dancing classes and five gymnastic classes have proved a help in combining great fun and the strengthening of flabby muscles. Young lads and lasses, on the verge of manhood and womanhood, find their common meeting places, in our locality, on street corners and in doorways. A dancing class for our club members, bringing together these older boys and girls, has met with gratifying success. The girls expect more mannerly treatment from the boys, when they see it demanded as their right by the teacher; and they in their turn give the boys more gentle and courteous response than is their wont in street corner conferences.

No description of our House would be complete without some mention of our menagerie. Betty, the dog, is a neighborhood feature. Wherever she goes some boy nudges his playmate and informs him: "That 's the nursery dog!" and to show his own familiar footing in the Children's House, he calls out, "Hallo, Betty!" He then goes on to fill the soul of his companion with envy by describing the last frolic of his club. Of course that other boy applies for membership and he, too, attains the high privilege of greeting the nursery dog.

Our cats serve often as object lessons; and as for the canaries, their rollicking enjoyment of a bath, in

plain view of the admiring children, is an object lesson worth all the expense of the birds' keeping. Motherhood is illustrated every summer by a family of chickens cared for by the mother hen; while the father cock sometimes sets a good example also, by calling his family together and generously giving them the treasures he has found. Rabbits furnish endless employment for little hands that work laboriously to get them food from our scanty grass supply. Our aquarium, canaries, and pet Angora rabbit are placed within easy sight of our nursery babies, and we have an embryo Band of Mercy and Animal Rescue League. Our pets help us in our constant endeavor to make the nursery less of an institution and more of a "home with a small h." The children of our Saturday clubs are devoted to animals. Neidlinger's animal songs are always their first choice, and most of their pin money is used in acquiring new pets or in housing our flock.

A thoughtful observer watching our neighborhood sees many instances of parents following the lead of their children. One such instance we have seen in our woman's club. For several years we have had regular mothers' meetings with lectures and entertainments. Last spring a suggestion of organization met with ready response and the Woman's Neighborhood Club started on its career.

Occupation is absolutely necessary to keep such a club in harmony; so we began at once to prepare for a sale in June. We were incited to this by the example of the Denison House Woman's Club and the efforts of our club children. The women said: "We ought to show our children that we can do something." This sale gave us ninety-five dollars for our children's summer excursions, and gave the club members the comfortable feeling that the Woman's Neighborhood Club of Roxbury was a success. By another sale in December we contributed sixty dollars towards a new piano. It was very evident that the mothers' ideas of organization were copied from what they had heard of their children's clubs. The Woman's Neighborhood Club has a membership of fifty. Its constitution states that its object is the improvement of home and neighborhood conditions; so we hope for more co-operation from the parents in our efforts with the children.

Working with the older children and the parents shows us the results of the early training that we have given. This helps us to realize more clearly the kind of beginnings needed, and errors that we must avoid. With those engaged in work like this the desire ever grows so to incline the twig that the tree may be staunchly upright.

COTTAGE PLACE KINDERGARTEN AND DAY NURSERY.

By Lizzie W. Collings.

More than twenty years ago there stood on one of the side streets of Roxbury an old abandoned schoolhouse known as the Cottage Place School. The building was a wooden one, two stories in height, and

CHILDREN AT DINNER, COTTAGE PLACE NURSERY.

had four bright sunny rooms. The steam cars passed by at frequent intervals, thus making the building too noisy for a public school; so the pupils had been transferred to another building in a more quiet neighborhood.

That beneficent friend of little children, Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, and her devoted assistant, Miss Laliah B. Pingree, saw this empty schoolhouse, and at once took the necessary steps to secure it for a kindergarten and day nursery. With the consent of the School Committee, the building was fitted up and the kindergarten opened. The two upper rooms were in charge of four kindergartners, with fifty children in each room. The two lower rooms were used for the day nursery; and the children here, numbering about forty, were in the charge of a matron and assistants.

These children belonged to working women who were obliged to support their families; and the privilege of bringing the children to this comfortable room, with the knowledge that they would be well fed and tenderly cared for during the day, lightened the mothers' hearts and made their daily toil seem far less irksome.

In course of time it seemed wise to attempt something for the benefit of the older boys and girls, and so a sewing school was opened for the girls, and a reading room* for both boys and girls. In the sewing school, which met on Saturdays, the girls were taught the cutting out and putting together of garments, plain sewing and mending; and, in order that the spirit of helpfulness might be born in the hearts of these little girls, a certain day in the month was set apart and called the "Day for Others." This day is still continued, and the girls sew on garments that are afterwards used to supply the wants of needy children in the Nursery. The

*One of those under Miss Wiltse's charge: Largest attendance, Feb., 1901, 916; smallest attendance, Aug., 1901, 158; total attendance in 1901, 7,593.

girls are allowed to make garments for themselves; and many a dainty little dress or neat apron testifies to the industry of its wearer.

On one evening in the week a class of working girls meets for instruction in dressmaking. They are taught how to draft all kinds of garments by a dressmaker's chart, to remodel old garments, and to do it all with care and neatness.

A class in millinery also meets once a week. Here the girls are taught how to trim hats and bonnets, to cleanse and renovate ribbons and velvet and all that pertains to the art of millinery.

The boys, too, have their class for industrial training. They are learning to make baskets; and waste-baskets, work-baskets, and baskets for various uses made by these boys show how they have profited by the teaching.

There are also various clubs to which both boys and girls belong, where they meet together for social recreation.

While the children are so well employed, the parents are not forgotten. The mothers have their own meeting once a month for social pleasure and to listen to some talk on subjects of interest to them as mothers and home-makers. They also have the mothers' cooking class, which meets weekly at some one of the homes, under the direction of a cooking teacher, from whom the mothers learn how to prepare simple, nourishing food for their families.

Entertainments are frequently given to which the whole family is invited; and, in summer, the "Country Week" vacation, and car rides to the near-by parks, afford much pleasure to all.

This account gives but an incomplete outline of the work, both educational and industrial, done at the Cottage Place Nursery. The moral good cannot be estimated, but must be left for time to show.

THE NORTH BENNETT STREET DAY NURSERY.

By Lavinia I. Dodge.

During the earlier years of this nursery, many children of Irish parentage found their way to its doors; but during the last fifteen years the number of those inheriting English speech would not reach an average of one a year,—so great has been the change in the population of Boston's historic old North End. To-day it is chiefly Italians and Jews who begin their career of American citizenship with us.

A morning in our Day Nursery is much like a morning in a kindergarten, with simpler plays and more freedom. We have also a larger supply of dolls, blocks, carts, etc. Chief among our valued playthings is a big box full of beach stones too large to be swallowed.

When noon comes, those children who can do so go home for their dinner; but about thirty-five have this meal at the nursery. Rows of tables, covered with white linen tablecloths, are set with glass mugs, silver-plated spoons, and quaint blue dishes; and when these tables are circled by

bright-faced children, wearing clean white bibs, a fascinating picture is made!

While the food is being served, the children sit with their hands demurely folded. Then, when all have been supplied, a simple verse of thanks to the Heavenly Father is sung, after which the partaking begins. At first, let us say for about five minutes, there is an eloquent silence, during which the children give undivided attention to the food before them. Then conversation breaks forth, and what wit and wisdom might we not enjoy if we could only understand? We know that the dinner is discussed, that choice morsels are pointed out, and that sympathy is offered, perhaps, to one whose taste is not suited. Yet all this goes on so quietly that "Softly, children, softly!" is rarely heard.

Next comes nap-time, and upstairs clamber twenty-five little tots to the crib room. Each one finds his own bed and begins to take off his shoes. The first to finish proclaims it with a glad shout. Often one wee creature will help another to get his shoes off and climb into bed. In about twenty minutes all the passengers in the crib train have reached Slumbertown, where a stop of an hour or even two hours is made.

CRIB ROOM, NORTH BENNETT STREET DAY NURSERY.

Good-bye time begins when the older brothers and sisters, at the close of their own school, come to take their charges home; and so, one by one, our number lessens, until the last mother or father, at the end of a long day's work, calls for the last child.

The outside work in connection with our Day Nursery consists in visiting in the homes of the children and

doing whatever friendly impulse prompts, in holding mothers' meetings and conducting clubs and classes. At the monthly mothers' meetings a brief talk (mostly in pantomime) is given, light refreshments are served, and the children sing and play kindergarten games, in which the mothers join somewhat. Good wishes, thanks, and some hand kissing mingle with the good-byes when the bright hour and a half has sped.

A club of English-speaking mothers has its own officers and meets twice in each month for talks and discussions on the better moral and physical care of their children.

Thirty girls, from six to nine years of age, who meet each week in a sewing class, are making towels and face cloths to use at home. They play games for the first half hour and then sew for about an hour and a quarter.

Four other clubs, of girls from eleven to fifteen, elect their own officers quarterly, conduct business meetings, have a half hour's play followed by an hour of work, at their regular sessions, and are limited to twelve members each. This plan of having the play come before the work has almost banished tardiness.

Two clubs composed of boys from eleven to fifteen are conducted under similar conditions, except that one club has for its object amusement, while the other is making carpet slippers for home wear.

A singing club, for children under eleven, meets from four to six one evening each week. Another, for children over eleven, meets from seven to nine one evening each week. In both these classes our aim is not to teach music technically, but to have the children sing sweet pure songs in a musical manner. Two concerts are usually given during the season, admission being by ticket.

Entertainments for parents have been given monthly, young people not being admitted unless accompanied by a parent.

A large part of our club children have come from our nursery families, and we have the satisfaction of feeling that we have quite a hold upon them. Teachers and truant officers often appeal to us about boys who are beginning to play truant; and by our knowledge of the child, his home, and the neighborhood, we can often help toward the child's continuance in school. For instance, if such a boy belongs to a family whose baby we take care of, we insist that as a condition of our receiving the baby the older boy must go to school.

Neither space nor time allows for telling about all of the little everyday calls and needs that we meet, and for which we so often feel our lack of wisdom; but even such a brief account as I have here given shows that this work opens up splendid opportunities for service.

RUGGLES STREET NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE.

By C. E. Soper.

The work carried on at the Ruggles Street Neighborhood House may be classified under ten heads:—

1. A free day nursery for children of working women is open from seven

A. M. to six P. M. Children from one and a half to six years are admitted.

2. A public kindergarten is in session from nine to twelve A. M. every week day except Saturday.

3. Industrial classes are held every week day, from four to six P. M. and from seven to nine P. M. for groups of boys and girls of various ages. The pupils are taught basket weaving, chair seating, clay modeling, "*passe partout*" framing, wood sloyd and other useful industries.

4. Sewing classes are carried on every Saturday, from nine A. M. to three P. M., for children from six to sixteen years of age. Sewing, mending, dressmaking, and the cutting of garments are taught. Excellent work has been done in the homes by the children of these classes.

5. Twice a week we open our Stamp Savings bank, the design being to encourage old and young to save in small amounts. Since starting, an average of two hundred and seventy-five dollars a year has been deposited. Coal, boots, and clothes have been bought by some of the thrifty little bankers; and, after one such purchase, a little lad amused us all by saying that now instead of having a dirty, muddy, wormy complexion, he had a fine pair of rubber boots, the latter being displayed with pride and triumph. He seemed to think that the price of the boots expended in candy, pastry, etc., would have made him a far from agreeable sight. It is very interesting to notice that most of the children are saving with some definite end in view.

6. There are clubs of various kinds for boys and girls of all ages, each club formed for some special purpose. For instance, there are the Debating Club, the Home-makers' Club, the Kitchen Garden Club, Housekeeping Club, and Aimwell Club,—all very popular with the young people, and all well attended. They certainly do much to improve and brighten the lives of the members. Young girls receiving little or no training at home, and forced by circumstances to carry burdens and cares that should rest on maturer shoulders, have learned through some of these clubs many a useful lesson. Acting, as they often do, as mothers and guardians of several small children, not the least useful lessons that they receive are those which teach them how to care for and amuse their young charges. The Saturday Wide Awake Club is composed of children who have passed through our kindergarten and nursery.

7. In the summer time, we have practical gardening carried on by the different clubs. From early spring until the last blossom withers, watchful eyes and willing hands give service, and our little corner garden is surprisingly green and luxuriant. "We will never forget this place, not even when we get to be a man," said Eddy one day with fervor. "I would, I am sure I would, would n't you, Miss ——, have a garden like this when you get to heaven?" he again remarked as he lovingly patted the sweet blossoms and green leaves with his chubby hands, and then removed an intruding weed with his tiny fingers. The children save their pen-

nies to buy seeds, and we also write to the State Agricultural Department at Washington for supplies. This last transaction always interests the little people greatly.

The zeal for gardening is carried by the children into the homes,—window boxes are started, and, where it is possible, garden patches are cultivated. Once, when nothing else could be had, the common white bean, on which, in its baked condition, all Boston is supposed to sup every Saturday night, transformed "Our Alley" into a miniature park. The children planted the beans as solicitously as if they had been the costliest of seeds, and took great pride in the vines.

8. Gardening brings us to the season of picnics and outings. We have these for both children and mothers. There are excursions to the woods, to greenhouses for the buying of plants, to the Public Library, and other places. The children go to Long Island (in Boston harbor) under the terms of the Randidge Bequest; and "Invalids' Rides" and "Country Week" are arranged for, both these blessings being available through the benevolence of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union.

9. Our Social Club for Young People is a special feature of our work. It meets on Thursdays, from seven to half-past nine P. M. The young people learn to dance and play games, and become more courteous toward each other, and generally better-behaved.

10. Mothers' meetings occur once a week, and to these others among the older members of the family are admitted. The regular meetings are for the sewing and cutting over of old garments; and it is surprising to see what is accomplished. There are also social meetings for the mothers, at which we have opportunity for giving useful hints, personal counsel or general advice. Occasionally the children give the mothers an entertainment. We believe in the Tick-Tack song:—

"Time to work and time to play."

Our "Outside Work" is varied and far-reaching. The Neighborhood House is looked upon as a center of helpful influences. "I fly here as I would to my mother, were she not miles away," said one little woman in tears sometime ago. Her husband had deserted her and her five little ones. "He has been gone two days, and not a neighbor have I told!" Formerly all her tenement house acquaintances far and near would have been called in to solve her problem and to sympathize; but constant contact with Neighborhood House had had its influence,—she was meeting this crisis in a better way and was dignified and calm through it all. By dint of many inquiries, we found the missing father, who seemed to be a well-intentioned person, but who had been driven to distraction from want of work. His former employer was induced to give him work; and the family, tided over this emergency, have ever since been united.

Our home life gives us an excellent opportunity for coming into contact with our neighbors on the most

CHILDREN IN GARDEN, RUGGLES STREET NURSERY.

friendly and natural grounds, and we are glad to be at all times a sympathetic and encouraging "friend in need." The occasion may be lack of employment, a birth, a christening, a circumcision, a party, a wedding or a death.

Our visiting is done at all hours from early morning until late at night. All kinds of poor and forlorn humanity come under observation, from the worst victims of vice and idleness, to the honest, self-respecting, decent kind that a helping hand soon lifts to independence and starts on the road to prosperity.

We have ferreted out causes of illness and reported cases of neglect to the Board of Health. We have also reported bad drains, imperfect plumbing, and unkept cellars. House agents indifferent to the comfort of their tenants have been brought to task and forced to make improvements, even to the extent of papering, painting, and whitewashing. There is a constant and close coöperation between the Neighborhood House and well-known societies and institutions. Often, in following up a single case, we find ourselves in communication with a variety of authorities,—the head of the police court, the truant officer, the landlord, the clergyman, and invariably the employer.

One day, while endeavoring to find out where an idle, neglectful mother spent most of her time, we stumbled across a policy shop. The shop was promptly reported to the police and finally routed out of the neighborhood. Places having the appearance of kitchen bar-rooms have also been called to the notice of the authorities. Children kept out of school by indifferent parents have been reported to the truant officers, and many cases have been turned over to the Children's Aid Society.

In cases where the mother is the only breadwinner of the family and becomes ill or is on the verge of breaking down from overwork, we are especially on the alert, holding ourselves at all times ready to step in and do anything that is possible. Under such circumstances as these, children have been boarded or sent to relatives or placed in temporary homes, the furniture has been stored, and the mother sent to a hospital or a convalescent home,—all in a short space of time, as need demanded.

In cases of confinement,—or, in fact, in any illness,—gruels, broths, and delicacies are carried to the patients. This is a boon beyond comparison; for these things are much needed in the homes of the sick poor, although few are able to obtain them. Diet tickets are also used freely.

We take great pains to help those making a new start,—the widowed mother, the deserted mother, and the mother wishing to become independent of a selfish, demoralized man that the law calls husband and father. Every effort is made to find work for these mothers, or to assist them in their various occupations, whether scrubbing, washing, dressmaking, opening a store, or setting up a boarding or lodging establishment.

On one occasion, a family of very promising boys was kept from going astray by helping and encouraging

the mother to make the home more pleasant and attractive than the street corners. We persuaded her to make one of her rooms into a parlor. The Neighborhood House was ransacked for *bric-a-brac,* second-hand stores were searched for furniture, and finally an old organ and other musical instruments were purchased because the boys were all musical. Now these aspiring lads have home interests and find life quite worth living.

We have found it an excellent plan to keep a baby carriage for lending. We had a cast-off one, a fine one in its day, that did good service for months. When it became too dilapidated for its original use, an ingenious father transformed it into a cradle for his infant.

Baby clothes are often given to us by kind friends; and the choicest of these are kept for use when some little one is laid in its last resting place, and the grief-stricken mother has nothing suitable for the purpose, and can procure nothing.

Looking back to the point where our account began, the continuity of this neighborhood work is easily seen. The clubs are formed to reach all the members of the family—from children just out of kindergarten, to parents. It is especially gratifying to speak of the real missionary spirit existing among these club members. Many are the unselfish deeds done by them for each other and for outsiders. At Thanksgiving time, the members of the Neighborhood House of the clubs and the kindergarten and nursery children all contribute provisions and pennies, to help provide a number of good dinners for neighbors less fortunate than themselves. The supplies contributed are re-inforced through the regular Outside Aid fund, necessarily. Perhaps the children can give only the merest trifle,—an egg, a potato, a few cranberries, or a penny toward "the duck," but it encourages them to be thoughtful and helpful. It is a pleasant sight, the day before Thanksgiving, to see them delivering the things in their little express wagons. At Christmas time, many kind deeds are done by the children, old and blind neighbors of theirs being especially borne in mind.

The kindergarten children who stay with us all day and the older nursery children are taught to help in the care of the younger children. They help dress them after their naps, clear off the dining tables, sweep up the crumbs, and never fail to remember the birds, preparing for them a substantial dinner. When we had finished with our Christmas tree, these children decorated it, outdoors, for the birds. They tied on slices of apple, biscuits, cakes, etc., and one child wanted to put on wool thread or cotton batting for the birds to make nests with. "Oh! what a gayful time we are having!" said one little girl, as we sat in a retired spot waiting for the birds to come to their feast.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS AT THE CAMBRIDGEPORT NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE.

Instead of giving a general account of the work of the Cambridgeport Neighborhood House, which is

much the same as that in the other four houses, we present the outline of what was done at the mothers' meetings there last year, this outline being extracted from the interesting records of Mrs. M. W. Currier, matron of the house and secretary of the club.

The program here outlined is a typical one, and in this program Mrs. Shaw's love of the best giving shows out as clearly as it does in every other department of neighborhood work. *Nihil humanum mihi alienum est* is accepted as being true for these mothers because they are human beings; and so there is presented to them the same *kind* of entertainment, instruction and inspiration that would be acceptable to any women, though the *form* must be simpler and livelier. The intense interest shown in response by the members of the club proves the rightfulness of this respectful attitude.

Thirty-two meetings were held in all. Of these fourteen were devoted to talks or lectures, three to concerts, and one to a graphophone entertainment,—most of them, if not all, due to the faithful friendliness of Cambridge ladies.

Six of the fourteen talks were on subjects connected with literature and travel, and were full of fresh life because the speakers gave expression to vivid impressions which they themselves had recently received. The talks may be crudely summarized as follows:—

Evangeline.
- The Acadian country.
- Historical incidents.
- Extract from Longfellow's poem.

Passion Play at Oberammergau.
- Village, people, scenery.
- Staging and scenes of the play.
- Showing of photographs of characters.

Customs of Paris Working Women, and Scenes from Exposition.
- Love of open air emphasized.
- Mothers and children in parks and gardens, — mothers at work and children playing near.

Hiawatha Dramatized by Indians.
- Invitation to Longfellow's family.
- Entertained on an island.
- Play given outdoors.
- Adoption of four Longfellow descendants into tribe.
- Showing of photographs of the scenes.

Palestine (by request).
- Joppa, Jerusalem, Bethany.
- Various Bible scenes and objects.
- Card of pressed flowers from Jerusalem presented to each member.

Pan-American Fair.
- A salient description.

Five talks or lectures were of a spiritual nature. The subjects were:—

The Meaning of Life.

How to be Well and Happy Under Adverse Circumstances.

Character Building.

Keeping a Cheerful Attitude of Mind.

Love, a Panacea for the Ills of Life.

Other lectures were on

How Women Can Help the Schools.

Sex as a Factor in Life.

Food.

Who has not been interested in

reading Up from Slavery? The Cambridgeport mothers, fully half of whom were colored people who had come from the South, listened to it with intense interest. They could appreciate the difficulties experienced by Booker Washington in getting an education and in reaching his present honored position; and they rejoiced in his heroic, self-sacrificing efforts to uplift his race. The reading of the book occupied six meetings, but the pleasure never flagged.

The remaining eight meetings were led chiefly by the matron. At one, the music was furnished entirely by the club members; at others they joined in some of the songs. One of the books from which extracts were read at the opening or closing of the meeting was Francesca Alexander's Hidden Servants. A meeting in February, Lincoln's birth month, was devoted largely to consideration of his life and character. Poems, too, had their share of molding influence, and music was never omitted from any of the thirty-two meetings.

The hours and half hours left free for sociability have not been mentioned, but they existed and the records make note of them.

At a recent legislative hearing in the Massachusetts State House, the name of Pauline Agassiz Shaw headed the petition for equal suffrage, and a letter written by her on the subject was read before the committee. In this letter Mrs. Shaw urged not only that women should have granted to them a greater share of responsibility in public affairs, but that men should participate more in the bringing up of the children and in other interests vital to the home. The nurturing spirit with which Mrs. Shaw is so deeply imbued reveals itself in one sentence of the letter particularly; and that sentence is here quoted as offering a most fitting thought with which to close this description of a part of Mrs. Shaw's philanthropic work in Boston,—a thought ever-present in all her philanthropic work:—

"We must remember that the bringing up of the children is the vital question of life,—the great problem of the race; for are they not to be, generation after generation, the actors on the scene?"

THE ARISEN.

By Charles Stuart Pratt.

What is it springs from murk and mire,
Lifts up toward heaven a slim green spire,
And then expands in blossomings
As pure and white as angels' wings?

The lily from the dark mould springs,
And blossoms white as angels' wings.

What is it climbs through sin and shame,
Led ever by a pure white flame,—
Climbs upward toward the Bethlehem Star,
To reach the heaven where angels are?

A child may climb up toward the light,
And one day reach an angel's height.

—*The Independent.*

KINDERGARTEN ACTIVITIES.

By Katherine Beebe.

CHAPTER II.

STORIES.

OTHER kindergartners' lists of stories being of great interest to us, I venture to submit our list to other kindergartners,—not in its entirety, however, for that would hardly be possible. Our story list necessarily varies from year to year, since each teacher is at liberty to add to or subtract from it, as her reason dictates or her heart suggests, within the limitations which we set for ourselves in council.

We have decided that stories presenting clear outlines and, accordingly, calling up clear and definite mental images, are best adapted for our use. We avoid the mass of detail with which many stories written for children are encumbered, and have sadly but firmly laid aside many tales which appeal strongly to our grown-up fancy but which seem to arouse little if any response in the children. Many so-called nature stories are of this sort. The graceful utterances of Lady Blue Violet, the maternal admonitions of dear Mother Tree, the detailed conversation of the Grass Blade fairies concerning Mr. North Wind, Jack Frost and Father Winter, do not always charm the children. There are some nature stories, however, such as those in Among the Meadow People, by Clara D. Pierson, that we have found most useful both at the tables and during outdoor excursions; but as the years go on, we find ourselves holding closer to those stories in which people do things, where something happens, and where events move on to a climax. I have heard the story of Mother Nature's Children told in different kindergartens many times, but never yet have I seen any genuine interest, attention, or enjoyment called forth by it. What there was of responsiveness was summoned up by the special efforts of the narrator rather than by any inherent interest which the story held for the listeners.

In regard to the efforts so common among painstaking and conscientious teachers to get the children to "tell back the story," I hardly dare express myself for fear that I shall say too much. I have often seen it attempted on morning circles, but never with satisfactory results. Often the children had not cared for the story in the first place,—that was plainly to be seen; consequently there had been so little impression that expression was necessarily forced. Even when a story interests children to the point of making the desired impression, the expression cannot always be called out at a given time, as put down on the program. There is a pedagogic mo-

ment for the child's expression of stories in language, but it oftener occurs at home than in the kindergarten, for very simple reasons. Children have more sense than many kindergartners suppose. They retell a story gladly to the people at home who have not heard it,—especially at bedtime—but when they are being urged to "express," their faces plainly say, to one who can read them: "What is the use of telling you that story when you told it to me?" The teacher's coaxing invitation: "Tell it to the children just as if they had never heard it" is met with silent contempt, utter indifference, or a very halting obedience.

So we have concluded to omit this time-honored but harrowing process; but that does not mean that we do not talk over or retell old stories, or that there is no time on our circles when the children express themselves in story-telling. Some of the children have done this so well that it was a pleasure to listen to them, but this was exceptional. A little child's attempt at telling a story is usually so fragmentary, discursive, and therefore uninteresting to his mates, that we are careful not to ask them to listen very often to such efforts.

In this matter of retelling stories, the mother can be of the greatest practical assistance to the kindergartner. Happily she gives this aid more often than not, sometimes by instinct, frequently with a knowledge of the service she is rendering.

In the list of stories which follows, I have given those that we have used most frequently and that have proved from year to year to be the children's favorites.

The Potato Baby. (Kindergarten Gems.)
The Story of Moses. (Bible.)
The Three Bears. (Robert Southey.)
Three Pigs. (Nursery Tales.)
The Little Sugar House. (Anon.)
The Wolf and the Seven Little Goats. (Grimm.)
Charlotte and the Ten Dwarfs. (Kindergarten Gems.)
The Crane Express. (In the Child's World.)
The Goats in the Turnip Field. (Child Stories and Rhymes, Emilie Poulsson.)
The Pied Piper. (Browning.)
Dicky Smiley's Birthday. (The Story Hour.)
The Bell of Atri. (Longfellow.)
Hans in Luck. (Grimm.)
The Story of Chusey. (New Year's Bargain, Susan Coolidge.)
The Christ-Child. (Elizabeth Harrison.)
Piccola. (In the Child's World.)
Mrs. Santa Claus. (Anon.)
Thumbling. (Grimm.)
The Elves and the Shoemaker. (Grimm.)
Paul Revere. (Longfellow.)
Pegasus. (Hawthorne.)
The Mouse Who Lost Her Tail. (Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks, S. E. Wiltse.)
King Midas. (Hawthorne.)
The Story of Cedric. (In Story Land, Elizabeth Harrison.)
The Line of Light. (In Story Land.)
The Little Hero of Haarlem. (In the Child's World.)
Rhœcus. (Lowell.)

The Pot of Gold. (Anon.)
Little Ida's Flowers. (Andersen.)
The Ugly Duckling. (Andersen.)
Philip's Valentines. (Child's World.)
George Washington. (Story Hour.)
Abraham Lincoln.
Friedrich Froebel.
The First Thanksgiving. (The Story Hour.)

To these we add, as occasion calls for them, nature stories, Bible stories, hero stories, animal stories, and fairy stories.

We tell, simply, the story of the burning of Chicago, and something of the history of our own town. We also touch on the legends of St. Valentine and Hallowe'en. As to our sources of supply, we depend largely on Grimm, Andersen, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Miss Poulsson, but we do not hesitate to draw upon the poets, the classics, upon our own recollections, and upon miscellaneous authors who meet our special needs.

To be continued.

THE SHEPHERD.

By Florence Gleed Teare.

"Little lambs so white and fair,
Are the shepherd's constant care."

THE shepherd in this story had many, many lambs,—a whole hundred. Why, that is more than the number of children in our kindergarten when every little child is here!

All day long the lambs played and skipped about in a pleasant valley where there was plenty of juicy green grass and sweet clover to eat; and not far away was a stream of clear water.

At night the kind shepherd drove the lambs into the sheltering fold, where they had plenty of straw to sleep on; and so you see they had everything that lambs need to make them happy.

But one day one little lamb, after playing with his brothers, thought he was tired of the pleasant valley and the comfortable fold; and so, going quietly to one of the number, he said:—

"I think the grass down the road yonder looks much greener than ours up here; let us go down there and see."

But the little brother answered: "Oh, no. I 'd rather stay up here with the rest of our family."

"Very well," said the first little lamb, "I shall have to say good-bye, then, for I really am tired of being here. Perhaps you 'll be sorry in a little while and wish you had been wise enough to come with me," and with these words hardly spoken, off he ran.

On he went, skipping and dancing, a very happy, frolicsome little lamb. He stopped to nibble a little grass for his dinner, and—would you believe it?—the grass tasted the very same as that in the pleasant valley!

"Oh, well," thought he, "I have not traveled very far yet; it will taste sweeter farther on."

So off he ran again. The sun was shining, butterflies were flitting about, bees were humming, and birds were singing.

He still went on, but instead of finding the grass softer and sweeter it was quite the other way. The grass now grew only in patches here and there, and in between these patches of grass were sharp rough stones. Supper time came; but, although hungry, he could find scarcely any grass, and not a bit of sweet clover! He was very thirsty, too, and longed for the little stream in the pleasant valley. The butterflies, birds, bees, flowers and children had all gone to rest, and no longer could the lamb see the sunshine. He was a lonesome little creature indeed.

His next thought was: "Well! I 've had enough of this. I 'll turn back and go home."

But when he turned, he found that he did not know the way. Poor little thing! he was *lost;* and his feet were oh! so tired and sore from walking over the rough stones!

Then, lying by the dusty roadside, he thought: "Ah! what a very foolish lamb I have been! I ought to have known that our shepherd had chosen the valley because he knew that it was the best place for us. How happy I should be if I could only get back to the fold again! But I don't suppose I shall ever be missed, for all lambs look alike, and there are so many!"

Now, children, listen while I tell you the very, very best part of the whole story,—*he was missed!* Yes, the shepherd counted the lambs every night; and that night he found only ninety-nine. Again he counted, and again found that one was missing.

Do you think that a loving shepherd can go to his bed and rest, knowing that one of his lambs is lost? No, he cannot; and this shepherd took his lantern and his faithful dog, and off they started down the road. On and on they went, stopping every little while to listen, and to look in all the dark corners. Farther and farther still they went. Then suddenly they stopped, for the shepherd thought he heard a faint sound. Yes, surely, a faint "Baa-baa!"

Ah! how well the shepherd knew his little lamb's voice. In another minute the tired, sorry little creature had forgotten all his troubles and knew only happiness; for he was being carried in the shepherd's arms safely to his home.

It was a long journey; but at last the fold was reached, and the little lamb, after having his tired feet bathed in cool water and having some cool water to drink, was laid tenderly down to rest beside the other lambs; and he was very happy!

"Better faithful than famous,"—one of President Roosevelt's characteristic sayings.

HENNY-PENNY'S STARLINGS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By Mary Senior Clark.

"PEEP, peep! Peep, peep!" piped four little voices, as four little chicks scrambled out of their shells and looked out into the world for the first time in their little lives.

"Click-a-clucky!" said Mother Henny-penny, "so here you are at last. What, are there no more than four of you? Well, well, I am glad you are come! But cuddle in, cuddle in, my dears; it is a cold world just now for babies like you."

Henny-penny sat in the stable, snuggled in among the straw; but outside the frost was hard, and the ground was covered with snow.

"Mother," cried little Ben, running into the farmhouse kitchen, "Henny-penny has got some chickens. I know she has, for I went into the stable just now to see whether Brown Bess had got hay enough, and I heard them cry 'Peep, peep!'"

"Thank you, Ben," said his mother; "then we will carry them some groats and warm milk for their supper; they will need something to keep out the cold, for there is going to be a bitter frost to-night."

"Polly go, too! Polly go, too!" cried Ben's little sister, pulling at her mother's skirts.

"Ay," said her mother, "Polly shall go, too; but she must come and let mother wrap her up warm against the cold."

Out in the yard the cock was walking about, looking much disgusted with things in general, and lifting his feet very high out of the snow. The hens cowered in the barn doorway and watched the cock, grumbling every now and then to one another: "How cold it is! I don't like the snow. I do wish it would go away!"

On the cow-house roof sat eight starlings,* as close together as they could sit, not chattering together as starlings usually do, but silent and sad. The farm boy came by, and set down in the yard a tin pan full of water, taking away the one already there, which was now filled, with a solid block of ice. At sight of the water the starlings moved a little, and one of them flew down, alighting close to the tin pan.

"Crrrr! Get away," said the cock; "this water is mine!"

"Yes, my lord," said the starling, "but we are hungry and thirsty; let us take a little."

"Go away! You don't belong here," said the cock.

"No, my lord," said the starling, "we are come here from our home because the water is all turned to stone, and the earth is turned to stone also, and the snow is over everything, and we can find neither food nor drink."

*Birds very common about British barns and dwellings.

"Go somewhere else," said the cock; "this water is for me and my hens. Crrrrr!"

The starling flew back to the cow-house roof, and at that moment the farmer's wife and her children crossed the yard, carrying Henny-penny's supper of groats and warm milk.

"How good it smells!" said the starlings; and they flew a little nearer.

"Oh, mother!" said Ben, in the stable, "Henny-penny has got only four chicks, and last time she had thirteen."

"That is because of the cold," said his mother. "The frost has chilled all the rest. Come, we must make haste back; it is time to take the bread out of the oven."

She gathered the addled eggs up in her apron and carried them away, the children following her. Henny-penny was busy about the supper. "Cluck, cluck, cluck," she said. "Come and eat, chickies! come and eat! Good supper, nice warm milk. Cluck, cluck, cluck! pick it up," and she caught up some little bits and flung it down before them, clucking and calling.

The little chickens did pick up some, but they were too young to care to eat much as yet, and they were soon glad to creep under her warm feathers again and cuddle cozily in.

Then Henny-penny was aware of some dark objects moving on the stable floor. Was it mice? She looked up; no, it was starlings.

"Dear me," she said, "I never saw starlings come in like this before."

The starlings crept closer. "O great hen," said they, "may we drink from your saucer? We are hungry and thirsty. The water is all turned to stone, the earth is stone also, and we can find neither food nor drink."

"Dear, dear, dear!" said Henny-penny, "come here, then; eat and drink."

The starlings did not need to be invited twice. In an instant eight little dark heads were around the saucer of milk, and soon there was not a drop nor a crumb remaining.

Henny-penny watched them. "Why, you poor things," she said, "you are so stiff with cold that you can hardly walk or fly. Come here under my wings and I will keep you warm. Come, there is room for all."

Henny-penny spread out her kind, motherly wings, and the starlings crept joyfully beneath them. Oh, how warm and soft and nice it was there! Very soon they were fast asleep, chickens and starlings and Henny-penny and all.

The farmer's wife was busy the next morning, and she sent Meg, the servant girl, to the stable with Henny-penny's breakfast. Little Polly went with her, that she might have another look at the dear little round white fluffy chicks, but very soon she came flying back to the kitchen. "Mummy, mummy," she cried, "come and look! Henny-penny has got a lot more chickens, so big and so black! Come and see!"

Lots of chickens? big and black?—what could that mean? Polly's mother ran to the stable, and when she saw Henny-penny and the chickens and the starlings, all breakfasting there together, she cried, "Well, well, well!"

several times over, and called her husband to come and look. "Would not you say the hen understood all about the frost," she said, "and how hard the poor birds find it to get a living? I am sure there is many a Christian might learn a lesson from her."

She herself took a lesson, for she went in and mixed a bowl of the oatmeal on which she fed her poultry, and put it outside,—not in the yard where the hens and ducks might get it, but in the front garden; and she put a pan of water with it; and other starlings came to it, and blackbirds and robins, and little tomtits with their funny spectacled faces.

When the starlings had had their breakfast with Henny-penny, they flew away for the day, but at supper time there they were again; and when they had finished, they stood and looked at her, as if to say, "May we?"

"Come, then," said Henny-penny, spreading out her wings.

"Cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep! But they must not take our places," cried the four little chicks.

"Pop in quickly and choose your own places, then," said Henny-penny, "and you will be all right."

So the little chicks bustled under in a great hurry, and cuddled in beneath her soft, downy breast; and then came the starlings and cuddled in also. Ben and Polly, who were looking on, laughed to see how fast the chickens ran to make sure of getting the places they liked best.

Every night as long as the frost lasted, the eight starlings came to the stable and shared the supper and breakfast, and slept warm and cozy beneath Henny-penny's kind wings. The farmer's wife took care that they got a plentiful meal, and when any visitors came to the farm at supper time she always took them out to the stable and showed them Henny-penny's starlings.

At last the snow melted, the waters flowed again, and the earth was no longer a stone. Then the starlings came to Henny-penny and said: "Good-bye, good, kind Henny-penny, we are going to our homes now, and soon we shall be building nests of our own; but if ever earth and water should turn to stone again we shall come back to you."

Away flew the starlings to the woods and fields, and built nests and laid eggs and reared little ones of their own; and when the nestlings grow fidgety and will not keep quiet unless they are told a story, the one they always like best to hear is the story of that terrible time of cold when earth and water turned to stone and snow covered all the land; and how kind Henny-penny took pity on them, and gave them food and warmth and shelter.

—*Hand and Eye.*

PLAYING CATERPILLAR.

From Pierre Loti's Story of a Child.

I WILL now describe a game that gave Antoinette and me the greatest pleasure during those two delicious summers.

We pretended to be two caterpillars, and we would creep along the ground upon our stomachs and our knees and hunt for leaves to eat. After having done that for some time, we played that we were very, very sleepy; and we would lie down in a corner under the trees and cover our heads with our white aprons—we had become cocoons. We remained in this condition for some time, and so thoroughly did we enter into the rôle of insects in a state of metamorphosis, that anyone listening would have heard pass between us, in a tone of the utmost seriousness, conversations of this nature:—

"Do you think that you will soon be able to fly?"

"Oh, yes! I 'll be flying very soon; I feel them growing in my shoulders now; * * * they 'll soon unfold."

Finally we would wake up, stretch ourselves, and, without saying anything, we conveyed by our manner our astonishment at the great transformation in our condition. * * *

Then suddenly we began to run lightly and very nimbly in our tiny shoes; in our hands we held the corners of our pinafores, which we waved as if they were wings; we ran and ran, and chased each other, and flew about, making sharp and fantastic curves as we went. We hastened from flower to flower and smelled all of them; and we continually imitated the restlessness of giddy moths; we imagined, too, that we were imitating their buzzing when we exclaimed: "Hou-ou-ou!"—a noise we made by filling the cheeks with air and puffing it out quickly through the half-closed mouth.

They might not need me—
Yet they might—
I 'll let my heart be
Just in sight—

A smile so small
As mine, might be
Precisely their
Necessity.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

CATERPILLAR SONG.

FRANCES E. JACOBS.

Andante.

Cat - er - pil - lar on the ground. Crawl - ing, crawl - ing, crawl - ing 'round,

Go to sleep; then, by and by, You'll a - wake with wings to fly.

Flitting of Butterfly.
Leggiero.
8va

pp

8va

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE INDIVIDUAL who essays gardening in a small plot, either because he prefers a small garden or because he cannot get one larger, wields the tools that are best for him to wield under those limited conditions,—the spade, for instance. When a larger field is to be cultivated, the plow comes into service. Back of the handles stands the hard-working husbandman, staggering over the thrust and lift of the plowshare, and at the same time guiding the strong horse that is furnishing the motive power. The spade might represent the private or pioneer kindergarten; the more or less primitive plow, the free association kindergarten; and many are the gardens and fields that they have brought to rich fruition.

But when it comes to cultivating broad stretches of country, whole prairies of fruitful soil, how ineffective would be the spade, how inadequate the plow of primitive type! For these immense fields there must be agencies more elaborated, with skillfully adjusted parts, capable of meeting the requirements of work on a great scale; and so comes the plow with double or triple plowshares, and the steam plow, bringing with them the cultivator, the reaper, the harvester, and who knows what other wonderful invention, making the prairies blossom and bring forth in a way to astonish the world.

Not that the spade and the simpler plow need be laid aside as of no further use. The spade will still be, sometimes by necessity, sometimes by choice, the implement used, and the cultivation of small gardens will not cease. Nor will the more or less primitive plow, requiring so much of personal exertion in driving it, be given up; for there will still exist rough and stony fields to be worked by those who are willing to bear the lurch and strain if only some difficult field may be plowed, and who, after they have dug out tree stumps and carted away stones, are glad to have improved machinery put to work in the field, when their preparatory labor has made this possible.

As the American agricultural im-

plements, wonderful in their advance upon those in use for ages past, have been carried to almost every part of the globe, helping to bring about a fructification thousands of times as great as that in earlier days, so may the public kindergarten spread from country to country, free to all and good enough for all, even for those children whose parents' purses and wisdom could provide for them the very best.

Material for the making of a good topical analysis is contained in Miss Blow's article in this issue of the Review. Such a mental exercise is not only good in itself, but often the argument, laid bare, can be more dispassionately judged than when clothed with a drapery of expression which, while giving delight to many and enhancing for them the argumentative form, may, for others, distract attention from points in the argument or be unpleasing in the color or texture of the drapery, or in the hanging of its folds.

The beautiful close of Miss Blow's article shows the sincerity and frankness which characterize its writer and the earnest spirit necessary to all helpful discussion.

Whether Miss Blow's deductions made from her summing up of the thirty years of kindergarten experience which America has had are accepted by all or not, it is of great advantage to have had this summing up made. The strong presentation of issues will stimulate thought, observation, and action, and thus clarify judgment.

Certainly the old clash of ideas concerning Liberty and Law is now centered about the kindergarten program. Liberty may run into debilitating license, law be degraded into mechanism and form. "Liberty under Law" settles the question theoretically; but the next decade of our kindergarten experience will disclose much as to the true law under which the program should be determined, and the true liberty of the kindergartner who has the carrying out of the program.

Three decades of experience do not give all the experience that the kindergarten is to have; and it may easily be that some questions,—as, for instance, that of numbers in kindergartens—are not yet worked out to the full. With ten and a hundred conceded as extremes, have our public kindergartens of fifty pupils now achieved such a state of perfection that public kindergartens containing a smaller number might not be better if all that experience has taught us were used in conducting them?

The I. K. U. convention days in Boston promise to be as full of strong discourse and live discussion as those

of any previous meeting; and although the change of date announced last month will render some readjustment necessary and is therefore to be regretted, we trust that it will not cause many to be debarred from this educational feast.

BOSTON bears out the English character generally attributed to it by being at its pleasantest in Spring,—in the latter part of Spring; and as every hostess, on what she feels to be a highly honorable occasion, wants her home to be at its best for her visitors, the Massachusetts hostess can but hope that Boston and its surroundings will be at their best during the stay of the warmly expected guests. It is hoped that many visitors will find it possible to prolong their stay for a few days after the convention for the sake of doing a little sight-seeing in Boston and making trips to Concord, Plymouth, and other places of historic and literary interest. The late Spring with its more advanced vegetation brings out greater beauty in these famous spots; but by the time the convention meets, the Winter bareness will show some signs of being "clothed upon."

With fares at the rate of one and one third for the round trip, and special rates for the short trips also, the I. K. U. guests have the opportunity of getting a great deal of professional profit and memorable pleasure for a comparatively small outlay. Just as Easterners ought, if possible, to see Niagara and the wonders of the far West before going abroad, so those from newer parts of our country would be better prepared for that trip across the seas which comes each year to a greater number of kindergartners, if they preface it by a pilgrimage to the ancestral parts of their own land. Boston hopes for a rousing attendance, and promises a welcome big enough to go around, however large the attending number may be. The more the better; and may all who travel thither feel amply repaid for their expenditure of time, money, and strength!

A SAMPLE of our good immigrant stock is seen in a Swedish family that came to our country not many years ago. They were peasants on a large estate in their native country, and had been brought up under the tutelage of a wise lady of the manor whose honorary title on the estate and in the adjoining village was "Gaard-Fruen,"—the Farm Madam.

All the members of this family were workers. The little girls were trained first at home in helping their mother, and afterwards up at the Farm Madam's great home in more delicate and skillful housewifery.

The boys first did chores on their father's little holding, then up at the farm proper, and later either took a stated place upon the farm or went to learn a trade. The foundations of this family life were laid in religion, openly acknowledged by word and shown in uprightness of life and character. The children had received from their parents and from the Farm Madam a careful training in peasant manners, but their respect for others was modified by due self-respect. They possessed goodness of heart, a fair quality of mind, and a naturally quiet demeanor. With all these, it may surely be said that they had what might veritably be called good breeding, although scholarly education and courtliness were lacking.

One of the noticeable things about the behavior of the children was their appreciation of services rendered them by the parents. This was largely a result of training. For instance, when the mother had finished a new dress for one of her little girls, she would put it on the child and say, following a pretty Swedish custom: "May you be happy while wearing it!" And while the little girl was in the natural glow of pleasure over the new garment, the mother would help her to express herself in a suitably worded response. This being done with the new dress of each child, the pretty response soon came easy and natural when occasion called for it, and other recognitions of service or favor were similarly brought about. In many such simple ways, gentle teaching passed from heart to heart, making service sweeter, whether rendered or received.

The peasant father was an exceptional man,—not in ability, in character alone,—and he was much honored by his children. One chance saying of his (not original) was never forgotten by them. When they were in Sweden they heard of an old man neglected by his children and left unsupported and uncared for in his helpless age. "Ah, yes!" said their own quiet, cheerful, hard-working father, "one father can bring up seven children, but seven children cannot take care of one old father." The bare justice involved in filial care of aged parents appealed to the children through their father's saying, and great is the generosity and tenderness now shown to these parents by their Americanized sons and daughters.

Follow thy better heart,
  Follow thy better will,
And so thy better self
  In thy best self fulfill—
To thy best self be true.

A LITTLE WHILE IN KINDERGARTEN.*

By Florence Gleed Teare.

WINTER was a thing of the past, and spring had really come. Day after day the rain had fallen steadily, and mud was the most plentiful thing in our neighborhood. Indeed, it was so plentiful on a certain Friday, that as I stood at the door and greeted each child with a shake of the hand, I was provided with a large rag and some pieces of newspaper, with which to wipe off the worst of the mud from their overweighted shoes.

Frank and Louie were about the last of the children to arrive; and when they did, one glance was sufficient to tell that they were in dire distress, Louie, poor child! having fallen down in the deepest and softest of the wayside mud. Louie cried because he was covered with mud, and Frank cried because Louie cried.

Frank wailed: "We stopped at the water trough, but the horses had drinked up all the water; and so we could n't wash off any of the mud." It then flashed through my mind that Frank and Louie, and indeed many others who had not previously been scrupulously clean in their personal appearance, had of late been very much improved. Of course, I had accounted for this improvement by thinking that the lessons on cleanliness received in kindergarten were taking effect—now I knew that some of the improvement must be credited to the attraction of a new water trough, painted a brilliant red, which had lately been placed in front of a neighboring saloon.

"Do you always wash there?" I asked.

"Yes, if it ain't too awful cold," Frank replied.

Frank seemed to think that a water trough's primary office was to make itself useful as a wash bowl and bath tub. I said that I should think the owner would object; but when I ceased talking, Frank's opinion about a water trough was exactly the same as when I began.

What to do with Louie, or even where to begin, was a problem; but one thing stared us plainly in the face,—and that was, that he needed attention. In the kindergarten stood a large box in which we treasured anything in the way of clothing that might happen to be given us.

To this box I went; but our stock was low. After rummaging through it twice, the most likely garments proved to be a little suit of unbleached cotton flannel underwear. The next thing on the program was to put Louie into a nice warm bath, although it was Friday. I say "although it

* Begun in December, 1901.

was Friday," because, when tubbing was done, we chose to do it along the lines of true economy, which meant early in the week, that the results might be enjoyed the longer.

When Louie had had a thorough scrubbing, and was arrayed in nice clean clothes, he looked very lovable, and seemed to feel at peace with all the world. He surveyed the new garments, and his verdict was: "Them 's dandy, them is." Then with a most beseeching look he added, "Kin I go home in 'em?"

I thought at first that he might create quite a sensation if he appeared on the street in such startling array; but Louie was irresistible, especially when just out of the bath tub; and, so, trusting that by noon his coat would be dry, I said that he might.

Louie seemed very happy that morning, and once, while all were busily working upon their Easter cards, I heard him singing softly his little song: "Do not forget me."

When the time for going home arrived, Louie steadfastly refused all offers of help about his coat. Now this was very unusual; but his reason was that he wanted all the people to see his new clothes. At last, after a very wordy and somewhat heated discussion, we compromised, — Louie would wear his coat if I would take him down the stairs. I tried not to be vain, but I always felt extremely happy when Louie showed marks of preference for me. The Good-bye Song was sung, little hands were shaken, and our troop of tiny men and women filed down the stairs and out into the street. I watched, as I had often done before, for their good-bye smiles before the children turned the corner. Frank and Louie were the last of the throng, for the "poor little legs which had never growed" could not go very fast. When the corner was reached, Frank smiled and Louie threw back a kiss, and then the buildings hid them from my sight. I have not seen Louie since that day. "I shall go to him but he shall not return to me."

In the paper the following day was printed:—

"Louie Jerach, four years,
10 Jerome Alley. Accident."

About half way between the kindergarten and Louie's home was a store over whose door hung this sign: "Family Liquor Store." The only connection that I could ever trace between any family and this store is expressed by the word—ruination. Louie had either been called in, or else had gone in of his own accord,—very likely the latter, for he had often sung in the saloon.

A new counter was being placed in this store, and in some unknown manner this counter fell over the child. He was terribly crushed. His pitiful cries and moans brought women from the rooms above,—women whom one would at first think unfit to touch his dear little body; but who shall say that this was not Christ's way of saying, as he did once long ago, "Go and sin no more." They did what they could to relieve the little sufferer. Only the good is worth recording; and so, on the last day, we shall perhaps find that it is written of these women in letters

of gold, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Louie was tenderly carried home, and he lingered until that mysterious and beautiful hour called midnight, —that hour which seems often to be set apart by the holy angels for carrying the Father's tired children home.

The only one for whom the little lad asked, when moments of consciousness came to him, knew not that she was so sadly needed; but in the kindergarten she had been privileged to prepare his little body for its last resting place; for, strange to say, it was in the little garments which had given him such pleasure only a few hours before, that he was laid to sleep!

As we thought of these things we were glad that we had stretched out our kindergarten accommodations and made room for one child more. Louie had been happy for at least a little while in kindergarten.

When I went to the Jerach home on the following Monday I took a little package containing Louie's unfinished work,—a little sewing card, and a mat with only a few strips woven in it, thinking that his mother would cherish them. I was disgusted, however, when I found that her chief grief seemed to lie in the fact that she would no longer receive the money which Louie used to earn.

She said that she wished it had been the baby, which she did not want at all. The baby was about four months old, and the mother was putting strong green tea into its feeding bottle. When I remonstrated, she said that it was cheaper than milk. I rose to go, selfishly thinking that I would keep the little treasures myself, when Mrs. Jerach flung her arms around me and kissed me!

At last, fumbling in her pocket, she drew forth a little crumpled paper which she placed in my hand. I opened it and found that it contained a little brown curl. Ah, how guilty I felt! After all, Mrs. Jerach knew me better than I knew her!

"The most original element of a woman's soul is maternal love, which at no stage of development, and in no decline of the human race, can belie the stamp of the holiest nature." We understood each other now,—we had something in common,—for we had both loved Louie!

There was no thought of money now; the mother's tears flowed because her child was dead. I put the little living baby in her arms, and she kissed it. I gave her the package which I had brought. She opened it, and, after handling the little pieces of work tenderly, she kissed them and gave me back the unfinished card.

As often as I look at it, I seem to hear a shrill childish voice singing:—

"Do not forget me!"

JOLLY WIND SPRITE.

By Anna W. De Kay.

The wind's a jolly little sprite,
  His merry tricks we see:
The leaves upon the tree he shakes
  Then scampers off in glee.

He makes the pretty flowers nod,
  He turns the windmill 'round;
He whistles loud, or moans and groans,
  Or breathes with whisp'ring sound.

He whirls the smoke in chimneys tall,
  He bends the green grass low;
He 's here, we think; he 's yonder, now,—
  So swiftly does he go.

This funny little sprite, the wind,
  We hear but cannot see.
Oh, there! He took that big man's hat
  And hung it on the tree!

MORNINGS IN BOSTON KINDERGARTENS. III.

AT THE HILLSIDE SCHOOL, JAMAICA PLAIN.

By Susan C. Aiken.

ONE spring-like day in January, I spent a helpful and refreshing morning in the Hillside Kindergarten, Jamaica Plain. Perhaps some morning you, too, will visit the happy place. The school building is a red brick one on Seaverns avenue, quite near the railroad station, and, if you walk up the street between half past eight and nine o'clock, you will have an active escort of girls and boys, who will not fail to show you the way.

In the kindergarten, a room just opposite the front door, Miss Poor, and her assistant, Miss Brown, were arranging the material for the morning's work. They gave me a cordial greeting, and I sat down to enjoy the coming of the little ones, leaving the kindergartners to finish their preparations.

The children came singly and in groups. One little girl with her doll was soon joined by several others, the play with dolly being happily shared by them all. The more active chil-

dren amused themselves by running lightly about the circle, deftly dodging the two great posts which support the floor above, for the building is old, and was not built for a kindergarten. One or two older boys tried climbing these posts, and all seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly in a quiet, orderly way. Those younger and less active sat in their chairs and watched the fun, their faces being quite as happy as any.

At nine o'clock some soft music from the piano called all to their seats, and a good morning song was sung, the children, kindergartners, and two students standing. Then all were animated clocks, and the pendulums really kept excellent time, considering that they were not moved by machinery! A reverent prayer was then said, after which the children were free for a little talk. Several told of their babies at home, of what their babies could do; and I saw one little girl show another *how* her baby tumbled down and did not cry. She acted it out in a very funny way, falling down on her face and jumping up with a laugh.

The day before had been a very rainy one, and consequently there had been no school session,—something quite new in Boston. This seemed to have made an impression on some of the boys, who commented upon it in an animated way. One little fellow, hearing the fire alarm just then strike, called out in an important, knowing manner, "*No school this after!*"

Merry songs were then sung, among them The Greeting,—

> "O! see them here,
> These friends so dear."

While singing the "How do you do?" part of the song, the children shook hands with each other.

The sun shone warmly through the south windows, seeming especially welcome after the rain; and a "light-bird" that gleamed, large and white, on the wall, was a pleasure to all who saw it.

When Miss Poor asked who remembered one of their new songs, a New Year song was suggested. This having been sung, there came a whispering play which the children liked very much. All thought of the New Year's name, 1902, and of the new month's name, January; and all whispered them in chorus, over and over again. It was much more interesting than saying the same things aloud!

Time for the Gift work had now arrived. The tables had been arranged by the two students while the children, carrying their chairs, were marching to their appointed places. The older ones, having reached their places first, sat and listened quietly to the well-marked music while the younger ones went into a small room with Miss Brown for their Gift exercise.

The older children's work with the Fourth Gift was preceded by a quick, orderly finding of corners, first on a large cube which Miss Poor had, then on the children's individual boxes; and many of the twenty-eight girls and boys told accurately which corners were touched. Sharp eyes then watched to see how Miss Poor opened her box, and hands rested after all had done as she did. The bricks were held up by their smallest faces, one at a time, then placed on the table

until the "star pattern," as the children called it, was formed by four bricks, the remaining four bricks being placed about this figure just as the children chose, thus making a variety of pretty designs.

Miss Poor drew a picture of four of these designs on the board, and the children copied with their bricks the one they liked best. One little girl drew her favorite pattern on the board,—and very good it was.

Again the clock gave its silent announcement. Lunch time had come. Those who had brought a luncheon from home ate it, and the others spent a free, happy time in looking at picture books, or in playing. After lunch, the little ones from the other room came to play games with the older class. The circle was formed and they all had a merry time. One child wanted to go skating. The others joined in the sport, and it was kept up until a jolly bout of snowballing began. Only soft, round, snowballs were used, of course! Before the snowballing began I noticed that the children took off their skates quite as carefully as they had put them on. Then all walked home on the sidewalk (the red circle on the floor), remembering to look both ways before they crossed the street!

"Travelers" was the next game chosen, and "sleeping land" was represented in a way novel to me. The children lay flat on the floor, faces down, heads together, and toes out, making a pretty, childish picture in relaxation.

"The train is all ready, and we must be off," was the next attractive game, and I suspect that its particular charm lay in the impromptu invention of one child. The train was a New York one, and the children were to tell, upon their return home, where they had been. There was some hesitation on reaching New York, as to the best place for them to go. Active little Harry decided to go down the harbor in a boat, and a police boat at that! This he accomplished by sitting on the floor, feet out, and propelling himself along with his hands. Going down the harbor in a police boat was unanimously decided upon, and all left the train and followed Harry. Then came the journey back to Boston, and tales told at home of what had been seen. One had seen Prince Henry in a police boat!

Quiet sense games followed, during which the children were all seated on the floor. After these games, the story of the Ice King's Palace was attentively listened to, and next came the Occupation of paper-folding and cutting of oblongs. All the children were delighted with the eight oblongs which they had cut with their small scissors, and which were put into envelopes marked with the children's names, ready for pasting the next day. It was now time to say "Good-bye," and "home to mother dear"; so wraps were put on and the cheerful little people trudged home. I, too, soon said good-bye, feeling that the morning had been well spent, with earnest, loving kindergartners, and dear, happy children.

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE SNOW BABY. By Josephine Diebitsch Peary. Frederick A. Stokes Company. New York. $1.20 net.

Many young children have become so well acquainted with Agoonack, the typical little Eskimo girl, that they are prepared to give an understanding welcome to this true story of the Peary baby, with its pictures taken from life and from the scenes described. The welcome will not be regretted upon further acquaintance with the book, for it tells a happy, graphic story of the "Snow Baby's" life in the northern land that will fascinate many a child reader. Through sympathetic interest, first in little Marie in the strange country with its long night, and then in "Billy-bah"—the twelve-year-old Eskimo girl who came to America on a visit—in the (to her) strange country of short days and short nights, the children will gain much more than the geographical knowledge which this book gives them so vividly. Whoever reads The Snow Baby aloud for a child's pleasure, will find himself reading for his own pleasure, too, before many leaves have been turned. The profuse supply of pictures and the clear black print of the book give it additional attraction.

CLEAN PETER AND THE CHILDREN OF GRUBBYLEA. By Ottilia Adelborg. Translated by Ada Wallas. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

We are not told the nationality of Ottilia Adelborg, or who "S. S.," the maker of the comical pictures, may be; but the source of the book would seem to be Swedish. The dirty children of Grubbylea are of the most rollicking, fascinating sort, so happy and charming when riding their pig or chasing each other with smouched faces and tumbled hair, that they are not the only ones feeling lenient toward their dirt and scalawagism. But Clean Peter, in his scanty yet courtly robe of white, and with his dauntless energy,—he is a charmer, too; and we cannot help being interested in his lively labors as he buys all his various bath conveniences and then proceeds to radical measures with his mischievous and elusive friends. The tussles over baths, hair cutting and combing, and dressing are many and comical; and we are happy to see the "cleaned-up" boys and girls almost as happy and proud in their condition of spandy neatness as they were in their original condition of jollity and smirch. The pictures are extremely pretty,—dainty in coloring and full of movement and fancy. The text is bright and crisp, four or six lines in rhyme accompanying and explaining each picture.

THE DAISY; OR, CAUTIONARY STORIES IN VERSE. 1807. THE COWSLIP; OR, MORE CAUTIONARY STORIES IN VERSE. 1811. By Mrs. Elizabeth Turner. A NEW RIDDLE BOOK. By John-the-Giant-Killer, Esq. The Leadenhall Press Ltd., London, Eng.; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $0.25.

These tiny volumes belong to the Illustrated Shilling Series of Forgotten Children's Books. They are reprints bearing the features of the originals, with covers crudely gay and woodcuts rough but expressive.

The DAISY and COWSLIP were written "for the amusement of little masters and misses"; and the writer considered them "adapted to the ideas of children from four to eight years old." Mrs. Turner wrote other books of stories and other verse, including, The Crocus, The Pink, and Short Poems; but "none had the charm or vogue" of the two here revived. The *London Spectator* says: "Mrs. Turner evidently touched a chord which few modern hands have been able to sound; and probably the reason is that Mrs. Turner did not care in the least what grown-up people thought of her work. The modern author, as the child at once feels, has only one eye upon the children. The other eye is fixed upon the grown-up public,—with some reason, it must be owned, for the grown-up public holds the purse." The charm for the children consists in the dramatic liveliness of the incidents, all relating closely to child-life: in the compact way in which the entire story is put into two, three, or, at the most, four verses; and in the bounding rhythm and easy rhyme of the

verses. A New Riddle Book contains a collection of ancient riddles, each with the answer pictured above it. With the exception of a disgusting one about the pump, and a few on unpleasant subjects or overbibulous in character, the riddles are what children would like and are suitable for them to guess. All of the books are interesting from an antiquarian standpoint.

The Bairn Books. A Book of Days. By Clare Bridgman. E. P. Dutton, New York. $1.25 a set.

This is an English book and celebrates many "days" strange to children of other lands; but in deference to possible purchasers on this side of the Atlantic, Dominion Day, for Canada, and Independence Day, for the United States, have also a share of notice. It is a highly colored little book, and has bits of old rhyme scattered through its very simple prose.

Bible Lessons for Little Beginners. By Mrs. Margaret J. Cushman Haven. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $0.75 net.

The spiritual nurture of children would seem a task for angels, not bungling human beings. Nevertheless, to human beings it has been committed,— in part, at least,— and we can but do our best. Book after book appears, written by earnest authors seeking to give help, each book making some good impressions, and each showing forth some weakness or defect. Thus they are tending, collectively, to make each next one better.

This book of Mrs. Haven's includes the first half of a two years' course of lessons, and is intended for use with children under six years of age. Its aims are definite, its methods clear, and its treatment of chosen subjects consistent and simple. Each of the fifty-two lessons suggests readings for the teacher, "points of contact" between the subject of the lesson and the child's experience, the points to be taught, results sought, and tells of a suitable picture and hymn. The making of blackboard sketches in connection with the lessons is also described, and a series of these (simple enough for anyone to draw, and quite effective) is represented in the back of the book, with the hymns suggested for use. In addition to all this, each chapter devotes three or four pages to the lesson as it may be given to the children. A talk leads to the story, which is told in a natural, simple manner, and then the truth of the story is emphasized by another little talk, which leads to the singing of the hymn.

Mrs. Haven's choice of little verses for children to sing is wise in its restraint, and is in keeping with the general simplicity that characterizes the rest of the book.

A valid criticism that might be made about the earlier part of the book is that bodily sickness and death are brought forward too much. Seven out of the first twelve chapters have to do with such subjects. Another thing (reflecting on our family life adversely) is very noticeable, and that is, that when seeking to give to the little children a type of the Heavenly Father's love, it is invariably the mother's, never the father's love that is descanted upon. The father is mentioned a few times incidentally with the mother, and a few other times; but the only occasions when he rises into real prominence are when moving day is referred to, and when he called his boy to get up, and the boy said, "Yes, sir," and went to sleep again!

A portfolio of fifty pictures, price fifty cents, and Golden Text cards for the year, price twelve cents, may be bought with the book.

The Musical Basis of Verse. A Scientific Study of the Principles of Poetic Composition. By J. P. Dabney. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.60.

In 1881, Sidney Lanier published his Science of English Verse, "the first deliberate attempt to analyze verse upon its true lines, viz., by musical notation." This book, being somewhat abstruse, has, during the twenty years that have elapsed since its publication, won rather the choice study of the few than the attention of the many; and for the spreading of the knowledge it set forth, simpler presentations should be made. While following Lanier's lead on the whole, Mr. Dabney suggests an improvement in the exposition of primary rhythm, and opens up a fresh subject — verse-motion, and the dynamic relation of verse-motion to its theme. His general object is "to state rationally, coherently, and simply the principles of verse technique." These principles certainly ought to be studied by those who attempt verse writing, even of an amateur sort; and some knowledge of this technique will give a fuller conception of the beauty of poetry to those who enjoy without attempting to create.

"In these latter days strange things find their way into print under the classification of poetry. It is always well to bear in mind that no idea, however beautiful, or however true and vital, unless it conform

to those organic laws which govern and condition the musical motion of verse, can of itself and by itself constitute a poem. Forms are not fetters, but opportunities."

JEAN MITCHELL'S SCHOOL. By Angelina W. Wray. Public School Publishing Co., Bloomington, Ill. $1.25.

America, standing preëminently for free education, may almost be said to have evolved a distinctly American type of school story,— the school myth. There is the little country schoolhouse, rough and bare; the horde of mischievous, troublesome boys and girls of all ages, with the few good but not "unco' guid" ones to bear them company; the series of schoolmaster-failures, brawny in physique but poor in character or uncontrolled; and then the young man or woman of unpromisingly slender physique, who, by force of character, brings the children to happy subjection and makes the school the pride of the village. It is, in modern local myth-form, gentle spring subduing rugged winter and putting into action the prolific forces of summer. The story has all the persistence of the myth; its outline remains clear through all variations of telling and re-telling; it never fails to capture our interest and prick our hearts.

Jean Mitchell's School is a retelling of the familiar tale; but instead of giving preponderance of notice to winter, with its blustering gusts, its rough-and-tumble sports, and its catastrophes, this version dwells on the warm processes of gentle spring. To speak without metaphor, Miss Wray tells what Jean Mitchell did, and how she did it, throughout a whole school year of district school teaching. She introduced modern methods and ideas, and contrived appliances. She had a delightful school both on ordinary days and on celebration days; and the book is, in effect, a story which outlines a school program.

FOLLY IN FAIRYLAND. By Carolyn Wells. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. $1.00.

This is a child's extravaganza of a not uncommon sort, where the child falls asleep and enters Fairyland, meeting there all the old friends whose acquaintance she has made through Mother Goose rhymes and fairy tale books. But Fairyland, alas! is represented as partaking of the mechanical character of our modern, everyday world, for Old King Cole has an Invention Room where there are contrivances like the slot machine, — even one, the Story Teller, where upon turning a knob a "pleasant voice like (that of) a very kind aunt or grandmother," begins telling the story that had been called for!

Please, Mrs. Wells, write us more books like your charming Story of Betty, for too many writers who can do no better furnish useless jumbles like Folly in Fairyland.

"POLLY" AND OTHER POEMS. By M. Winchester Adams. Francis W. Orvis, New York.

Many of these verses are written to or about child friends, and show the sweet and loving personality of the author as well as the charm of the children. Miss Adams' patriotism and love of history are evidenced in little ballads, such as those about Electa Catherine's Tree, Two Old Prints, and Hannah Dustin; while her love of flowers shows in Scarlet Pimpernel and other bits of tribute verse. One of the pictures is from an old portrait of Emeline, Miss Adams' "great grandma," whose silk calèche of soft leaf green, laid away in a brass-nailed hair trunk, is written about on the pages following the picture. The pen-and-ink illustrations of Two Old Prints are excellent copies of Revolutionary caricatures. All the rest of the pictures are from personal photographs. The last four lines of My Neighbor's Little Daughter are:—

> "We could fill the world with sunshine
> If we each but did our part,
> Like my neighbor's little daughter
> With the sunshine of the heart."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. DUTTON AND CO., NEW YORK. A Book of Days. By Clare Bridgman. $0.25. Cosey Corner. By L. T. Meade. $1.50.

HINDS AND NOBLE, NEW YORK. The Foundations of Education. By Levi Seeley. $1.00.

PUBLIC SCHOOL PUBLISHING CO., BLOOMINGTON, ILL. Jean Mitchell's School. By Angelina W. Wray. $1.25. Wagner Opera Stories. By Grace Edson Barber. $0.50.

HOMER M. HILL PUBLISHING CO., SEATTLE, WASH. Eastern Peru and Bolivia. By William C. Agle. $0.50.

THE LEADENHALL PRESS, LONDON, ENG. Cautionary Stories in Verse: I. The Daisy; II. The Cowslip. A New Riddle Book. One shilling each.

The Baker and Taylor Co., New York. The Children's Health. By Florence Hull Winterburn. $1.25 net.

Francis W. Orvis, New York. "Polly" and Other Poems. By M. Winchester Adams.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS IN RECENT PERIODICALS.

Supplementary Educational Agencies. By George Harris. Compulsory Insurance for Teachers. By Edward Manley. Educational Review, February.

A Story of Home Gardens. By Starr Cadwallader. Outlook, February 1.

The Journeyings of Birds. By F. H. Knowlton. Popular Science Monthly, February.

How to Assimilate the Foreign Element. By John T. Buchanan. Forum, February.

NINTH MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON, APRIL 23, 24, 25.

Headquarters will be at the Hotel Westminster, Copley Square.

Transportation is on the certificate plan with the rate of a fare and a third.

The evening meeting and certain of the afternoon meetings will be held in Huntington Hall of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boylston street.

The subject of Miss Blow's address is The Ideal of Nurture.

Dr. A. E. Winship, Chairman of the Transportation Committee, has arranged for personally conducted tours on Saturday morning, April 26, to Concord, Lexington, Plymouth, and Wellesley. Wellesley College will be open to visitors.

Boston kindergartens will be open to visitors daily.

The full program is promised for the April number of the magazines.

Fanniebelle Curtis,

Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the International Kindergarten Union.

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 13, 1902.

CHANGE OF DATES.

In answer to the inquiries in regard to the change of dates of the meetings of the International Kindergarten Union from April 3 to April 23, the Local Committee desires to state, that the change was made in order to secure important speakers, and for local reasons upon which the success of the meetings depends. It regrets any inconvenience to members that may arise from this change, and assumes all the responsibility of it. It hopes, however, that the later date will increase the attendance, and that there will be a large and enthusiastic gathering of kindergartners from all over the country.

Signed, Lalah B. Pingree,

Chairman of the Local Committee of the International Kindergarten Union.

Boston, February 12, 1902.

HEADQUARTERS.

Hotel Westminster. European Plan. $1.50 and upwards, per day, single room. $1.00 for each person, two or three in one room. Much better accommodations at $2.00 for each person in double room, and at $2.50 for single room.

OTHER HOTELS.

The Brunswick. American plan. $4.00 per day. European Plan. $1.50 per day for single room. $2.50 and upwards for each person in double room.

The Vendome. American Plan only. $4.50 per day in single room. $4.00 for each person in double room. $3.50 for each person, three or four in a room.

The Lenox. European Plan. $1.50 per day for each person in double room. A few single rooms at same rate.

All of these hotels are in close proximity to Copley Square, near which most of the meetings are to be held.

Information concerning cheaper accommodations will be furnished later.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Items of news and reports of the work for the news departments are solicited from kindergartners in all parts of the country. Copy should be received before the tenth of the month to insure insertion in the next issue.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Changed its Name. At the annual meeting of the Isabel Crow Kindergarten Association, held in January at St. Stephen's House, this organization ceased to be, and there was born in its place the "Under-Age Free Kindergarten Association," the change in name being deemed expedient by those interested. The election of officers took place directly after the change of name had been decided upon, and upon the suggestion of the retiring president, Mrs. Blaisdell, Mrs. George A. Madill was elected president; Mrs. Anthony Blaisdell, first vice-president; Mrs. G. A. Finkelnberg, second vice-president; Mrs. Edward Wyman, treasurer; Mrs. Chas. L. Harris, recording secretary; Mrs. Theodore Meyer, corresponding secretary.

As it will be necessary to make changes in the charter because of the change of name, a committee was appointed to attend to this matter.

As many have graduated from the training school and the diplomas read, "Isabel Crow Kindergarten," it was decided not to change this name.

When the meeting was called to order at ten o'clock by Mrs. A. H. Blaisdell the several reports were made — that of the treasurer showing the significant fact that the receipts for the last year were $3,365.68, while the expenses were $3,023.80, leaving in the treasury a balance of only $341.73. Miss Eunice Janes gave a very satisfactory account of the work of the training school. Dr. Day and Rev. Mr. Mizner made encouraging little speeches. Mr. Mizner said that property in the neighborhood of St. Stephen's had increased in value, owing to the good influence of the mission, and much of that influence was directly traceable to the work of the kindergarten. Then Mrs. Blaisdell asked Mrs. Meyer to take the chair, and in a few words explained to those present the exact condition of affairs of the association. She said that it seemed to have outgrown the period when it could afford to perpetuate the memory of any one family or person. Money was needed and many misunderstood the broad scope of the work of the association because of the name. Mrs. Blaisdell then gave a history of the Isabel Crow kindergarten movement and urged upon the ladies the necessity for sacrificing any personal feeling in the desire for the general good of the work they had undertaken.

She suggested that five minutes be given for the discussion of names presented. Mrs. E. C. Stirling suggested the name which was afterward adopted — "Under-Age Free Kindergarten Association." She said that the movement started first in an effort to change the law of Missouri in order that little children of the poor might be taken into schools, where they would be protected from their unfortunate environment. The law was not changed, the bill having been defeated in the small towns of Missouri. Then the free kindergarten for children under school age was organized.

New York City.

For the Month, of Heroes. A special meeting of the Jenny Hunter Alumnæ Kindergarten Association was held on January 18 at 15 West 127th street, Mrs. H. E. Foster, the president, presiding.

Miss Hunter, in one of her characteristic papers, urged her audience to lead the little ones to the idea of bravery, love of home, friends, and country through the brave deeds of other little children, showing as the paper progressed how the gifts, games, stories, and varied occupations might be woven into one happy and comprehensible whole (for the little child) and thereby sow the seed of patriotism and good will to men.

Miss Hunter's paper was followed by a story about the boy Abraham, told by Miss Florence V. Field, assistant in the alumnæ kindergarten. While relating the story Miss Field made an effective picture on the blackboard. Other speakers were Miss Ethel F. Cushing, who related an incident in the life of Lincoln; Miss Grace Boughton, who read an original story en-

titled What St. Valentine brought Hilda. Blackboard sketches appropriate for St. Valentine's day were then given by Miss Julia and two new songs, The Postman and The Valentine (words by Miss Poulsson), were sung by Mrs. A. T. Jones.

After Miss M. Blanche Bosworth had told her story about George Washington's final return to his home and to private life, which Miss Bosworth illustrated with a sketch of Mount Vernon, the audience was served with refreshments and entered into the spirit of the surprise which had been planned by the finance committee. These ladies offered, on exhibition and sale, pictures of Lincoln and Washington, patterns and ideas of occupation work and materials suitable for use during the Month of Heroes and birthdays.

Work of the Brightside Nursery and Kindergarten. Though the Brightside Day Nursery and Kindergarten, at No. 89 Cannon street, has been in successful operation for six months, there was a large gathering of friends of the enterprise when it was thrown open for general inspection in January. It is a handsome five-story building, fireproof throughout, and its work is so popular in the neighborhood that the institution is always crowded. Every morning mothers who have to go out to work can take their little ones to the basement entrance, where they leave them in the care of the nurses and teachers till evening.

The nursery started its career seven years ago in rooms in the basement and first floor of a tenement house in Sheffield street. It now is the absolute owner of the building in Cannon street, free from any indebtedness whatsoever, and every day takes charge of some fifty tots in the nursery on the first floor, and one hundred more children in the kindergarten on the floor above. In the afternoons additional classes are held in which religious instruction is given, and the attendance ranges up to three hundred. One of the advantages of the new building is a spacious roof garden, where, on every fine afternoon, the children have the benefit of the wholesome air from the river.

Mrs. S. R. Guggenheim is the president of the institution, and the window in the babies' nursery is the gift of Mr. Guggenheim, in memory of his mother.

The work is supported entirely by voluntary contributions and donations, but the maintenance of nine cribs has been undertaken by different friends, who are giving an annual subscription of $100.

In the year ending September 1, 1901, the total attendance was 14,199 children, and the usefulness of the institution may be gauged by the fact that three hundred and twelve families were represented. With the enlarged accommodation now provided it will be possible to give still greater help in the neighborhood.

Louisville, Kentucky.

Questions for Discussion. The Kindergarten Alumnæ Club of Louisville chose for the subjects to be considered in its three sessions this year, Plan-making, Rhythm, and The Story in Kindergarten and Primary Work. The programs for the meetings were as follows: —

I.

PAPER.

Objects and methods of plan-making.

DEMONSTRATION.

Kindergarten plan on blackboard.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

1. What are the fundamental interests peculiar to kindergarten age?
2. What shall be our guide in selecting subjects for the kindergarten?
3. How far should the child's experiences limit us in the selection of kindergarten subjects?
4. How are subjects to be correlated?
5. What place has nature work in a kindergarten program?

II.

PAPER.

The purpose of the training of the sense of rhythm.

DEMONSTRATION

Of some of the methods of training the sense of rhythm.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

1. In what ways do children spontaneously express rhythm?
2. Can a sense of rhythm be developed in one deficient in this sense?
3. At what period of the day is rhythm given to the best advantage?
4. How much does the rhythmical element contribute to the popularity of traditional games?
5. How early and how long does rhythm appeal to the human being?

III.

PAPERS.

To what extent should the story be used: —

(*a*) To mirror to the child the life about him.

(*b*) To interpret his inner life.

(*c*) To reveal the life beyond his everyday experience.

What should be the difference between stories for the very little ones and those for children of more experience ?

DEMONSTRATIONS.

A short story for the little children.
Story for primary children.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

1. When is a realistic story to be preferred to a fairy tale, or myth ?
2. Should the moral be emphasized ?
3. What place should the humorous have in story telling ?
4. (*a*) How can the story be used to develop the power of expression in the child ?
   (*b*) What should the form of expression be ?
5. About what literary ground should a primary teacher expect a kindergarten child to have covered ?

Kansas City, Missouri.

Union of Kindergarten Directors. The kindergarten directors of the public schools, under the leadership of Miss Cora L. English, supervisor of kindergartens, have been meeting bi-monthly to exchange ideas and to discuss subjects pertinent to their work. These meetings have proved invaluable as a unitying agency and as a result of the stimulating discussions the directors have put fresh vigor into their work.

At the first meeting, each director gave an outline of the plan of her year's work. An interesting feature of these was the nature work, which was so planned as to bring the children into close touch with the products of the changing seasons.

Practical ideas were later exchanged on how best to give to the little child the true spirit of the Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons. Many of the directors agreed with Miss English that it was a mistake to withhold the story of the Christ child for the sake of using it as a climax in the last week. Experience went to prove that the children are more open to the spiritual side of the Christmas story when not excited by visions of what Santa Claus is about to bring them.

The first meeting of the new year was devoted to a backward and forward glance at the work of the year.

These reports were an interesting comment on what the children had gained by the middle of the year that would prepare them to take the next steps in their school work.

In some of the kindergartens the children have gained a clear conception of the principle of addition by a little play device used in counting the children on the morning circle. They are counted in tens, and tally is kept of each group of ten. The last group, when incomplete, represents the units. The children have learned, from having seen the number written on the board, that the figure representing the tens is placed in the left hand column, and that the figure standing for the incomplete ten, the units, is placed on the right hand, beside it. They have learned to direct the writing of the number, and in some cases are able themselves to make the figures.

Rochester, New York.

Study of Plays and Games. The members of the Kindergarten Association of Rochester, N. Y., are enjoying a course of study on Plays and Games, under the direction of Miss Mari Ruef Hofer, who is this year organizing the music of the public schools of Rochester. The work is proving most helpful in arousing a spirit of investigation in the field of games, and their adaptation to all stages of child development. In connection with the discussion of each topic, all members have had an opportunity of sharing in the active work of the program, as each topic has been in charge of a committee under the direction of leaders. The success of the meetings may be said to be due to this coöperation, while Miss Hofer's practical and scientific research inspires to a more thorough study and investigation of the play tendencies of the children.

The subjects of discussion are as follows: 1. Primitive Music, the realm of sound. 2. Simple Activities, beginning of play-instinct. 3. Representative and Symbolic Games, interpretation of life. 4. Rhythm, as means to freedom and control. 5. Fundamental Play Tendencies, games of skill, competition, athletics. 6. Folk Games, sources and traditions. 7. Playing of Folk Games. 8. Investigation of Street Games in our own School Neighborhoods. 9. Characteristic Folk Dances. 10. Résumé.

London, Ontario.

Exhibition of Plaster Casts. The London Froebel Society are to hold an exhibition and sale of Plaster Casts from February 22 to March 1. The casts are chiefly popular subjects by Renaissance and modern sculptors, including Donatello, Luca della Robbia, Giovanni da Bologna, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Barye, and others.

As there is no art gallery in the city, and no plaster shop, it is hoped that the novelty

and the beauty of the casts will attract a large attendance. In addition to the plaster reproductions there will be pictures of famous pieces of sculpture not to be had in plaster, and as pictures and casts will be named, with the sculptor's name and date, so far as known, it is hoped that some inspiration will be given for the study of a branch of art of which the citizens, as a rule, know very little.

The society is having a monthly lecture on the History of English Literature, by Principal Radcliffe of the Collegiate Institute, and they have begun the study of Dickens as an Educator by James L. Hughes.

The members are all looking forward to a course of lessons in brush work, etc., with Miss Caroline C. Cronise of the Chicago Kindergarten Institute, who will spend two weeks with the London kindergartners towards the end of May.

Washington, District of Columbia.

Celebration of McKinley's Birthday. At ten o'clock on the morning of January 29, 1902, the teachers and children of the Washington City Froebel Kindergarten Normal Institute gathered in their pleasant kindergarten room, taking their places on the circle. In the center of the circle, on the floor, stood a large vase of laurel, its shining green leaves in rich contrast with the softly descending snow of the outside landscape. Beside the vase was a pretty japanned box, which was to hold the love offerings of the children,— the silver ten cent pieces which each one had brought for McKinley Memorial Day.

First we said Good Morning to each other: then we said in unison,—

> "I thank Thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
> And for Thy care of me;
> Oh! let me through this day be blest,
> And kept from harm by Thee."

On asking "What day is this?" the response came from all, "McKinley's birthday." "Shall we frame his picture in black, or in white?" Unanimously, "In white." "Yes, because this is his first heavenly birthday,— he is not sad any more. Here is a calendar that tells us about every day; let us read what it says about to-day, January 29: —

"I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him and honor him." Psalm 91:15.

Miss Pollock then said, "Let us all rise now, and march in a circle around the laurel branches and each one put his shining ten cent piece in the box as we pass it. What shall we sing as we march?" "The Postman! The Postman!" came in chorus. "Why, certainly! for this offering of love is to go by mail directly to dear Mrs. McKinley, who knows all about this school and kindergarten, and teachers' training class, for she has had them all come to the White House to see her, and has given them flowers both at the time of the visit and on Froebel's birthday; and she knew and loved Mrs. Pollock."

Then came the marching and the dropping of the silver pieces into the japanned box, while the children sang their merry song of The Postman: —

> "Who 's that coming down the street,
> With jaunty cap and suit so neat?
> The postman 't is; and what has he?
> Maybe, letters for you and me."

As all took their seats again Miss Pollock said, "Who would like to see what is going to be done with this money at Canton, Ohio? We will all see!" Then the beautiful pictures of the World's Fair at Chicago were brought and one was given to every child to look at. The children understood and appreciated that money contributed by friends everywhere is to be used for building a noble memorial to Mr. McKinley. When they had looked at the beauty of the White City as depicted by John L. Stoddard, they were told that they might go to the tables and build with their blocks a memorial arch for the birthday. This they did, working enthusiastically and earnestly, until before each one arose his conception. One small man of four years made his arch by using all of the blocks of the Sixth Gift on the flat or plane,— "pictured it," as he said: while all the other children built theirs in an upright position.

It is worthy of mention that every child who was necessarily absent on account of the storm sent his offering by messenger or note,— mamma, nurse, and postman doing their part toward this. In conclusion, a thought from Longfellow's Hyperion was given to the training class: —

"We behold all round about us one vast union, in which no man can labor for himself without laboring at the same time for others."

CATHERINE R. NOERR.

HALF-DAY CLASSES.

Half-day classes in the lower grades of the public schools, made necessary in many cities by the lack of school accommodations, are working so well that many educators have suggested their continuance as a fixture of school policy. Among those taking this position is H. O. R. Siefert,

superintendent of schools in Milwaukee, and he is supported in the idea by F. M. Schulz, the health commissioner of the city. The plan is in accord with physiological and pedagogical principles, Mr. Schulz thinks. "I am firmly of the opinion," he said, "that small children cannot absorb knowledge for more than two or three hours a day. Their little brains are not capable of it. I believe it would be a good plan to have a graded scale of school hours, ranging from about two for the little children to six or eight for those in the highest grades. The conserving of the health of the children is more important than the development of their brains. A healthy child can learn much better than a sickly one. Children who are overworked when young fall behind their companions when they are older. It is impracticable to cultivate the mind at the expense of the body." There is no expectation, however, of an early adoption of the plan in Milwaukee. "Short hours for young children bring better results," the superintendent says, "but I do not believe it is practicable from a social point of view. The parents want their children kept in school, so that they will be kept off the streets. They believe it is the province of the teacher to take care of the children rather than to teach them."

HOME SAVING VERSUS "HOME FINDING."

"Child saving work has passed through various stages and has developed various methods, each of value in its place. Individual care in response to direct appeal is the most primitive and domestic method. Community care of helpless and abandoned waifs has long assumed the 'institutional' form, a method still necessary in case of the defective, crippled, helpless. 'Home finding' has become popular, and national family care has come to be regarded quite generally as the goal of endeavor. We readily admit that the best place for a homeless child is a good home, carefully selected, and supervised with jealous vigilance. But 'home finding' is patchwork. Out of a hundred thousand children in moral peril we can at most select only a few hundred for transportation to a new environment. Take out of a large city slum a regiment of wretched children and the slum remains; the vacant places are soon filled up. It is even a serious question whether the ease with which heartless parents can get rid of their offspring is not producing great evil and misery. Many of our wisest societies are moving in a new direction; they seek to save the home with the child and to redeem the environment itself. Friendly visiting and residence in settlements have directed thought toward playgrounds, vacation schools, public sanitation, and improved housing as essential means of redeeming whole districts from depressing and demoralizing tendencies. Most neglected children must remain where they are. No one measure is a panacea. The primary necessity is higher income for the family; but this will not come without higher standards of life, more intelligent coöperation of wage-earners, more refined wants, greater industrial efficiency through technical education and artistic developments. Not less money and labor is necessary for reformatories, asylums for defectives and home-finding agencies; but more social cooperation in the very complex and yet more hopeful task of raising the whole working class to a higher line of economics, and to the educational and moral plane where orphanage, desertion, and crime will become less frequent."—*Prof. Charles R. Henderson, Chicago University.*

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The educational forces of Minneapolis, as well as the citizens of that interesting metropolitan city, fully appreciate the honor of entertaining the National Educational Association next July, and are now fully organized for the work incident thereto.

All of the 863 instructors in the public schools of Minneapolis have already agreed to become members of the association, and the teachers in the university, as well as the private schools, seminaries, and business colleges of the city have signified their intention to become members at the time the association convenes.

The work of arranging for this convention, as for all other conventions that come to Minneapolis, is under executive charge of the convention and public entertainment committee of the Minneapolis Commercial Club, an organization composed of nearly one thousand of the business and professional men of the city.

This committee was appointed with the National Educational Association in view, as it contains the superintendent of schools, two members of the board of education, a representative from the University of Minnesota, and one from each of the larger seminaries of the city.

The convention committee will be as-

sisted by the following advisory committee: The board of education of Minneapolis, Thomas F. Quinby, M.D., president; Robert Pratt, N. F. Hawley, J. F. Force, W. K. Hicks, F. G. McMillan, and John A. Schlener; Cyrus Northrop, LL.D., president University of Minnesota; A. A. Ames, mayor; A. C. Paul, president Commercial Club; J. W. Olson, state superintendent of public instruction; James K. Hosmer, librarian Minneapolis Public Library; Emily B. Harrison, president Minneapolis Teachers' Club; David L. Kiehle, professor of pedagogy, University of Minnesota; George B. Aiton, state inspector of high schools; A. W. Rankin, state inspector of graded schools; Irwin Leviston, superintendent of schools of St. Paul; S. J. Race, president Minnesota Educational Association.

In addition to the above committees, special committees have been selected from the local members of the association, and from the teachers of the city to take charge of the various branches of the work incident to the convention. These committees have been chosen with special reference to their fitness for the work of the committee to which they have been assigned, and all are determined that the feature of the entertainment devolving upon them shall be successfully carried out.

Committees have also been selected to look after the special interests of the various departments of the N. E. A. These are designated department committees, the chairmen being: The national council, David L. Kiehle; kindergarten education, Miss Stella L. Wood; elementary, Miss M. Adelaide Holton; secondary, Edmund J. Vert; higher, Edmund Cyrus Northrop; normal schools, A. T. Ankeny; music, Miss Helen W. Trask; art education, Miss Bonnie E. Snow; business education, G. A. Gruman; manual training, J. E. Painter; child study, Harlow S. Gale; physical education, Mrs. Louise Preece; natural science, C. W. Hall; school administration, Dr. J. F. Force; library, Miss Gratia Countryman; education of deaf, blind, and feeble minded, Mrs. C. L. Place; Indian education, E. R. Johnstone.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION, BOSTON, APRIL 23 TO 25.

Please Note Date.

It is necessary for the committee to have an idea of the number of persons who contemplate attending the meetings of the International Kindergarten Union, to be held in Boston, April 23, 24, 25.

Kindly send names as soon as possible to Miss Gertrude L. Watson, Richardson Park, Dorchester, Mass., "Blake House."

A reduction has been granted by the railroads, namely, a fare and a third for the round trip. Circulars concerning board and transportation will be sent upon application to Miss Watson.

LALIAH B. PINGREE,
Chairman Local Committee, Boston.

Comprehensive plans for the relief of the overcrowding of the schools of Brooklyn have been agreed upon by Borough President Swanstrom and City Superintendent of Schools William H. Maxwell. Mr. Swanstrom has long held that it is of more importance that the children of the primary schools should be provided for before the children of the high schools. The largest overcrowding occurs mainly in the lowest grades in the primary schools. President Swanstrom purposes relieving this by the establishment of kindergartens. All children under six years of age will be compelled to attend the kindergartens before being admitted to the primary grades of the public schools. This will take a great number of children from the now overcrowded lower classes and place them in separate rooms in hired buildings.

At Ocala, Fla., mothers' meetings, which have been held for the past six years, began the work for this year in November. The program includes four meetings on Nature Study, one on Government (February 22), the remaining subjects to be chosen from the outlines of Mothers' Ideals as published

by Child Garden. The officers of the association are: President, Miss Sharpe; vice-president, Mrs. Jean Austin; recording secretary, Mrs. C. C. Todd; corresponding secretary, Mrs. D. W. Davis; librarian, Mrs. J. M. Benton. Miss Sharpe has a flourishing kindergarten and connecting class with thirty-three children enrolled.

A Froebel association has been organized at Colorado Springs, Col., with officers as follows: President, Miss Helen E. Smith; vice-president, Miss Myra Moore; secretary, Miss Katherine Greyson; treasurer, Miss Edith Knapp. Meetings will be held once a month and the following program has been outlined for this year's work: February — The Effect of Nervous Excitement on the Growth of Children: Mrs. Victor Falkeman, chairman. March Self-Reliance vs. Helplessness: Miss Solly, chairman. April — Arbitrary Punishment vs. Retributive Punishment: Misunderstood Children: Mrs. Coffin, chairman. May — The Religious Training of Children: Miss Matilda McAllister, chairman.

A free kindergarten was opened in the factory district at Rome, Ga., early in February with Miss Ryan of Decatur, Ala., in charge. This kindergarten is the result of the noble efforts of several women of the city. The board of directors has been organized and is as follows: Chairman, Mrs. H. Howel; Mrs. Seaborn Wright, Mrs. R. A. Denny, Mrs. B. T. Hayney, Mrs. Whitfield Huff, Mrs. R. P. Cox, Mrs. Sam Powers, Mrs. Burnett Norton, Mrs. M. B. McWilliams, Mrs. Walter Griffin, Miss Ryan, Miss Nan Flemming, Miss Ava Printup, Miss Loula Curry.

The officers of the Bradford, Pa., Free Kindergarten Association are: President, Mrs. E. N. Unruh; vice-president, Mrs. M. H. Houghton; treasurer, Mrs. H. G. Barcroft; secretary, Mrs. M. H. Byles.

The kindergartners of the Eleventh District school at Milwaukee, Wis., gave a novel entertainment at the schoolrooms recently for the purpose of raising funds to decorate the various rooms of the building. About two hundred and fifty attended, the admission fee being fifteen cents. Miss Alice Doyle and Miss Ada Steen had charge of the affair. Encouraged at the success the teachers will give other programs until they have raised enough money, and created enough interest among the people of the district to call out voluntary subscriptions.

The Pittsfield, Mass., Kindergarten Association is giving a series of four lectures. The second was given February 20, by Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York. The third of the series will be given March 6, when Jacob A. Riis will speak on Tony's Hardships. The last will be a stereopticon lecture on Northern Song Birds, Aquatic and Marsh Fowl, given April 10 by Charles D. Kellogg.

A kindergarten has been organized by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Eddystone, Pa., and is in charge of Miss Mabel Fulton.

The Free Kindergarten Association of Waco, Texas, which was organized about three months ago by a small band of devoted mothers, now numbers eighteen members. Mrs. W. C. Harmon is the presiding officer and Mrs. J. A. Miller is the secretary-treasurer. The object of this organization is to support a free kindergarten for as many children as possible until such time as public sentiment shall be sufficiently aroused that incorporation in the public school system shall be demanded. To carry out this plan subscription lists have been for some time in circulation. Mrs. Darst, the kindergartner, is assisted by Miss Wolcott and Miss Cummings.

A series of five lectures beginning the third week in February will be given at Norfolk, Va., by Miss Elizabeth Harrison of Chicago, under the auspices of the Norfolk Kindergarten Association.

The Armory street kindergarten, Springfield, Mass., has grown rapidly since it was started and now numbers thirty-three children. Monthly mothers' meetings are to be held at the kindergarten.

Miss Sarah L. Arnold, who has been appointed dean of Simmons College, Boston, has resigned her position as supervisor of the Boston public schools.

The Springfield, Ohio, Free Kindergarten Association has received subscriptions amounting to several hundred dollars and the prospects are encouraging for securing $1,000, the amount needed for the establishing of the kindergarten upon a solid basis. The kindergarten will not be opened until the full amount is received. The women on the soliciting committee have been instructed to secure subscriptions from the manufacturers and merchants for stipulated amounts so the association can have a business basis to work on.

During the recent meeting of the Missouri Teachers' State Association, which convened in Kansas City, an all day kindergarten was conducted for the benefit of

the visiting delegates. The board of education set aside a large room in the high school for the purpose, and furnished it with the equipment of one of the regular kindergartens. Miss Fannie Brent had charge of the morning session, and Miss Elizabeth Moss of the afternoon. Visitors were present from all parts of Missouri, and the primary teachers as well as others took great interest in the work of the children.

Miss Rosemary Baum, supervisor of kindergartens at Utica, N. Y., gave an interesting address at the first mothers' meeting held in Utica at the Liberty street kindergarten in the Liberty Street Church.

At the annual meeting of the Saginaw, Michigan, Free Kindergarten Association, the report given by the superintendent, Mrs. Emma Tatham, showed at present five free kindergartens, and one private, with an average daily attendance of eighteen for each branch.

At the annual meeting of the Froebel Club, at the South School kindergarten, Hartford, Ct., Miss Myrtie C. Calhoun was re-elected president, Miss Nash vice-president, Miss Hawkins corresponding secretary, Miss Wilkinson recording secretary, and Miss Cook treasurer.

An interesting and instructive talk to kindergartners and school teachers was given at the Hill Industrial School in Florence, Mass., January 18, by Mrs. M. B. B. Langzettel of New York city on the Science of Play and its Place in the Kindergarten. About seventy-five teachers were present, many coming from Greenfield, Amherst, Springfield, Holyoke, and Northampton. They were the guests of the Florence kindergartners and were received by Miss Margaret Smith, principal of the Lilly Library Kindergarten, and Miss Mae I. Smith, principal at the Hill Industrial School building. The talk was illustrated by games in which all the teachers took part, led by Mrs. Langzettel. After the game the company was invited to the rooms of the domestic science and arts department, where, through the kindness of the trustees, a dainty but substantial luncheon was provided.

At the January meeting of the Kraus Alumni Association, New York city, Mrs. Kraus spoke on An Ideal Educator, reviewing the life and experiences and educational methods of the great Diesterweg, in a sprightly and interesting address. Two delightful incidents of this meeting were the singing of a New Year Hymn by the class of 1902 (Kraus Seminary), who were the guests of the association, and a solo by Miss F. M. Kokler. At the close of the meeting it was voted that the association should send resolutions of sympathy to one of its members, Mrs. Mary F. Walton, who lost her only son in the New York Central accident; and also that resolutions be sent to relatives of Mrs. Harris, whose death occurred recently.

Two interesting courses of lectures have recently been given in Buffalo, N. Y., one series on Literature for Children by Miss Emma Gibbons and the other on Madonnas by Miss Edwina Spencer.

On account of the crowded condition of the kindergarten department of Cuba high school at Andover, N. Y., the board of education have been obliged to secure the old *Democratic Times* office on North Genesee street, and, after remodeling and repairing the building, have turned it into a kindergarten under two new kindergartners.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and, by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

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THE PERRY MAGAZINE.

$1.00 per Year. Monthly, except July and August. The pictures used as illustrations would cost more than the price of a subscription.

The Perry Pictures Co., Box 19, Malden, Mass.

Miss Irene Wilson is to have charge of the kindergarten opened in the new Garfield school recently dedicated at Des Moines, Ia. The Dorcas Society have donated $50 toward the establishment of a kindergarten to take the place of the free one moved to Garfield school.

Medical supervision in the public schools was first inaugurated in Boston, in 1894. New York adopted it a year or two later, and Chicago fell into the line last year. It has now been adopted in twenty-five cities, and more than that number have the question under consideration.

At Wallingford, Ct., Miss Claire Banks, kindergartner in the Colony street school, will succeed Miss Lula Bartholomew as kindergartner at the Cottage school.

The Morristown, N. J., Free Kindergarten Association have elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Wynant Vanderpool; vice-presidents, Mrs. W. M. Hughes, Mrs. T. W. Cauldwell, Mrs. Fayette Smith; secretary, Miss Frances Coursen; treasurer, Dr. F. W. Owen; assistant treasurer, Miss Anna Shaw.

A conference of parents and teachers was held at Montclair, N. J., February 8, with an attractive program of addresses and music. The principal addresses of the morning session were given by Mrs. Jeanne Newell Barrett of Albany, N. Y., on The Child's First Music, and Mrs. Marion B. B. Langzettel of New York city, on The Spirit of the Kindergarten in the Home. The afternoon session included an address, What is the Sunday School Planning for Children under Nine? by Miss Josephine L. Baldwin of Newark, N. J., primary superintendent of New Jersey State Sunday School Association, and a Round Table, How can the Work of the Sunday School Primary Department be Improved? conducted by Miss Baldwin. At the evening session an address was given by Professor Earl Barnes on The Child's Attitude Toward Punishment.

The program of the Springfield, Mass., Kindergarten Club for this year is an unusually interesting one. A series of talks on Story-Telling by Miss Frances Newton of Chicago Institute has just been concluded. Her subjects were: The Function of the Kindergarten Story, Art in the Kindergarten Story, The Requirements of a Good Story-Teller, How to Acquire the Art of Story-Telling, and Stories and Story Sources. Another series of talks has been begun by Professor Will S. Monroe on the following subjects: February 19, Acquisition of Language; March 5, Expressions

through Drawing; March 19, Some Motor Disturbances in Childhood; April 2, Physical Conditions of Mental Work, and April 16, Child Study Results Applied to Pedagogy. The officers of the club are: President, Miss Carolyn S. Bailey; vice-president, Miss May L. Price; secretary, Miss Clara M. Lewis; treasurer, Miss Edith Donald; auditor, Miss Lottie M. Reed. Three lessons in basket weaving given to the club by Miss Lee of the Pynchon Kindergarten have proved of much interest and value. This class also included many of the primary teachers.

Miss Rachel King, formerly connected with kindergarten work in New Haven, Ct., has been spending some time in Paris, and is now in London. She has visited the Froebel Educational Institute at West Kensington and has come in touch with several kindergartners.

The Chicago Board of Education have adopted by unanimous vote of the eighteen members the report of the finance committee, which provides for a reduction of $1,118,697, as compared with the expenditures of last year, for educational purposes. In order to bring about this reduction, the salaries of many of the teachers and school officers will be cut; German will be dropped as a regular study in the schools and reestablished as a special department; drawing, singing, domestic science, and so-called "fads" will be greatly reduced; and it is said that kindergartens will be closed next June, saving an annual expenditure of $100,000.

At a meeting of the New Haven, Ct., Free Kindergarten Association, January 30, the following officers were elected for the year: President, Miss Emily Whitney; vice-presidents, Mrs. O. G. Ramsay, Mrs. Max Adler; secretary, Miss Ellen Lincoln Merrill; treasurer, David A. Alden, cashier of the Merchants Bank; executive committee, Mrs. A. D. Gridley, Mrs. Walter Camp, Miss Leighton, Miss Jessie Scranton, Mrs. H. B. Larned.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Miss Mary C. McCulloch's service in the kindergartens of St. Louis, Mo., was celebrated, at the Crow school, January 28, in a pleasant manner. Many kindergartners were present. A gold watch, valued at $150, and funds sufficient for a trip to the International Kindergarten Convention, which meets in Boston April 23 to 25, was presented to Miss McCulloch.

Professor Earl Barnes is to be one of the speakers at the Parents' Conference in the I. K. U. Convention, held at Boston, April 23 to 25.

In order that its influence may be as far-reaching as possible, the Philadelphia Mothers' Club has decided to hold a number of its usual afternoon meetings in the evening, opening them to the public. The third of this series of evening meetings was held January 21, in the lecture room of the Girls' Normal School. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins (Stetson) Gillman, the author and lecturer, gave an address on the subject of Obedience.

At a meeting of the school committee of Pittsfield, Mass., a motion that $1,000 be appropriated for a free kindergarten was passed.

In addition to the many other good things which *McClure's* brings to its readers this year is a series of essays on The Greatest of the Old Masters by John La Farge, an artist himself, as well as an interesting writer. The illustrations will be reproductions of great pictures and great pains will be taken to make these as perfect as possible. If the article on Raphael in the February number is typical of those to come a rare treat is promised. The next of the series will be on Rembrandt and will appear in the April number.

The *Chautauquan Magazine* for this year contains several series of articles of unusual interest in connection with the Chautauqua reading course, which includes the study of Italy and Germany. In addition to these required readings there are departments for Housewives, Junior Naturalist Clubs, and Current Events as well as many other interesting articles.

Good Housekeeping for February has a suggestive article on Children Despoiled of Childhood's Joys, by Gertrude Sherman Trowbridge. There are always home departments for the mother and stories for the children.

The February *American Boy* (Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.) comes to us suggestive of winter in its front cover illustration of boys coasting. The stories in this number will prove highly interesting to a live boy, and will not prove uninteresting to grown folks.

The Era is always full of interesting news about books and writers and reviews of many of the latest productions. The February number announces "The Story of Marie Antoinette" to be given in monthly installments beginning with April.

by the barred window in the room of her godfather, the turnkey, with a wondering look up at the sky.

"Thinking of the fields," the turnkey said once, "ain't you?"

"Where are they?" she inquired.

"Why, they're over there, my dear, just about there."

"Does anybody open them and shut them? Are they locked?" she questioned, doubtful if there might be any spot in the world not surrounded by high walls with spikes at top.

"Well, not in general," said the turnkey in a discomfited way. "It's prime to be there, though; there's flowers in the fields,—buttercups and daisies, and,"— running rather short of floral nomenclature, "dandelions and all manner of games."

This was the origin of a series of Sunday excursions that these two curious companions made together, issuing from the Lodge on alternate Sunday afternoons, bound for meadows or green lanes where the child picked grass and flowers and the turnkey smoked his pipe.

But with babyhood even these simple pleasures were relinquished, for the weight of the household lay upon this one pair of fragile shoulders, and the brother and the sister, older than she but far more helpless, were to be made self-supporting and launched in life, while night and day she comforted her father's wasted heart upon her innocent breast.

Loving Little Dorrit, refusing to live outside the grimy jail when she had grown to womanhood, but lodging at the turnkey's to be near her father; poor Little Dorrit, on whom years of insufficient food had left their mark, who had "never been at a party in her life," and who "knew no more of the ways of theaters than of gold-mines!"

Do you remember her self-imposed charge,—Maggy of the flapping white caps, Maggy who had had a bad fever when ten years old and never from that day grown any older or any wiser, and who had cast all her care upon her "Little Mother" since first she came from the hospital?

"Little Mother and Little Dorrit," said Maggy with a chuckle of satisfaction, "they're the same, just the same."

Do you recall those weary hours when, shut out from the Marshalsea, the two sat the long night through in the chill dark before the prison gates, and when the Little Mother held the heavy head of her big child upon her bosom and soothed her to sleep? She had "pretended" to her father, the better to find time to render thankful homage for a service done him, that she was spending the evening at a party; but she confessed, innocent creature, that she "could never have been of any use if she had not pretended a little sometimes."

Little Dorrit's party; "the shame, desertion, wretchedness and exposure of the great capital; the wet, the cold, the slow hours and the swift clouds of the dismal night;—this was the festival from which she came home jaded in the first gray mist of a rainy morning."

The children were always with this Daughter of the Marshalsea wherever

she went,—the ragged miserable waifs of the outside world who haunted the arches of Covent Garden, and the prison babies who played at hide and seek in the walled yard and made the iron bars of the inner gateway "Home." For them she used her faculty of "pretending," and told them wonderful tales of Kings and Princesses,—God knows where she found the straw to make the bricks,—stories which even dull Maggy characterized with a smack of the lips as "'evingly!"

Dear story-teller, the years have come and gone since Dickens painted your portrait for us; the poor debtors' law under which your father suffered is abolished; the Marshalsea has fallen, and on its site a new park, called "Little Dorrit's Playground," has been opened in this twentieth century and in the January just past.

The years have come and gone, but still your mignonette-like presence breathes its fragrance through the book in which your story lies enshrined, a fragrance as pure and sweet as on the day when first the blossom of your life peeped out.

THE EARTH AND MAN.

By Stopford A. Brooke.

A little sun, a little rain,
  A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
  And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
  So quick with love and life her frame:
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
  And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
  A soft impulse, a sudden dream,—
And life as dry as desert dust
  Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
  So ready for new hope and joy:
Ten thousand years since it began
  Have left it younger than a boy.

—*Selected.*

A FEW SIGHT-SEEING RAMBLES IN BOSTON.

By Laura E. Poulsson.

Come, seek the air; some pictures we may gain
Whose passing shadows shall not be in vain.
—*O. W. Holmes.*

AMONG the I. K. U. visitors who come to Boston this April, there will be many to whom its present-day aspect and its old landmarks are well known through previous visits; but may we not hope that some will travel hither—a youthful few, perhaps—to whom the sights of Boston Town are fresh and wonderful, and who, in their short stay (which we wish might be longer), will find cause to exclaim, with a bound of the heart:—

"Oh! but it 's fine to see each day
Some new thing of renown!"

It is to these eager persons, frankly unlearned or only casually instructed in Boston lore, that address is now made. Here is one would be your cicerone. Shall we take a few rambles, as time allows, I chatting as we go?

Let us meet first at the corner of Park and Tremont Streets. Ah! here come some of you from the Subway. I hope it was not crowded; our "Subway manners" might not then impress a stranger well! But the Subway is quite a blessing, especially to this immediate region. See how unobstructed Tremont Street is! It used to be a Bedlam of jangling cars and other vehicles, where one risked life and limb in every attempt to cross.

This corner where Park Street Church stands is Brimstone Corner, thus dubbed aforetime from the fiery doctrine preached within the church's walls. With the sun lying on it and the wind quiet, it seems a peaceful enough place; but it is in reality a sporting ground of the elements. The joking wish of "Tom" Appleton, that a shorn lamb might be tethered there for the tempering of the wind, is so old that I blush to mention it; but it may be "so old that it is new again," and perhaps the younger ones among you may not have heard it.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells a story about meeting Miss Elizabeth Peabody near here once in a driving snowstorm. The wind roared, the snowflakes whirled fiercely in every direction, and walking was so difficult on account of the deep drifts that only the boldest pedestrians were out. As Colonel Higginson was making his way laboriously along Tremont Street, he saw dimly in the middle of the road, a floundering, petticoated figure. Thinking to help a distressed fellow-creature, he set forth in her direction, and, stepping high with his long legs, managed to reach the stranded lady. At the sound of his voice, Miss Peabody lifted a

beaming, untroubled face; and, as if renewing at once the conversation they had last held, said: "Oh! Colonel Higginson, I was just thinking * *" and then went off into a long exposition of some philosophical point. There she stood, regardless of wind and weather, blue eyes lit with thought, cheeks rosy, and conversation flowing. Great were the efforts of the rescuing knight in convoying her to the sidewalk. The humor of the situation warmed him, as her ardor of mind did her. What, to Miss Peabody, were raging elements and bodily discomfort that they should hinder the soaring of a lofty thought?

Park Street Church,

"The giant, standing by the elm-clad green
His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,"

Old Granary Gateway.

occupies ground formerly covered by the old Town Granary, from which the adjoining "Old Granary Burying Ground" takes its name. This burying ground contains the remains of more distinguished personages than any other in the city. The most prominent monument is that of Benjamin Franklin's parents. Its inscription was composed by Franklin. During a recent great meeting of Christian Endeavor societies in Boston, little boys drove quite a thriving business selling crayons and sheets of brown paper to the visitors. With these, "rub-offs" were taken of some of the quaint inscriptions, to be carried home as *memorabilia*. Part of the Franklin inscription reads:—

Josiah Franklin and Abiah his wife lie here interred.

They lived lovingly together in wedlock fifty-five years; and without an estate or any gainful employment, by constant labour and honest industry, maintained a large family comfortably, and brought up thirteen children and seven grandchildren respectably. From this instance, reader, be encouraged to diligence in thy calling, and distrust not Providence.

"The reversed torches on the granite gateway of the Old Granary Burying Ground are now quenched in green ivy, but through the high iron fence one can see the Franklin monument rising in pyramidal simplicity among the tree trunks; and above the slate stones of early Bay State governors * * * looms the mass of the Athenæum, convenient place for ghosts to walk, as no doubt Hawthorne thought when he wrote his tale of the apparition within its hushed walls." This tale, The Ghost of Dr. Harris, really refers to the old Athenæum building, then on Pearl Street. The

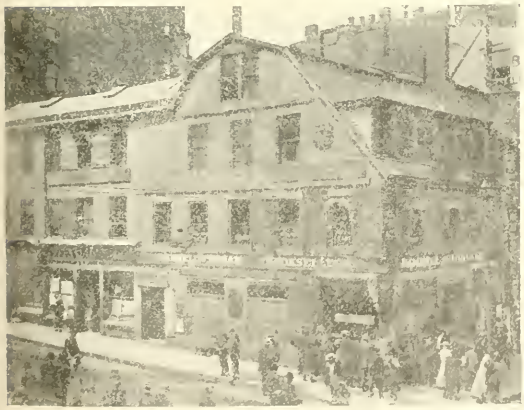
Athenæum, library and art gallery of the old Bostonian, still furnishes reading for the select few, its shareholders and subscribers, and has some advantages over the Public Library for students and investigators. It is to move again in a few years, this time to establish itself on the corner of Arlington and Newbury Streets, opposite the Public Garden.

And now shall we walk on to the corner of Tremont and School Streets, a stone's throw,—where stands King's Chapel "with its frustrated spire, dark relic of an earlier century"? This is one of the most cherished landmarks of old Boston,—an aristocratic as well as hallowed shrine. A pioneer Episcopalian church, it later became the first Unitarian church of the city. The original building was erected in 1688, and the present one, begun in 1749, was built outside of the first, without interruption of services except for a short time. Funds came in slowly for the building; the spire was never completed, and to finish the portico (forty years after the laying of the corner stone!) an oratorio was given, at which George Washington was present. "The General was dressed in a black velvet suit, and gave five guineas." During the siege of Boston this was the chosen place of worship for the British officers. The interior, with its square pews and quiet dignity, makes one fancy himself in an old-fashioned city church in England.

The King's Chapel Burying Ground is the oldest of Boston's cemeteries, having been begun soon after the settlement of the town in 1630. The Old Granary and Copp's Hill, both opened in 1660, rank next in age; while that in the Common was not established until 1745. With the exception of Copp's Hill, these places are not kept open to the general public,—partly for the reason that the ground, honey-combed with tombs, could not bear much tramping over, partly for economy, and partly, perhaps, for the safer preservation of the ancient stones;—but admission for individuals or parties may be gained at suitable hours by applying at Room 76, City Hall. During our I. K. U. convention, however, we are so courteously served by the city as to have an attendant stationed at the Old Granary and King's Chapel Burying Grounds to let us in and show us about. If we should find the gates shut at Copp's Hill, the key may be obtained from Mr. Barry, 2 Marshall Place, who is an assistant to the caretaker and whose dwelling is very near.

Back of King's Chapel is the City Hall, in front of which is a very interesting bronze statue of Franklin, who lived only a few paces beyond. This has been said to be one of our few portrait statues that look well out of doors. It is satisfactory and wears well, says a writer in the *New England Magazine*, and "is in no respect ridiculous and offensive." "It shows Franklin in his habit as he lived, * * * apparently walking along in thoughtful mood, as he must have walked down School Street hundreds of times." The bas-relief on the front of the base represents Franklin as a youth in his brother's printing office. At the left is his hand press,

still in existence. "Type cases, forms, copy, and other objects to be seen in a printing office are shown. Franklin's youthful figure is charming in its innocence and candor. His brother is engaged in locking up a form." The bas-relief at the back represents the experiment carried on with the kite and key by Franklin, the discovery of the electrical character of lightning. "This is also a delightful picture in bronze. The shed, with the two figures in the foreground, and the distance at the left with the two horses in a pasture, the trees, fences, and the chain-lightning against the cloud overhead, are all executed with loving care, and form interesting details to study." The statue and these two reliefs are by Richard S. Greenough, the other two reliefs, representing negotiations for the Treaty of Paris, and the Declaration of Independence (after Trumbull's picture), are by Thomas Ball.



Old Corner Book Store.

Going down School Street to Washington we come to the Old Corner Book Store, where the great writers of a generation and more ago used to gather, to leaf over the new books and enjoy sociable chats. Is n't it a cozy little place outside and in? Stand and look back at it a moment as we wend our way, just a few steps, over to the Old South Meeting House at the corner of Washington and Milk Streets.

In the heart of Boston town
Stands the church of old renown,

From whose walls the impulse went
Which set free a continent:

From whose pulpit's oracle
Prophecies of freedom fell;

And whose steeple-rocking din
Rang the nation's birthday in!

Down in this crowded thoroughfare, this gray old pile is a picturesque haven of coolness in the summer time when the vines are in full leaf. It is kept "for remembrance," and contains a valuable collection of historical objects which are on exhibition, the admission fee being twenty-five cents. When the Old South Society removed to its fine new edifice on Copley Square, the demolition of their deserted home seemed imminent, and great was the cry raised by patriotic citizens. Destroy the Old South Meeting House?—"the scene of some of the greatest crises guided by some of the foremost men in the city of Boston?" We remember that the Old South was the place where the rebellion against the tea tax culminated; that from these doors the "Indians" rushed to the ships and threw the tea overboard; that here, in 1775, the British drilled their cavalry, preparing the place for such use by taking up the floors and tearing

out pulpit and pews. The destruction of this story-enriched building —historically precious on many accounts unmentioned here—could not possibly be allowed; and so the Old South Preservation Society was formed, with Mrs. Mary E. Hemenway as one of its generous and energetic promoters, and the fine old memorial was saved for the country. Our admission fees are mites given toward its maintenance.

So long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay-tides rise and fall,
Shall freedom stand in the Old South Church
And plead for the rights of all!

Underneath the church is the second-hand bookstore which has been there for generations, and where almost anything in the way of old books and old prints may be happened upon. Only a few years ago, the customer who wished to prowl around in the darkly winding ways among the crowded books was provided with a candle and allowed to wander and peer as he liked. But now, alackaday! a clerk mouses along before you in the dim, gas-lit alleyways of books, and turns up the safer and more convenient gas jet. Even the Old South's subterranean bookstore feels the movement of the world eventually!

Turning back on our way and proceeding past the various newspaper buildings, we come to the Old State House, only a couple of blocks distant. The city keeps this in careful preservation and the public is admitted to the upper halls free. The rent of rooms on the first floor brings in a good income, and makes this one of the few historic memorials that more than pays its own expenses. The relics of all sorts in the exhibition rooms are well worth seeing, and the building itself calls for close attention. In the restorations that have been made care has been taken to reproduce the old interior as well as exterior, and the architecture of the colonial period is faithfully shown in every detail.

On a building in the neighborhood back of the State House, we find a tablet commemorative of those who fell in the Boston Massacre, for here is where it occurred. Striking then through Exchange or Devonshire Street, only one block, we come to Dock Square, whence we get a good view of Faneuil Hall, a few rods away.

Except for Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, has probably a greater historical interest than any other building in the country. The original edifice, built like the present one as a market below and with a large hall above, was destroyed by fire in 1761. The first great gathering held in the hall after its completion was in eulogy of Peter Faneuil, the owner, who had just died and whose grave is in the Old Granary Burying Ground. The present building had for its architect Charles Bulfinch, to whom Boston owes its domed State House on Beacon Hill. Faneuil Hall's gilded grasshopper vane was chosen in imitation of the vane on the pinnacle of the Royal Exchange in London. Seeking entrance to the hall by an inconspicuous doorway and wooden stair at the back, we find our-

selves in a place sacred to every American heart, a place whose rafters have rung with the daring eloquence of Revolutionary and anti-slavery heroes, and whose walls have been lashed with the noblest surgings of public spirit. The hall is very impressive in its simplicity, with the great picture, over the platform, of Daniel Webster addressing the Senate in his reply to Hayne, and the portraits of eminent men of earlier days hung around the walls. The use of Faneuil Hall cannot be had for hire; but on request of a number of citizens, permission to hold meetings may be obtained from the proper authorities.

Here are two verses from Whittier's stirring call for a meeting in this hall of freedom:—

"Men! if manhood still ye claim,
If the Northern pulse can thrill,
Roused by wrong or stung by shame,
Freely, strongly still;
Let the sounds of traffic die!
Shut the mill-gate, leave the stall,
Fling the axe and hammer by!
Throng to Faneuil Hall.

"Up, and tread beneath your feet
Every cord by party spun;
Let your hearts together beat
As the heart of one.
Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,
Let them rise or let them fall;
Freedom asks your common aid,—
Up, to Faneuil Hall!"

Of all the "Old Landmarks" that now remain, as enumerated by Edwin M. Bacon, a student of Old Boston and writer of interesting books on the subject, we have now seen all except Christ Church farther down in the North End, and a dozen or so old private houses. The trip to this church, or the Old North Church, as it is sometimes inexactly called, is better undertaken by itself. Either from Faneuil Hall or from the Subway at Scollay Square, we would take a surface car down Hanover Street to North Bennett Street, then by walking a block on North Bennett to Salem Street and rounding the corner to the right, would come upon the church. This is part of the Italian quarter of the North End, and the educational work that is done in this region, in the schools, is wonderful in its power to make not only the Italians but all the mixture of foreigners swarming here into good American citizens. The public school does much, but it is admirably helped by private and corporate educational philanthropy.

Christ Church, as far as the building itself is concerned, is the oldest church standing in the city. The corner stone was laid in 1723.

"Its old-fashioned pulpit and pews have suffered no material change; its present organ, though not the same one that was imported from London in 1756, is enclosed in the original antique case; the figures of the cherubim in front of the organ, and the chandeliers, are the much-prized possessions taken from a French vessel by the privateer 'Queen of Hungary' in 1746, and presented to the church by Capt. Grushea; its Bible, prayer-books and silver communion service, given to it by King George the Second in 1733 and bearing the royal arms, are still in use; and the chime of bells, brought from England in 1744, still sound their melodious tones. A tablet on the front part of the church, placed there in 1878, bears this inscription:—

"The signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed in the steeple of this church, April 18, 1775, warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord."

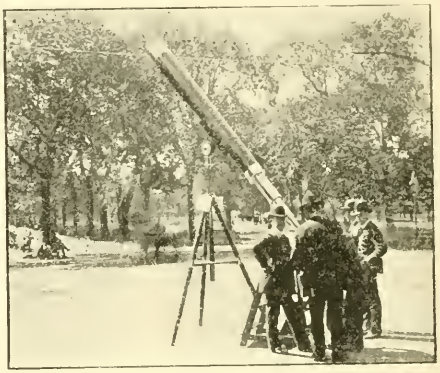
Copp's Hill cemetery is right at hand and surely ought to be seen. In the summer it is kept open every day and has long been the playground of the children of the vicinity. It is decorously used under the charge of a custodian who has done much toward the children's outdoor training. Near Copp's Hill are the shrubby terraces, planned and kept in order by the Park Commission; and also the Recreation Pier provided by the city.

And now, how shall we get home? From this region, go back and take the Hanover Street car to Scollay Square; from Faneuil Hall walk up to Scollay Square; there the Subway will probably provide a car taking you in whatever direction you want to go. At any rate, it will provide scores of them to transport you to Copley Square, where you doubtless find yourselves already quite familiar, as the I. K. U. meetings are in its close vicinity.

Let us start again, on another day, from Park Street Church, and make a less arduous tour, going around by the State House and through the Public Garden, and projecting a further ramble down Commonwealth Avenue for those who wish to take it.

Around the Green, in morning light
The spired and palaced summits blaze,
And, sun-like, from her Beacon-height
The dome-crowned city spreads her rays.
—*O. W. Holmes.*

Here we are again. Welcome, my youthful few! But before we start up the hill there is still some looking about to be done near the corner here. "What is that church across the way?" That is St. Paul's, an Episcopal church, of which Phillips Brooks said once: "This Grecian temple seemed, to the men who built it, to be a triumph of architectural beauty and of fitness for the church's service."



THE GALILEO OF THE MALL.

"And the telescope on the green?" O yes! That has long been a feature of the Common. On the Tremont Street Mall, where before the Subway was built a fine row of majestic elms gave their shade, "until about the year 1883, the children found much delight in the venerable Punch and Judy show, the *camera obscura,* and other time-worn attractions. Country folk were drawn to experiment with the weighing and lifting machines and the lung-testers, and to look into the telescope o' nights. Now only the telescope-man, whom Oliver Wendell Holmes dubbed the 'Galileo of the Mall,' remains." The astronomer of the Common in Dr. Holmes' day has passed away. He was quite a character and interested all sorts of

people. Professional and scientific men of Boston and Cambridge used to stop for a look through his telescope and for a chat with him; students were his lavish patrons, and it was a matter of pride with him that mechanics and other working men in goodly numbers would stop morning or evening on their way to or from work for a few moments' look at the sky through his glass. He made a point of taking no money from children, deeming that he was only doing his part toward their education by interesting them as far as he could in the wonders of the heavenly creation.

This stony foreground where the telescope stands is barren of beauty, but are not the diverging walks delightful as you look through them into the arched and greening distances? Trees, grass, and the Frog Pond,—how simple it all is! And yet, in the very beginning, the Boston heart gravitated toward this beautiful plot of ground, and the wisdom of the city forefathers made its possession by the public sure. The title has quadruple sanction. First, the land was held by royal grant from England. Second, it was bought from the Indians through the Chief Sachem, Chickatabut, and with the advice of his council. Third, it was purchased from William Blackstone, the first settler of Shawmut, each man paying Blackstone six shillings at least, and some paying much more. Fourth, a ratification of the purchase from the Indians was obtained from Chickatabut's grandson. So it is no wonder that the people feel as if they had a strong hold upon the Common, and rebel at every attempt made to cut off the least of its surface.

Instead of going through the Common now, however, let us saunter up Park Street. Seeing another bookstore in a church basement, like this very pleasant one of Clarke's under the Park Street Church, may give you the impression that most of Boston's bookstores are under churches; but you have now seen the only two that are, and they are both excellent examples of the old and new. But go a few steps farther and you will find open to you Boston's newest bookselling venture established by one of its oldest and most literary firms. For many years the firm, whose name is familiar to this generation as Houghton, Mifflin and Co., has occupied the upper stories of the Quincy mansion, having there the editorial rooms of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the Boston offices of its huge publishing plant in Cambridge. This year Mr. Mifflin, now the senior partner of the firm, has carried out a genial idea in opening a book parlor or library on the street floor. Visitors are cordially welcomed, and a more tasteful and comfortable place in which to look over and buy books, and to get chance glimpses of some of Boston's literary people, could hardly be found. How bright and rich the books look in the handsome black cases all around the wall! How comfortable is the open grate fire on a chilly day, and how cozy the high-backed black settles, with seats cushioned in soft red! Above the book shelves is a band of lovely green reaching to the ceiling, and against

it are placed old prints and portraits of authors,—not too many of them; and in the middle of the room, but leaving plenty of space around it, is a massive black table, on which are scattered new books or books called into special demand by the course of current events. But do you wish to see some of the most expensive and handsome of this firm's publications? Then step into one of these smaller rooms adjoining. Here the woodwork is all in white and the books are behind glass doors; naturally they could not be subjected quite so freely to the customer's handling as in the larger room, where one can stroll at ease along the shelves and take down whatever book he likes, to peep in.

Leaving this tempting tarrying spot, we pass on up the street. The houses are mostly the stately residences of a generation ago turned into shops of a quiet sort. The Union Club house was the Abbott Lawrence mansion. At the top of the street on the corner is a cluster of business houses transformed from what was originally one house of extravagant size, called "Amory's folly." When abandoned by the Amory family, it was kept for some time as a fashionable boarding house. When Lafayette visited Boston, the governor engaged the whole house, entertaining Lafayette there and making it the scene of all the great festivities. Malbone, the painter whose miniatures have preserved the likenesses of many Bostonian great-grandmothers, had his studio here. The house was first divided into two and then into four houses. The lower one on the Park Street side was long the home of George Ticknor, the distinguished historian of Spanish literature and a great benefactor of the Public Library.

Across the way on the opposite corner of Beacon Street is the handsome Unitarian Building, and around the corner from where we stand is the fine new Congregational House. But the yellow State House has been glowing upon us all this time, and has warmed our desire to gaze upon it and then enter. As you look up at this House of the People, picture to yourself the scene which took place here at midnight on the opening of the twentieth century. Around the dome gleamed circles of electric light, symbolic of great discoveries bequeathed by the old century to the new; in the arched gallery were a multitude of trained singers, and musicians with far-carrying instruments; Edward Everett Hale with other most honorable citizens were at the front of the assembly to lead in the majestic service. Down below, packing the Common and overflowing all the streets, a mighty throng of people gathered from far and near. As the stroke of midnight ceased, forth into the night sounded the silvery blasts of the trumpets, announcing the new era; a glorious passage from the Bible lifted the spirit of the great company in the worship of the God of the Universe, to whose starry sky their eyes were raised; Judge Sewall's poem, written to usher in the previous century, was read; and at the close of the exercises, all joined in the resounding pæan:—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Can you imagine a more impressive ushering in of the new century?

The State House was built on a pasture which belonged to Governor Hancock, whose beautiful estate lay just below it on Beacon Street. Charles Bulfinch was practically the architect, although others worked on the commission also. When the corner stone was to be laid, it was drawn up the hill in gala fashion by fifteen white horses,—the number of states in the Union at that time (1795). In the Doric Hall is Chantry's Statue of Washington. In the beautiful circular hall beyond are the scarred and torn battle flags of Massachusetts, brought here after the civil war. Beyond still is the grand staircase and the painting of Otis delivering his great speech against the Writs of Assistance. Free admission to the cupola may be obtained, except during the few hours when the legislature is in session, by application to the watchman or doorkeeper. The view from the cupola gives a clear idea of the position of the city. No better can be obtained anywhere.

Bostonians are congratulating themselves on the open space secured at the side of the State House. It will soon be a pleasant little park. To get an idea of the extensive addition which has been made to the original building during recent years, one can walk along this open space for a short distance. A very good general effect has been achieved.

The statues in front of the State House represent Governor Andrew and Horace Mann.

On the Common, facing the State House, is the Robert Gould Shaw Memorial, an alto-relief by Augustus St. Gaudens. The architect of Trinity Church, H. H. Richardson, Shaw's classmate, coöperated with St. Gaudens with regard to the setting for the sculpture. Colonel Shaw commanded the 54th Massachusetts regiment, the first colored regiment in a free state. He was killed at the assault on Fort Wagner, while heroically leading, and was buried in the trench with the black men who fell with him. The subscription for the monument was started by Charles Sumner, Samuel G. Howe, Henry Lee, Governor Andrew, and a colored man, J. B. Smith.

Before we have gone many steps down Beacon Street on the side opposite the Common, we come to a tablet set in the iron fence in front of a handsome brownstone mansion. This tablet tells that here was the site of the old Governor Hancock House. Drake, in "Old Landmarks," most charmingly describes this dignified, beautiful old place. I can only give you a short quotation: "Its stately apartments, pleasant gardens, and splendid prospect across the Common to the water and far down the Harbor, made it a most suitable place for the governor's residence and for the entertainment of illustrious guests. But after Governor Hancock died, the house fell slowly to decay; the stables lay empty and the disappeared; the flowers vanished and only a few majestic trees and clumps of pleasant shrubbery remained; and the estate was shorn of its fine proportions. Governor Banks, in 1860, urged upon the State the pro-

priety of purchasing the place, then offered for sale by the Hancock heirs; but the plan failed of success. For a while the venerable house was occupied as a museum of Revolutionary relics and curiosities; then it was razed to the ground. * * * There was a great hue and cry over its removal. The act was denounced in some of the newspapers as iconoclasm, and posters were displayed calling upon the citizens to prevent the outrage. But the protests were of no avail. So soon, however, as the unique dwelling, so rich in historical associations, had fairly disappeared, many citizens of influence who were indifferent to the movement for its retention, began to regret its demolition, and their regret is all the more keen as time goes on."

Perhaps it was the lesson taught by the destruction of the Hancock House that saved the Old South Church.

The "lofty brownstone front," which has succeeded the Hancock House, was built by Gardiner Brewer, who could look out from his elevated windows over the Common as if it were his front yard. He presented the city with the Brewer fountain for the ornamentation of this part of the Common, but it is so seldom supplied with water that a sarcastic writer speaks of the four Seasons represented upon it as "the four seasons of severe drought."

How would you like to go within the house and rest awhile and see the view for yourself? That is easily done, for it is now in the hands of Ginn and Company, and they have said very cordially that they would welcome I. K. U. visitors with pleasure. On the first floor, in the former library, is a table with books upon it, a desk or two where you may write a note, and bookcases with wood carvings designating the subjects of the books within,—music, art, architecture, science, and so forth. Desks are in all the rooms and even in the halls, and quiet as the place is you feel that you are in a hive of industry.

Not many paces down the hill we come to Joy Street, and here we make our choice as to the way of getting to the Public Garden. Shall we saunter across the Common for the sake of skirting the Frog Pond and of traversing a part of "the long walk" made memorable by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"? (The long walk extends from Joy Street to the corner of Boylston and Tremont.) Or shall we continue down "the sunny street that holds the sifted few" as far as Charles Street, where we find an entrance to the Public Garden, and where the "made land," the Back Bay district, begins? If we choose the latter way, we shall pass (on the lower corner of Walnut Street) the first brick house built on Beacon Street. It was erected by John Phillips, first mayor of Boston and father of Wendell Phillips. The wide, gray granite house a few doors farther down, with its two "swell fronts" and the luxuriant growth of ampelopsis, is now the home of the Somerset Club (formerly the Sears mansion). It is built on what was the estate of the artist, J. Singleton Copley, who had a charming house and grounds, spacious stables, and a beautiful view over the Common. The broad double house just below the Somerset Club house was originally built by Harrison Gray Otis.

Number fifty-five Beacon Street

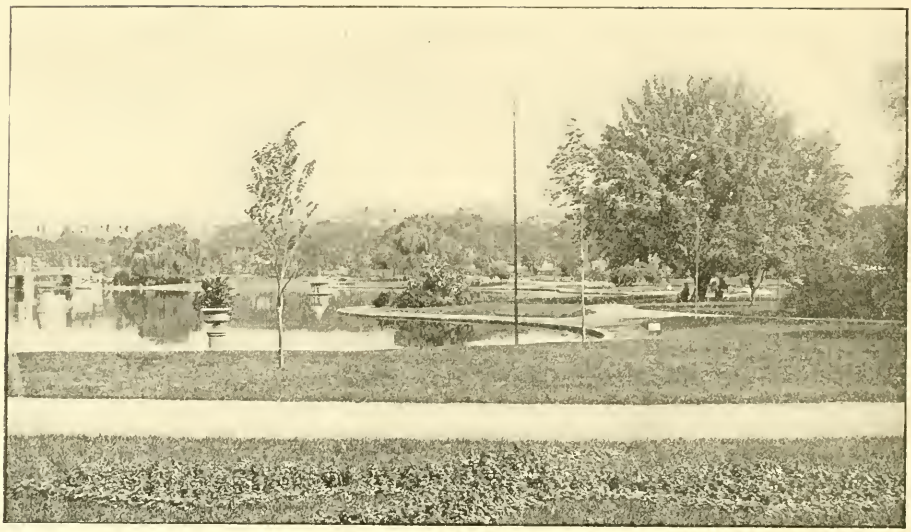
was the home of the historian, William H. Prescott, during the last years of his life.

"The pleasant sunny exterior was a worthy prelude to the beautiful appointments of the interior as the historian had fitted it up on his removal hither. The spacious library, crowded to the ceiling with volumes in elegant bindings, many of them of almost incalculable value; manuscript copies of valuable Spanish state papers; the portraits; the swords of Bunker Hill borne on that day by ancestors of the historian on opposite sides of the great question, and here peacefully crossed over each other in a scholar's library,—was a most fascinating literary home. A secret door hidden among the books led up a winding staircase to a working room above, amply lighted and simply furnished, where the historian (for all purpose of work, a blind man) worked with a noctograph (which is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society) or listened to the reading of the voluminous authorities copied from the autographic dispatches of the Conquests of Mexico and Peru. The personal appearance and bearing of the historian himself, one of the handsomest of men, were in keeping with the tasteful elegance of his literary home."

His life, written by his friend Ticknor, is one of the most charming of literary biographies.

A few steps more, past houses whose windows show purplish, bluish panes of glass of early make, and we reach Charles Street, running between the Common and the Public Garden. From this side we see in the former the level "trayning field," —still used for occasional "trayning" and military display, but chiefly as a public ball field,—and Flagstaff Hill with its Army and Navy monument. On the Fourth of July, this part of the Common is a sight indeed. Drawn up closely at the edge of the sidewalks are country vehicles of the most "way-back" description. Gawky swains and maids go hand in hand up and down Beacon Street or sit on the steps of the deserted homes. In the Common are booths and hawkers tempting to the purchase of all sorts of gimcrack noisy wares, pink lemonade, doughnuts and pies. Newspaper sheets with red and blue bands between the columns are sold and scattered around. Tents packed almost solidly with ice are faced with counters "where water flows like wine," and is free to all. On Flagstaff Hill is a tent with a big sign of "Lost Children" upon it. The Frog Pond is alive with water sports, and on the roped-off training field soldiers are gayly maneuvering and cannons are firing. And then, when the day ends, come the glorious fireworks, grand culmination of a long and exhausting but ecstasy-filled day.

If we enter the Public Garden at the Center Gate, on Charles Street, we soon stand upon the graceful bridge spanning the pretty lake where the swan boats and row boats are gliding about. The Garden, about twenty-four acres in extent, contains many rare trees, a beautiful wistaria arbor, fine rhododendrons in their season, and lavish flower beds overloaded with plants of every variety, grown to perfection. Ahead of us, as we walk across the bridge, is the spirited equestrian statue of George



PUBLIC GARDEN.

Washington, one of the best works of Thomas Ball, and the only equestrian statue in Boston. That the city possesses this noble work of art is due to the unselfish efforts of the artists of Boston, who, in 1859, chose a committee and made an appeal to the public for funds. To aid this movement, O. W. Holmes wrote his Three Pictures, describing Boston Common in its first wild state, in Revolutionary times, and in the "present" of 186—. The statue has been commented upon as having a "grand air," as making an impression "gallant and romantic," and as portraying a relation between man and horse "good in scale, movement and balance." On every Washington's Birthday a certain family of children had for years the custom of supplying a wreath of flowers to be put around the horse's neck and a baldric of green for the hero's adornment. Even now, wreaths are laid at the monument's base each year.

Near the Washington monument is a marble Venus, mist covered, standing in a pond-lily basin; and over toward Beacon Street is the monument commemorative of the discovery of anæsthetics. This was presented to the city by Thomas Lee, who also gave the Alexander Hamilton monument, designed by William Rimmer, on Commonwealth Avenue, not far off. The Ether monument has under the canopy the Good Samaritan aiding the sufferer. The bas-reliefs represent a surgical operation in a civic hospital, the same in a field hospital, and two allegorical scenes—the Angel of Mercy descending to relieve human suffering, and the Triumph of Science. The sculpture is by J. Q. A. Ward. Farther over is a bronze statue of Edward Everett, the orator. He stands stiffly with outstretched

arm, his gesture translated by Wendell Phillips in a very funny tirade about Boston's statues, as indicating: "This is the way to Brighton!" But the well-regulated little boy, out walking with his governess, looks up at the figure with the arm and then confides: "He says 'Keep off the grass,' does n't he?" This statue is by W. W. Story.

On the side of the Garden where the Subway entrance is, stands the figure of Charles Sumner, another of Thomas Ball's works, but not to be admired. In fact, much that is commonplace and faulty is exhibited in the city's open air sculpture. The best among the portrait statues, not counting the Shaw memorial, are said to be the Franklin, Washington, the Admiral Farragut by Kitson, on the seashore, South Boston, and the Garrison statue, opposite Hotel Vendôme, on Commonwealth Avenue. In this last, Garrison is represented as sitting in a chair, beneath which lies a bound volume of his anti-slavery paper, *The Liberator*. Upon one side of the pedestal is quoted his now famous declaration:—

"I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard."

And on the other side:—

"My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind."

The sculptor was Olin L. Warner of New York.

If we take a walk down Commonwealth Avenue, we shall perhaps see the pretty sight of children playing delightedly around this low-placed chair, and occasionally one child, more confiding or more venturesome, sitting serene in the kindly hero's lap.

At the opening of the Fenway, on Commonwealth Avenue, is Anne Whitney's statue of Leif Ericsson.

"The chief characteristic of the work is its ideality, Miss Whitney having substituted for the brutal corsair which Leif undoubtedly was (if indeed he was at all), a sturdy youth instinct in every feature and outline with hope, promise, and, as it were, a premonition of the great work of discovery which is before him."

The suggestion of a bronze statue of Leif Ericsson originated with Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, for some years resident in Cambridge, Mass.

From this part of the city we can take an electric car back to Copley Square to enjoy a well-earned rest after what has been two walks combined, the Commonwealth Avenue walk being a long one in itself.

One of the dreams of artistic Bostonians is to have the already beautiful Copley Square made still more beautiful by some treatment of the central portion which shall give to the whole a greater effectiveness and unity. But the dreams thus far are troubled ones, in which a sunken garden, a central fountain, change of roadway, and obdurate city fathers are mingled. Some day the genius will arise whose solution of the riddle will be accepted and "we shall see what we shall see."

Dominating the more romantic architecture about this square, the Public Library stands in classic majesty, "Built by the People and Dedi-

cated to the Advancement of Learning." So futile would be any attempt to describe this magnificent edifice,—thought-inspiring without and within, and rich with every appropriate form of art—and so packed full of good pictures and reliable information is the descriptive handbook that may be procured in the entrance hall for the small sum of ten cents, that my best course is to recommend to I. K. U. sight-seers the purchase and perusal of this book.

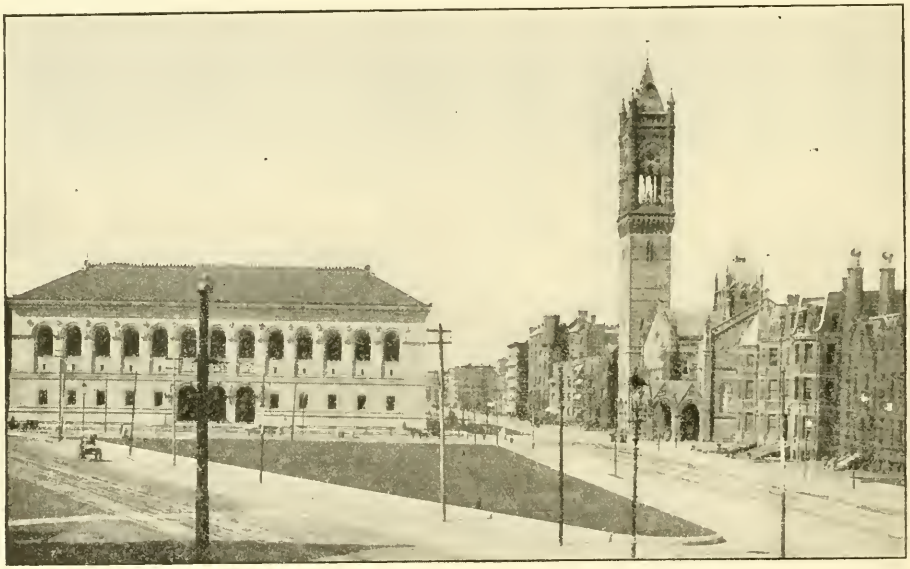
"And here to-day the dead look down,
The Kings of Mind again we crown;
We hear the voices lost so long,
The sage's word, the sibyl's song.

"Here Greek and Roman find themselves
Alive along these crowded shelves;
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

"Life thrills along the alcoved hall
And lords of thought await our call."

The Museum of Fine Arts, which is before many years to be housed in an ampler manner near the new Symphony Hall on Huntington Avenue, was founded in 1870. The present building is of Italian-Gothic architecture.

Beginning with the first floor, the visitor finds the fine collection of plaster casts from the earliest period of Egyptian art, earliest Greek, and so on, arranged historically for the benefit of students. On this floor, also, is found a rare collection of original Greek and Roman marbles, terra cottas, coins, and gems. The famous Marlborough cameo and many others bought at the sale of the Marlborough collection in London were added in 1899. There is also a large collection of Greek vases, interesting as examples of early Greek pottery. In the entrance hall and the upper hall can be seen the modern sculptures. On the second floor are five galleries



Copley-Square — Public Library and New "Old South."

of paintings. In the first are early Italian, Spanish, Flemish and Dutch, —fine examples by Botticelli, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Franz Hals, and others.

The second gallery contains the works of the early American school and is called the Allston room. Here are the famous paintings of George and Martha Washington by Stuart, paintings by Copley, Trumbull, Sully and others. The third gallery represents the English and French schools of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The fourth and fifth contain modern paintings. Leading from the fifth into another room, water colors, sketches, miniatures, etc., are to be found. Next is the Print Department, in which will be found about fifty thousand prints of all countries, schools and times. Across the hall is the Gallery of Textiles; and, in addition to the textiles displayed here, the Museum is prepared to show, to designers and students of design, many rich and varied specimens. In the next room is a large collection of pottery and porcelain. Here can be seen examples of Majolica—Robbia ware, made by Luca della Robbia, French ware made in Sèvres, English, Japanese, Chinese and Persian wares, various enamels, etc., and fine jades and crystals. The next room contains wood carving, arms and armor. The metal room has a rich collection of bronzes. In the Japanese room are swords and mountings, lacquers, bronzes, etc. Next, in the coin room, are many gold and silver ornaments, of historic and artistic beauty. In the long southern corridor is the Morse collection of Japanese pottery. It is arranged by provinces, of which fifty-six are represented. Here are also screens and carvings, and illuminated missals, book bindings, etc. The Museum is open every week day from nine to five o'clock,—except on Monday, when it opens at twelve. On Sundays it is

Copley-Square — Hotel Brunswick, Trinity Church, Hotel Westminster and Art Museum.

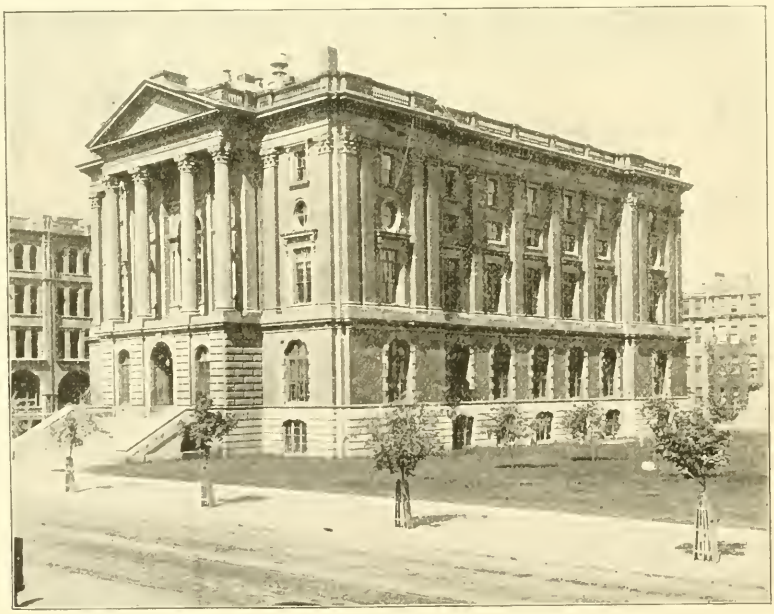
open from one to five. Admission twenty-five cents; Saturdays and Sundays free.

Trinity Church, proud monument of the architectural genius of H. H. Richardson, and the scene for so many years of Bishop Brooks' great preaching, is one of the shrines which the traveler to Boston never fails to visit. The interior is very impressive and there are some beautiful windows, notably the one after Titian, representing the Virgin ascending the steps of the Temple. Access to this church may often be obtained on week days through the door on Clarendon Street.

Other churches on Copley Square are the Second Church, descendant of the one in which Emerson preached; and the new Old South, whose open campanile rears itself aloft in graceful beauty.

Of interesting things right in the vicinity of Copley Square, how many must here be left out! Not a word about the Rogers Building of the Institute of Technology, or the Arlington Street Church, in both of which places our I. K. U. meetings are to be held! Not a word about the church on the corner of Newbury and Berkeley (said to be the best example of Gothic architecture in the country) with its lovely window containing Dagnan-Bouveret's Madonna! Not a word about— but there is no use lamenting! Time and strength to see, as well as time and space to tell, are to be reckoned with. The hope is that these incomplete comments may serve a useful purpose by suggesting to those who have a little extra time to spend in Boston, after or before the convention, a few of the sights to be enjoyed.

[Most of the descriptive passages quoted in this article are from Edwin M. Bacon's Dictionary of Boston, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A new edition of this work is now in preparation. Use has also been made of the *New England Magazine*, and of Samuel A. Drake's Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston, published by Little, Brown & Co.]



Rogers Building of the Institute of Technology.

THE SUPERVISOR'S OPPORTUNITIES.

By Laura Fisher.

ONE defines things according to the point of view. In youth and student days we believe that those things alone are opportunities which offer some personal advancement or preferment, and in the main some chance for pleasure. Therefore the young man looks with something of envy, and speaks with a self-pitying sigh, of one he believes to be his more fortunate neighbor, who has every luxury of wealth, every means of self-gratification, no need of effort, no concern for the distant morrow. He defines opportunity, if he defines it at all, as lucky circumstance, in the midst of which sits the individual free from the necessity of doing anything; one who has but to choose from out of the many enjoyments of life those which most attract him. It does not require many years of experience to teach us that opportunity does not lie in passive enjoyment, in mere ease and plenty; but that it is bound up with and never far away from duty, responsibility, and activity; that a life of ease and plenty, even as the life of strenuous effort, can find its opportunities and grasp them in this way alone. The kindergartner is not unlike the rest of human beings. She, too, believes much, in her early days, in external circumstance; she thinks that she could do great things if she had her sister's chances. If she were only at work in a less difficult district; if her children had better homes, or less indulgent mothers; if she did not have so many, or if she had only a few more pupils in her class; if her principal were more expert, or if she had more chances to do things her own way. Opposing arguments meet one on all sides, where the explanation of opportunity lies in external conditions and outward fact.

Fortunately, with increase of power, with inward growth, the vision changes and the meaning of opportunity changes with it. We come to see that every condition may be an opportunity; that difficulties do indeed challenge our powers and strain them, but that they occasion their exercise and unfolding; that it lies in us, whether they shall become great opportunities for growth or great barriers to development. Until one learns to see both advantages and dangers in all conditions, nothing can really be said to be an opportunity; until one endeavors actively to struggle with these dangers and actively to employ these advantages one must be the victim of even the best and most alluring conditions. In speaking, then, of the supervisor's opportunities, I shall not dwell upon those external advantages which are generally observed by the eye that sees only the

outward circumstance, and are generally mentioned as reasons for considering the office desirable; but I shall consider the possibilities which such a position offers to the strenuous soul for service, effort, growth, and responsibility.

Let us ask ourselves, first of all, what is necessary to the making of a supervisor? The position of supervisor presupposes experience as a student, a practical kindergartner, and a Normal trainer. The supervisor should understand what the course of training given to students is, and what it should be and why. She should know how students are being equipped for the work they have to do, that she may also know what they are capable of doing when they present themselves to her as candidates for appointment. Unless she has been a student she cannot know what young students can do and what therefore may be legitimately expected of them. To have been a student, therefore, makes possible a comprehension of the capacity of the inexperienced and a sympathy with inexperience. In her relationship to the young student body lies the supervisor's opportunity of renewing and keeping renewed in herself this hopeful, undaunted, youthful heart and soul; of believing that all things are possible and that achievement is assured. It offers her also the opportunity to hold fast her faith in the possibilities of the young and aspiring, to make sympathetic allowances for youth's legitimate follies and pleasures and to look at life with earnestness and joy instead of with serious despair or desperate seriousness.

The practical experience of the kindergartner places the supervisor as a fellow-worker in the midst of her associates. The problems they have to meet, the difficulties they must overcome, the unexpected situations in which they find themselves, these she, too, must have known. Having known them she may hope to help in meeting, solving, and conquering them. Unless she, too, has been a kindergartner and wrestled in her soul as well as in actual experience with the wayward, the idle, the disobedient child; unless she has endeavored to adjust the ideal and the actual; unless she has struggled with the disheartening conditions growing out of neglected homes and has fought for the redemption of the young soul; unless she has worked and been weary, struggled and aspired, fought, failed, and conquered, how can she face the weary, struggling and aspiring, and dare to believe, and to ask them to believe, that they, too, will conquer?

The experience of the Normal trainer is necessary to the supervisor in order that she may know how to prepare teachers for their work with children as well as how to teach the children; that she may understand, explain, and practically demonstrate principles and methods; that she may constantly keep in view the large outlook, the fundamental basis, the ultimate goal of the work, and relate its details to the principles out of which they spring. That these varied ex-

periences are rich opportunities to any individual who has had the good fortune to know them, none can doubt; but even these are not the greatest opportunities of the supervisor.

The supervisor stands in a manifold relationship to the educational world; to the children whose development is her immediate goal; to the body of teachers who constitute her immediate responsibility; to the Normal Training school which equips young people for the work she directs; to the school committee in whose service she acts; to the great outside educational world of which she is a working member. Toward each and all of these she has duties the performance of which offers rich and varied opportunities.

It is easy to let the thought of the children degenerate into mere attention to proper supplies and equipment; to permit her relationship to teachers to become either good-humored indifference or ill-humored criticism; to make her association with the Normal Training school a mere perfunctory oversight of its curriculum; to turn her connection with the school committee into personal politics, and to calmly ignore what educators think and do. But just because her office brings many responsibilities does the supervisor need all the help that can come from right living in the midst of these many relationships, and no one can realize more keenly than she how her specific work suffers when any of these sources of help are ignored.

It is impossible in a short paper to tell in detail what is contributed by each of these sources; to illustrate how the right perspective in regard to one's specific sphere of activity can be achieved only as one keeps in view the broader field of work and workers of which one's own is only a part, and to test one's specific goal by its identity with the universal goal of all education. For it is true of all things and of each life and vocation, that it is secure only when called to its "universal consecration."

It is interesting to recall the kind of help and suggestion that come from working with a school board, and the kind of training such connection offers.

But the center and the heart of the supervisor's work lies in her relation to the body of teachers with and through whom she works; all the riches of the other aspects of her position can avail only in and through this one; what they offer must be made effectual by means of this. The point of view again determines the result. What is the supervisor's supreme duty towards those whom she supervises? Is it criticism of their work? Is it insistence upon the authority of her position? Is it just running from one place to another and going away again, making herself inoffensive through lack of fault-finding? Is it being good-natured and friendly and accepting everything as it is, and thus courting popularity? To my mind these are some of the supervisor's temptations, but not her opportunities.

The only hope of success in her work lies in the supervisor's ability to

inspire her co-workers and to be inspired by them; these go together and each determines the other. Teaching becomes a trade when work is measured by the mere external performance or execution of its details. It becomes a profession when each detail is seen in the light of great and universal principles. In this realm, at all events, one must "hitch one's wagon to a star" if one would insure progress.

I count it a source of rare delight and benefit for supervisors and kindergartners to study together the great achievements of great minds; to be lifted in thought and feeling into the sphere of eternal and infinite beauty and truth and to walk therein together; to seek with one another's help to bring this truth and the atmosphere it creates to bear upon the details of their everyday work and life, and by its help to become members of that great army of impassioned souls who seek to bring heaven upon earth, by lifting earth and its creatures into heaven. This is what it means to me "to walk with God," and to learn how rightly to walk amongst men. In this united search after Truth, each worker is a helper. A common love for the best things of life unites the hearts of those who seek together; a common faith in its ideals produces mutual faith in one another; a common understanding of the inexorable conditions of achievement creates a spirit of respect and appreciation for those who are making the effort to succeed according to right standards, and a fine charity for those who fail but continue to strive. To see this spirit springing up in the midst of her workers and by their means is the supremest of rarely good things, the profoundest delight, and the source of devout thankfulness to the supervisor.

The supervisor has the great privilege of making her round of visits the means of gathering what is fine and excellent everywhere, and to distribute it; she, in this way, brings to all the teachers the achievements of each and they are helped to grow by standing on the shoulders of their neighbors. It is her duty to apply the "open door" system to education, and to help each to profit by the success of all. Fortunately there are no exclusive patent rights in the sphere of ideas, and the protective system kills effort in that realm. Sharing is the condition of success and the means of growth; isolation and exclusion are the sure signs of death. Therefore she can and should *learn to learn* from all whom she observes, and spread far and wide the good news of every success. How many valuable suggestions come from the teachers to the supervisor! How mutual discussion makes clear difficult and mooted questions! How glad and grateful both must be for the light that streams in upon all from every source, and what deep attachment to a work all are building up together! It is only through those with whom she works that the supervisor can build up any system. In so far as she can make clear to them the methods, principles, and details which she approves will the work in her charge realize her

ideals of what it should be. She must, therefore, endeavor to illuminate minds and not to coerce them; only then will practice reflect principles. For here as in all things spiritual, "as much the more as one says *our,* so much the more of good each one possesses," and only through union with the teachers whom she directs can any supervisor work at all. I believe that through constant meetings with a large body of teachers as well as by daily contact with individual workers, the supervisor may gain a truer insight into her work and feed her own enthusiasm. From these workers she receives an inspiration she cannot do without, and to them she looks for the help which she, too, needs.

There is no phase of the supervisor's work which does not call for a fine tact and divine patience. She knows this best, for she knows well how often she blunders because these have been lacking. But it is in her office of critic, if you choose to call it so, that they are most needed. I often wonder whether anyone but she knows how hard it is to honestly find fault; how painful it is to be forced to withhold the praise we all dearly love and deeply desire, and to point out the shortcoming or the failure. No one suffers as much in this process as she who must inflict the pain and truthfully acknowledge to herself and others that things are not as they should be. No one feels more keenly than she, the disappointment that failure brings, for each teacher's failure is also hers. It is easy to say, "There must be some good everywhere. Why not dwell upon that?" There assuredly is good everywhere. But the supervisor has a twofold duty: she should recognize and rejoice in everything that is well done, but she is responsible also for the correction and conquest of the bad and wrong; she must not ignore it, nor wink at it, nor treacherously desert the young teacher who is the victim of ignorance and inexperience. The supervisor prays for the power to remedy every fault, to cure by infusing light and life, to conquer and not merely correct; and to achieve this by means of infinite faith and patience, unswerving honesty and justice, and an unlimited charity whose burning turns the pain inflicted upon those who fail, into gladness.

I cannot draw to a close these intimations of what, to my mind, constitute the supervisor's opportunities, without a pardonable reference to personal experience. It has been my rare good fortune for some years to work with a body of teachers employed in Boston and its vicinity, who are distinguished for their open-mindedness, their courage, their generous helpfulness and their aspiring souls. We have together struggled with many problems, fought many evils, conquered some difficulties and recognized frequent failures. To be surrounded by such associates makes hope spring high, and helps one to realize that life is indeed great and glorious. The last, greatest privilege the supervisor enjoys is that vision of the human soul which confronts her at every turn as she looks upon those who thus labor for the uplifting of humanity. From them she gathers inspiration and courage and strength; to them she confidently commits for safe-keeping and safe spreading the cause in whose service her energies are spent.

HISTORY OF THE KINDERGARTEN MOVEMENT IN BOSTON.

By Fanny L. Johnson.

WHEN thinking of the early days of kindergarten in Boston, the names of three women come at once into our minds as those of the pioneer workers in the field; and so, in the present halcyon days, when we kindergartners receive only sufficient criticism to keep us watchful for our mistakes and on the lookout for any new light that may make our way clearer, we surely must be thankful for all that was accomplished by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, Madame Mathilde Kriege, and Miss Mary J. Garland. It was they who bore "the burden and heat of the day" and it is to their earnest and powerful teachings that the kindergartners of this region owe much of the liberty they now enjoy. These pioneers did for Boston what Madame Kraus and Miss Blow did for New York and St. Louis; and we can scarcely show too constant and too warm a gratitude.

Miss Peabody, ever an earnest student of Froebelian literature, gained much of her kindergarten knowledge through reading; but she seems to have received her crowning inspiration as to the kindergarten from Mrs. Carl Schurz, who visited Boston in 1859. Miss Peabody, going to the house where Mrs. Schurz was visiting, found her playing kindergarten games with the children. We, knowing the great interest already felt by Miss Peabody in kindergarten, can imagine the conversation that took place on her first meeting with one who had actually studied the system in Germany, as had Mrs. Schurz.

The following year Miss Peabody opened a school for young children which she called a kindergarten. This was held at her home, 15 Pinckney street, recently replaced by a large apartment building. Finding the results far behind her expectations, however, Miss Peabody realized that she had not yet fully grasped Froebel's ideas; so, in 1867, she went abroad to visit kindergartens in Europe and to study the system more thoroughly. In 1868 she returned, with the full intention of creating an interest in kindergarten by giving parlor lectures, and of sending as soon as possible for a well-trained kindergartner to come and start both a kindergarten and kindergarten normal class.

However, on arriving in Boston, she found Madame and Miss Kriege already in the field, struggling with an unprepared public; so she at once threw all her energies into the task of helping on their good work.

The year 1868, then, we may consider as the date of the real beginning of kindergarten in Boston; for it was

in that year that Madame Kriege's normal class and the kindergarten kept by her daughter were both opened, at 52 Charles street. Madame Kriege continued her class until 1872, when she and her daughter, returning for a time to Germany, left their Boston work to Miss Mary J. Garland, one of Madame Kriege's pupils. What Madame Kriege did for kindergarten in Boston cannot be better expressed than in Miss Garland's words written for KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, in June, 1899:—

"Kindergarten was then a forlorn hope; and but for the singleness of purpose with which Madame Kriege devoted herself to establishing it on a sound basis, but for her strict adherence to fundamental principles,—though concession would have been easier and pecuniarily more profitable,—but for her fidelity to a high ideal, the history of kindergarten in this country might have been very different, less healthy in its growth, less steady in its progress; for in a beginning we have sure prophecy of the end."

Miss Garland began her kindergarten at 98 Chestnut street with only two children, nor did the number exceed eight during the first year; but she had also a class of earnest women studying Froebel's principles and methods, and in 1873 gave diplomas to eight of these pupils. Two of the number, Miss Rebecca J. Weston and Miss Lucy H. Symonds, had been primary teachers in the Boston schools and both became prominent figures in the kindergarten work of our city, Miss Symonds being now the senior kindergarten training class teacher in Boston. Miss Garland's work promising well for the next winter, Miss Weston became her associate, and the two teachers continued to be co-workers of the closest congeniality until Miss Weston's death in 1895.

While private kindergarten work was thus prospering, efforts were being made to introduce the system into the public schools. The subject was first presented to the Boston School Committee in 1867, through a petition signed by Miss Peabody, Mrs. George R. Russell, Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, and others; but the Committee did not consider the system to be as yet sufficiently developed for them to recommend its establishment in the schools. In 1870, Miss Peabody again brought the matter before the school authorities, with the result that an experimental kindergarten was opened (September 26, 1870). Mrs. C. B. Thomas, a pupil of Madame Kriege, was the kindergartner, and this kindergarten, to quote from the Report of the Boston School Committee for 1887, was, "so far as known, the first public free kindergarten in the world." Later this experimental work was put in charge of Miss Viaux, during whose administration the number of children became too great for one person to manage, and, the city not being willing to pay an assistant, a graduate of Miss Garland's class volunteered to give her services for a year. In January, 1874, this kindergarten was placed under the charge of Miss Lucy H. Symonds.

In 1875, the Committee on Kindergarten, Miss Lucretia P. Hale, chairman, suggested that at the beginning of the next school year "four schools for kindergarten instruction" should be established, to admit children at the age of three years, and that the course of instruction should be continued for four years. These kindergartens were to be placed in Charlestown, in the North End of Boston, in South Boston, and in Roxbury. "The children from these districts, who now reach our primary schools at the age of five," writes Miss Hale, "have already acquired prejudicial habits; while the influence of a kindergarten teacher would develop powers of observation and attention, habits of cleanliness, order and kindliness, which would be felt through the school course and bring a sure advantage in the future." Again she says, still speaking of the kindergarten, "It is difficult to present in a few words the happy methods by which children are led to educate themselves without any forcing process, subjected to no serious tasks, but guided to a healthy, free development of their natural faculties."

The four new kindergartens, however, were never opened; and although the kindergarten on Somerset street was carried on for a number of years with great success by Miss Symonds, it was closed in 1879, the public not being sufficiently enlightened to believe that money should be spent on the education of children under five years of age.

In the meantime, the private work had been growing, and in 1875 Boston had four private kindergartens—Miss Garland's, the one at the Chauncy Hall School, and two others. The Chauncy Hall kindergarten became the field of Miss Lucy Wheelock's first work in Boston, at about the time that the public kindergarten was closed. There was also a "Charity Kindergarten" on Hanover street, supported by voluntary contributions.

The efforts of Miss Peabody and her sister, Mrs. Horace Mann, to interest the public in the kindergarten still continued unceasingly. Miss Peabody for some years edited the *Kindergarten Messenger* from her Cambridge home, and she and Mrs. Mann wrote and spoke constantly on the educational needs of the little child. It was probably due, in great measure, to their influence that Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw became interested in kindergarten ideas. Mrs. Shaw visited Miss Symonds at the public kindergarten, had a long talk with her, and, in 1877, began a work which, as Miss Fisher has well said, is "unparalleled for its public spirit and liberality." Mrs. Shaw first started two summer kindergartens, one in Jamaica Plain and the other in Brookline. Miss Laliah B. Pingree and Miss Margaret B. Morton, both graduates of Miss Garland's and Miss Weston's then flourishing training class at 52 Chestnut street, had charge of the kindergarten in Jamaica Plain. Mrs. Shaw continued these kindergartens during the following winter and also aided Mrs. Mann in one which the latter was trying to establish in Cambridge.

The next year two new kindergar-

tens were opened; and Mrs. Shaw, feeling that supervision of the kindergartens was now needed, asked Miss Pingree to undertake that work. Under Miss Pingree's able guidance, and backed by Mrs. Shaw's liberality, the kindergartens grew and prospered, and soon became a power in the community. The number was rapidly increased, until, in 1883, Mrs. Shaw was supporting thirty-one kindergartens in Boston, Cambridge, and Brookline. But this good lady's help was not confined to the kindergarten alone, and Miss Pingree's time became so fully taken up in the general supervision of all of Mrs. Shaw's charitable work, that Miss Elizabeth Lombard was engaged to assist in the supervision of the kindergartens. Miss Pingree and Miss Lombard held weekly meetings with the kindergartners, visited the kindergartens constantly, and were always on the lookout for anything that would help to make the work of the teachers more interesting and effective. Mrs. Shaw provided for the kindergartners lectures given by specialists, on music, drawing, psychology, and many other subjects, besides affording them opportunities for continued study of the regular occupations of the kindergarten.

Many of the kindergartens were situated in the public school buildings,—this being the case whenever a room could be spared for the purpose; but the entire expense of furniture, materials, and salaries of teachers was borne by Mrs. Shaw. When necessary, rooms for the kindergarten work were rented by her. Sometimes whole houses were thus taken; in which case, a kindergarten and also one of the day nurseries supported by Mrs. Shaw were gathered under one roof. Early in the eighties, however, Mrs. Shaw was obliged to reduce the number of the kindergartens from thirty-one to twenty, fourteen of the twenty being in the city of Boston.

It was through Mrs. Shaw also that Boston came to be credited with the first systematic attempt at "Child Study." She provided substitutes for four of her best kindergartners,—Miss Symonds, Miss Sara E. Wiltse, Miss Euphemia Parker, and Mrs. E. L. Sparks,—in order that they might be free to pursue investigations among the children just entering the public schools. The work was under the direction of Dr. G. Stanley Hall, who published the data thus gathered for him under the title of The Contents of Children's Minds on Entering the Boston Public Schools.

In the fall of 1883, by the invitation of Mrs. Shaw, two of Miss Susan E. Blow's pupils,—Miss Laura Fisher and Mrs. Clara Beeson Hubbard,—came from St. Louis to Boston to spend the winter. They had a kindergarten in the Starr King schoolhouse, on Tennyson street, in the mornings, and held afternoon classes for the kindergartners at the Warrenton street chapel. This was Miss Fisher's first work with the Boston kindergartners; and, greatly as she was then appreciated and gladly as we all listened to her expositions of Froebel's Mother Play, we little guessed what a power she was to be-

come and how closely she was to be identified in later years with the life of the kindergarten in Boston.

Mrs. Hubbard played kindergarten games with us until we were all filled with enthusiasm. She put so much life and spirit into them that she inspired us all with a desire to do the same. Indeed, so great was the interest (I had almost said excitement) caused by the visit of these two ladies to Boston, that a gentleman much interested in educational matters, laughingly calls the winter of 1883-4, "the year of the kindergarten revival."

When Mrs. Shaw began to establish kindergartens they were considered to be experimental, although she herself then firmly believed in them; but now, feeling that they had shown their power for good both with the children and in the community, she invited the School Board (in May, 1887) to investigate their value and consider their adoption into the public schools. Mrs. Shaw's communication on this subject was referred to the Committee on Examinations, of which Dr. Samuel Eliot was chairman; and at the request of this committee, Superintendent Seaver issued a circular to the primary school teachers, with the view of obtaining from them ideas as to the effects produced by the kindergarten on children who had been under its influence for some time before entering the primary schools. The answers to the questions, in regard to the advantages or disadvantages of kindergarten training in relation to the later school work, were overwhelmingly in favor of the kindergarten, the proportion being seven favorable to one unfavorable. Superintendent Seaver's report on this subject should certainly prove convincing reading to any who are still skeptical as to the good gained by the child from kindergarten training. Dr. Eliot's report for the Committee of Examinations was a strong and eloquent appeal for the adoption into the public schools of the kindergartens then supported by Mrs. Shaw; and he referred to the action of Philadelphia, whose School Board had just taken into its charge a large number of kindergartens begun by private enterprise.

These reports brought about the desired result; for in 1888 an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars was made by the city, and fourteen kindergartens in successful operation, with the furniture and materials belonging to them, were handed over to the city by Mrs. Shaw. Another flourishing kindergarten, maintained by Mrs. James Tolman, was taken by the city at the same time, making fifteen in all. In the report of the Boston School Committee for that year, Mrs. Fifield, chairman, we read: "The wise and far-sighted generosity of these public-spirited women and of those associated with them in their undertaking, deserves to place them among the greatest benefactors of our schools. The School Board has especially conveyed to them its grateful appreciation of their noble work, and the community which receives the benefit of all which they have accomplished should hold their memory in lasting regard."

The kindergartens were now under

the charge of the principals of the school district in which they were placed, the children being admitted at the age of three and a half years. Twenty-five pupils were allowed to each of the kindergartners, who worked with the children from nine to twelve o'clock in the morning, and visited the homes of the children in the afternoon. During this year four more kindergartens were added, making the number sixteen in all, with thirty-six teachers.

After the kindergartens were taken by the city, Miss Pingree served for six years on the School Board, while still continuing her kindergarten supervision. For some time during this period, however, she had urged the establishment of the position of Director of Kindergartens; and, upon her withdrawal from the Board "on account of too great responsibilities in other directions," this office was instituted, and in January, 1895, Miss Fisher accepted the position.

Miss Fisher had returned to Boston in 1886 to take charge of the kindergarten and kindergarten training class in the private school under Mrs. Shaw's patronage at No. 6 Marlboro' street, and, through Mrs. Shaw's kindness, was enabled, in 1887, to give her services to the Boston Normal School; this was the beginning of kindergarten training in that institution. Upon Miss Fisher's appointment as Director of Kindergartens, the training of kindergartners at the Normal School was mainly in the hands of Miss Harriet Niel, who had assisted Miss Fisher for several years; and when Miss Niel went to take up her present work in Washington, Miss Mary C. Shute was appointed to fill her place.

Before this time other kindergarten training classes had been established in Boston. Miss Symonds opened her class in 1879. Miss Wheelock began giving kindergarten training at Chauncy Hall in 1888; but, in 1896, left that school and opened her own private class. Miss Anne L. Page, Mrs. Annie K. Brown, and Mrs. C. C. Voorhees also had private classes; and when, in 1898, Miss Page removed her class to her home at Danvers, Mrs. Annie Moseley Perry, one of her pupils, took up the work in Boston. In the summer of 1901, the kindergarten movement in Boston lost one of its oldest supporters, and the kindergartners a dearly valued friend, by the death of Miss Mary J. Garland. Her training class is continued by Mrs. Margaret J. Stannard, one of Miss Garland's pupils, and her able associate in the work of the class since Miss Weston's death.

Under Miss Fisher's competent directorship, the work of the public kindergartens has continued to develop and expand. The connection with the homes has been made much closer. In addition to the visiting at the homes, mothers' meetings are held by the city kindergartners, and meetings to which both fathers and mothers are invited have also become by no means uncommon.

On the other hand, there is now a closer bond between the kindergartens and the primary classes, kindergartners making a greater effort to

prepare the children for the work of the next grade, and the primary teachers trying to make their work a natural development from that of the kindergarten. Some of the present teachers in the primary classes have taken the kindergarten course as well as the preparation for grade work, and all the graduates of the Boston Normal School in the last few years have had some lectures on kindergarten theory, and have also visited kindergartens to obtain some knowledge of the practice.

Some of the kindergartners have now also studied primary teaching; and the masters of the school have grown into closer sympathy with the youngest department of their work. All these things help to strengthen the tie between the kindergarten and the school. Weekly program meetings for the benefit of the kindergartners are held, and classes for the study of literature and other subjects are organized each winter.

At the Mechanics' Fair, held in October and November, 1895, there was an exhibition of manual training from the public schools; in this the kindergartens, as representing the beginning of all manual training, had a part. In the report of this exhibition, special notice was taken by Superintendent Seaver of the Nature work in the kindergarten exhibit, as being "a new development in kindergarten methods."

In January, 1902, the number of kindergartens was 84; the number of kindergartners 161; the average number of children in attendance during the six months previous was 4455. The children are still admitted to the kindergarten at three and one-half years of age, and to the primary school at five years. The work of the kindergarten is planned to cover two years, but few children have the benefit of this full period.

Many of the social settlements in Boston have included a kindergarten among their educational classes, and we have one kindergarten settlement, the "Elizabeth Peabody House," which was established on Chambers street in 1895. This settlement, supported by the Elizabeth Peabody House Association, was planned as a memorial to Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and began with a kindergarten of about thirty children. Miss Rebecca J. Weston, who was largely instrumental in obtaining funds for this neighborhood work, died before the house was opened; and the kindergarten rooms were furnished by loving friends and former pupils in her memory. A full and interesting description of this house, with some account of its clubs, etc., is to be found in KINDERGARTEN REVIEW for October, 1901. The house on Chambers street proving unsanitary, the association determined to secure a new home; and the settlement has been at 85 and 87 Poplar street since April, 1901.

Thus we find that kindergartens are now provided for many children, both rich and poor, in our city. Nor are the defective classes forgotten in this gracious provision. Mr. Anagnos, of the Perkins Institution at South Boston, long ago made up his mind that if kindergarten was desir-

able for the ordinary child, it was still more desirable for the blind child; and he therefore devoted several years to raising sufficient funds to build a kindergarten for little blind children. This kindergarten (which, on account of the distance from which the pupils come, must also be a home) was opened at Jamaica Plain, in May, 1887, when ten little girls and boys formed its first class. It has the honor of being the first kindergarten for the blind in the world; although now almost all the schools for the blind in the United States include a kindergarten. The Horace Mann school for deaf and dumb children, and the school at Waverly for feeble-minded children, both find kindergarten methods most useful in beginning the education of the children committed to their care.

The Eastern Kindergarten Association, now a branch of the International Kindergarten Union, was formed in the winter of 1889-90. The first meetings were held in a room at the Starr King schoolhouse, but the necessity soon arose of looking for larger quarters, and now a good-sized hall is usually well filled by the members. This association has always had a great many members outside of Boston, and full printed reports of the lectures given at the association meetings have always been sent free to these distant members. The association holds monthly meetings throughout the school year.

In looking back over the history of the thirty-four years of kindergarten in Boston, of which a bare sketch only could be given here, we cannot but feel thankful for what has been accomplished. Kindergarten then was regarded as a fad, a thing apart; now it is generally recognized by educators as a power in the school system, exerting a great influence for good. But that the kindergartners are not satisfied with what has been accomplished is evident from their earnest and continued study of Froebel's teachings, from their readiness to accept any light which science and philosophy can throw upon their work, and, above all, from the close and sympathetic study which they are now giving to the needs of the little child.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH PICTURES.

By A. Evelyn Ellis.

It had always been our theory that a lavish use of pictures in kindergartens was desirable and even imperative among children of the poorer classes. Therefore, when we found ourselves, on the one hand, possessors of about three hundred pictures mounted ready for use, and, on the other, presiding over forty children of whom the majority came from homes that knew no beauty, we welcomed the opportunity of testing our

theory. That was the beginning; the end is not yet.

In common with many kindergartners we find one week all too short to give the children more than a tantalizing glimpse of a many-sided subject (to which only a limited time can be devoted directly) before they are asked to leave it with its suggestions and possibilities only half exhausted, and turn their attention towards the next selected point in the circumference of their environment. Realizing this, we make the pictures instrumental in impressing ideas bearing on the subject of the week, and silently emphasizing the different phases which it would be impossible to present adequately in a few brief morning talks.

Throughout the week, several of the largest pictures on the given subject are fastened at a convenient height on the wall, and at the base of the blackboard around the room, within easy reach of childish hands, stand the rest—a dozen perhaps, sometimes two dozen, or even more in the case of subjects that have proved as popular in art as the Family, the Farmer, the Barnyard, Animals, Birds, and Flowers. It is understood that these are for the children to handle freely, and occasionally we have a table full of the smallest pictures for the same purpose—the more, the better. Each child has his favorites, and all whose lesson may be essentially the same do not appeal equally to his taste; that which feeds the imagination of one child may fail to stimulate the mind of another—hence the benefit of a choice.

When the children arrive in the morning, they invariably run for the pictures, which they pore over with great delight, and when through with their first choices, find others, or exchange among themselves. Incidentally, there is a chance for exercising some self-denial when two or three want the same one, and seldom does any altercation arise. The pictures are taken quietly to the chairs, and often several little heads will be close together over some especially attractive one and quaint remarks apropos of the subject are frequently overheard, as bright eyes discover interesting details.

Sometimes a child will sit alone, hugging his favorite, content in the mere possession of it, until the quiet music at five minutes of nine gives the signal for all pictures to be replaced. We find this pleasant occupation a happy solution of the problem of what to do with the children who come a half hour before school opens, and we consider it a satisfactory medium between allowing them to indulge in activity sure to become noisy, and the other extreme of compelling them to sit still during the interval,—a course which is sure to be followed by its natural reaction in the next half hour.

We believe that thus they absorb a great deal indirectly and gain a clearer understanding of the subject than they could otherwise. The pictures are always used to illustrate the morning talks, and the children are eager to point out those that best illustrate the topic. Thus the talks and the pictures mutually interpret each other. We find it helpful to use them also

as introduction or adjunct to stories or new songs and games, and they invariably receive a warm welcome.

If, during a morning talk, the children were simply shown a dozen or two pictures, undoubtedly the result would be a kaleidoscopic series of impressions which would produce only hopeless confusion of mind. No child's mind could digest so much at once, and the feeling of those kindergartners who deprecate the use of many pictures is probably based upon the assumption that they are all shown at the same time with no opportunity given to assimilate and digest the multitude of ideas suggested.

On the other hand, in many kindergartens, half of the subjects studied are illumined by no illustration whatever, or when one or two pictures are passed around they are accompanied by the restraining injunction, "Don't touch." What is the hasty glimpse worth compared with the value of the child's daily, voluntary study? Again, it is sometimes said, "Don't show the children pictures of everything—give them a chance to use their imaginations." That may apply to those who through heredity and environment already possess quick perceptions and well-developed imaginative powers; as for "the other half," who come from homes where pictures and story-books are wholly lacking, it is quite another matter.

Surely, one of the best gifts we can bestow upon such needy little ones is the opportunity to revel in pictures, thus affording the needed stimulus and also an unfailing source of joy. Nowadays, when flaunting, highly-colored newspaper sheets are too often the only apology for art in many poor homes, will not a constant familiarity with good pictures prove of inestimable value in counteracting a taste for anything in art that is bad—morally or artistically?

However, whether its influence shall blossom and bear fruit in the future we cannot tell, but for the present, practical operation has proved our plan beneficial in every way, resulting in clearer mental images and a quickening of the observation and comprehension. Shall we belittle the value of such an aid in our work of developing childish minds? Do kindergartners who work among the poorest classes realize the opportunity that is theirs to enrich such little lives by this simple means? In these days of profusely illustrated magazines, and cheap good pictures, a large and constantly increasing collection is within the reach of all who will take the slight trouble involved, and ample reward will come in the eager appreciation of the little ones.

KINDERGARTEN ACTIVITIES.

By Katherine Beebe.

CHAPTER III.

CONSTRUCTION WORK.

IT would be impossible to give within the limits of this chapter a list of all that can be done in the kindergarten in "constructive work," or even of all that we ourselves have accomplished. We can only give a partial idea and but a few of the most successful examples for description here. Most of this work has been done as regular table work, but the making of some articles fitted better into the "before school" time.

Most of the kindergartens, even the most conservative, make a free use of cardboard modeling. The more we use it the more both we ourselves and the children seem to like it. They have such a strong sense of "making something" in this occupation that they are constantly asking for it. Our cardboard is cut into squares 10 x 10 and 8 x 8, and we also have it in large sheets. Library paste is much better for this work than gum tragacanth which, however, does well enough for lighter paper.

Of course we make furniture,—everybody does; and we upholster it with beautiful bits of wall paper, to be had for the asking. Sometimes we work persistently at it until we each have a set to play with at home or to give away, but oftener we make a single piece and play with it after it is made. For instance, there is a cradle, like the one Oceanus must have had, which we make about Thanksgiving time. It is great fun to furnish it with soft flannel belongings; and when one of the tiny dolls (a dozen of which can be bought for a few cents) is put into it, we are able to sing Stork, Stork, Stander, with great significance.

We make trunks with collar-button locks, and we fill them with clothes packed for a journey. We make money, and strong purses to keep it in. Then there are carpenters' chests to be filled with tools; folding beds that really fold; little churns with which we play at butter-making, reproducing our experiences with the large wooden churn; bellows which blow; strong sleds; wagons of every sort with wheels made of milk-bottle tops; windmills with little doors and fine wheels on top that turn around; dwelling houses, dog houses, bird houses, and barns. There is a way of making a coal chute with which a delightful game of coalman can be played; and one of our teachers helped her children to make a whole barnyard. First came a strong fence, then a gate, a barn, a trough, and a chicken coop. Indeed, there seems to be no end to the things that can be done with this delightful material, for it develops inventiveness in both children and teachers.

There is something exceedingly attractive in the idea of a corn-husk doll; but this is one of the things that is better made for and with the children before school. Full directions for making these dolls are given in The American Girl's Handy Book, and these directions can be simplified and adapted to one's own resources and necessities. Clothespin dolls gayly dressed in crimped tissue paper are easier to make and potato babies easiest of all. A few bits of cloth and some pins, together with a doll-shaped potato, are quickly transformed into a very satisfactory, if dark-complexioned, child whose urgent need of a copious bath only adds to her charms. Real rag dolls can be made, and often fill an aching void in some yearning mother-heart; for those cheap abominations in bisque, known as dolls and lavishly bestowed on children rich and poor at Christmas time, are so soon broken that many a child is without a doll except for a few all-too-brief weeks.

It is because children so love to string things that we have the stringing of beads and of straws and paper discs. To these we have added adornments, beautiful to behold, made by stringing red corn with the inch straws, as well as necklaces of haws, thorn apples, and mountain ash berries. In dandelion time we string the yellow heads with needle and thread and make ourselves golden crowns, that we may be kings and queens; and one of the prettiest of our yearly kindergarten pictures is that of a group of children coming in from a glorious morning out of doors, wearing garlands, fashioned by themselves, of big red clover heads. These flower wreaths are greatly prized by the children and can be made of all sorts of field and garden blossoms.

Among the toys which we have made for ourselves are pin wheels, color-tops, kites, little tubs and washboards, pails and dishes of tea-lead, baskets, brooms, dusters, and parasols.

We have learned to make real candles and real iron holders; and once, when playing horse, we manufactured nosebags big enough to wear as we munched our oats at noon.

The weaving of our paper mats taught us how to do cloth weaving on the frames we made in our carpenter shop. We wove rugs for the doll house, mats of felt, and the woolen part of a needlebook which we made for our mothers. We learned how to make mats out of strips of wrapping and newspaper, so that we could weave at home whenever we wanted to; and some of us, the older ones, hammered four nails into a spool and learned how to do old-fashioned spool work or knitting. We also braided strong string into reins with which to play horse.

Last summer we made "Pinny, Pinny, Poppy Shows," such as our grandmothers used to play with when they were little girls. First you have to go out of doors and gather grass, leaves, and flowers, and you must not forget that weed flowers are often very beautiful. These are laid flat on a piece of glass over which is a paper covering, so fashioned that a little door opens on the face of the glass disclosing the carefully ar-

ranged bouquet. Before you open this door you say—

"Pinny, Pinny, Poppy Show!
Give me a pin and I 'll let you know!"

and whoever wants to see must give you a pin. One of the teachers made a little flower lady for her Poppy Show. Its head was a daisy and its skirt was made of a hollyhock.

Those latter-day fairies, the Brownies, are very useful folk in the kindergarten. They are responsible for all sorts of games and plays, and lend themselves suggestively to many kinds of handwork. At Hallowe'en time we made acorn Brownies which were very much enjoyed. Then, in order to play Brownies ourselves, we made false faces of paper and string which we wore when we went on our mysterious but always friendly quests. These we wore only for the Hallowe'en play; for use during the rest of the year we made cambric Brownie caps, and shoes of strong cloth with funny pointed toes, which were large enough to go on over our shoes.

During shoemaker week we made ourselves "real" slippers. These had denim-covered pasteboard soles, and the upper part was of bright colored flannel. The stitches that fastened them together were clumsy, but the thread was strong and they held together very well.

The same little fingers that make shoes can make mittens as well. Each child draws around his own hand and cuts out a paper pattern—his size. By these patterns the gray eider-down flannel is cut. Next winter we shall make ourselves little muffs.

We have made flags of various nations, and beautiful knightly banners, and shields of white and gold, not to mention castles, spears, helmets, and breastplates.

While neither sewing nor folding with kindergarten material comes properly under the heading of constructive work as the term is here used, I want to mention a menagerie we made after the universally enjoyed visit of a traveling circus. Each child outlined a square in half-inch stitches on one of the 6 x 6 sewing cards. Inside of this square was pasted a "scrap-picture" lion, tiger, elephant, or other beast, then long stitches were sewed across the card to represent the bars of the cage. When the ten or twelve cards made by a group of children were mounted together, the effect was considered very fine.

We have sewed red, white, and blue borders on our sewing cards to make appropriate frames for our little pictures of Lincoln and Washington. We often fold pieces of paper into forms of beauty to serve as frames for a series of small pictures on some special subject. For instance, each child with his single piece of folding paper frames one picture of a set of farm, garden or barnyard pictures. We found it quite possible to get a dozen or more "photographs" of Daisy Ellen from the advertising pages of various magazines, and these were framed with great enthusiasm.

At the very interesting suggestive exhibit held at the Kindergarten College during the meeting of the I. K. U. in Chicago (1901), we made note

of several new things which we shall try at some future time. Among these are various objects woven of hat straw, a floor brush of raveled haircloth, and a table, the legs of which were made of three small spools glued together. There was also a good elevator made of a corset box. Hats and sunbonnets of tea-straw we have, some of us, already tried, so these should be added to our list.

The making of a playhouse is a complex but altogether profitable piece of work. After a suitable box is found, some older carpenter will probably have to lend a hand in the making of windows and partitions; but after these are rightly placed, kindergarten workmen can do the rest. Painting a house is one of the most absorbing of occupations. The day before it is undertaken, the children are asked to bring their overalls and working aprons. These, or other protective adjuncts, are very necessary, and not until well equipped can the Painters' Union go safely to work. Only a few can paint at one time; but as the watching of processes is so natural and so important a part of a child's education, there is no difficulty about the unavoidable "taking turns." Almost all of our larger pieces of carpentry have been finished in this way. In one of the neighboring kindergartens the children give their own red chairs a fresh coat of paint from time to time, as they seem to need it.

After the house is perfectly dry, and the papering of walls and ceilings completed, the floors must be carpeted and the windows provided with shades; so another industry, the making of rag carpet, must be undertaken. This is a simpler process than one might at first suppose. The children love to tear the cloth into strips, and their clumsy stitches are quite sufficient to fasten the strips together. When a number of balls have been made of the strips, it is time for the carpenters to construct a small hand-loom consisting of a strong wooden frame with a row of nails on each of two opposite sides. A warp of strong string is stretched across and then the rag strips are woven in. Small rugs are woven on our 6 x 6 sewing cards, —long stitches from end to end forming the warp, and the woof being woven in with needles or fingers, as one prefers.

The kitchen floor covering is made of our leatherette mats. Bits of fringed paper shade the windows and an appropriate selection of pictures, framed by our own hands with gold paper, is hung in each room. The furniture is made of cardboard and some of it is upholstered with pretty wall paper. The stove is painted black, of course. The inventory would read about as follows:—

Bedroom.

1. Bed.
2. Cradle.
3. Folding bed.
4. Bureau.
5. Washstand.
6. Bath tub.
7. Couch.
8. Chairs.

Kitchen.

1. Stove.
2. Sink.
3. Cupboard.
4. Table.
5. Chairs.
6. Wash bench.
7. Tubs.
8. Clothes basket.

Dining Room.

1. Table.
2. Chairs.
3. Sideboard.
4. Small table.

Sitting Room.

1. Piano.
2. Sofa.
3. Table.
4. Screen.
5. Chairs.
6. Fireplace.

To these items must be added a list of extras, such as clocks, shelves, brooms, dusters, bird cage, flower pots, etc.

During the early autumn, when flies are troublesome, we make fly-chasers of newspaper strips fastened to stout wooden handles. These we give to our mothers or to the cooks, well knowing that they will be useful in the home kitchens.

In spring we make bird houses, one kind being simply a closed starch box with a large auger hole by way of a front door, which is placed near the roof, Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird, Mr. and Mrs. Wren, and other prospective tenants having a decided preference for such entrances. A house for Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow is made on more conventional lines.

For our own kindergarten we construct a wash bench, a clothes pole and a clothes basket. The basket is woven of rattan by one of the teachers in the "before school" period. She is assisted by many willing fingers belonging to interested spectators, who cry out from time to time, "I can do that! Let me try!"

We make rakes, using nails for the teeth, for use in our own gardens. We make hurdles with which to play our game of Jumping Horses, and ladders with which to play Fireman, —these last, of course, just after our visit to the engine house.

In addition to the toys already mentioned, we have made tops, kites, boats, sleds, and wagons. For the kindergarten dolls we have constructed tables, chairs, beds, and sleds. Once in a while we are turned loose among a lot of odds and ends of boards, shingles, and blocks, and we make whatever we like. As a rule, on these occasions, we run to furniture and ladders.

With blocks, boards, spools, and good glue, we can make some excellent household articles. To these we add sometimes a cherry or mahogany stain, with good results. We also know how to make very good snow shovels—real ones for home use.

To be continued.

THE ONLY ONE WILLING TO GROW.

By Harriet Johnson McLellan.

I once made a beautiful garden, I did,
With a trowel and spade of my own;
And all through the springtime I planned what I 'd do
With the flowers, when they should be grown.

I dug such deep holes that the angleworms came
And wondered what I was about;
And I poked all the seeds in as hard as I could,
So the worms could n't carry them out.

Then I covered them up just as tight and as warm
As chicks 'neath the mother hen's wing.
And I poured on some water to make them grow fast,
And a fence built, of sticks tied with string.

Each morning I went out and watered them well,
And then dug them carefully out
To see if the leaves were beginning to grow,
For they took such a long time to sprout.

And, of all I had planted, just one seed grew up!
How it happened I 'm sure I don't know;
For the one I 'd forgotten to care for at all
Was the only one willing to grow!

JACK AND MRS. PUSSY.

By Gertrude A. Horton.

THIS is a story of a dog and cat that were great friends. That seems queer, does it not? for dogs do not always like cats; but this dog and cat had grown up together in the same house, and were very fond of each other.

The dog's name was Jack, and he was a great, big fellow, with long black hair; the cat, Mrs. Pussy, was all gray. Jack and Mrs. Pussy ate their supper together every night; and sometimes Jack would give Mrs. Pussy some of his meat, and she would let him take a drink from her saucer of milk. One day, while Jack was fast asleep on the back porch, some boys came along and caught Mrs. Pussy and took her down to the pond; then they put her on a board, pushed the board out into the pond, and went away.

Poor Mrs. Pussy, how she cried and cried! For cats are very much afraid of the water, you know. "Meow! meow!" she cried; "oh, won't some one come and help me? Oh, meow! meow!" Soon it began to grow dark; then Mrs. Pussy was more afraid, and oh! how she cried, for the board was sailing farther away from the shore all the time. She thought that if she kept on crying some one would hear her and help her.

When Jack awoke from his sleep on the back porch, he found that it was supper time; so he went to the plate by the kitchen door, expecting to meet Mrs. Pussy, but she was not there. "Oh, my!" thought Jack, "I am very hungry; but, of course, I must wait for Mrs. Pussy. I always do." So he waited and waited, but

Mrs. Pussy did not come. "Well," thought Jack, "she must be down cellar catching mice." So down he went and looked all over the cellar, but no Mrs. Pussy was there. Then he trotted up to the attic, for he knew that she often went there to catch mice; but Mrs. Pussy was not in the attic either. Then he looked into every room; but still he could not find her.

At last he thought of the barn; perhaps she was there! The barn was near the pond, and when Jack had almost reached the barn he heard: "Meow! meow!! meow!!!" So he ran very fast to the barn, and called: "Mrs. Pussy! Mrs. Pussy!" but nobody answered. Then he jumped into the hay loft,—she was not there. He looked in the horse's stall,—she was not there. He crawled under the barn where Mrs. Pussy took a nap sometimes,—but she was not there. Yet all the time he could hear: "Meow, meow, meow!!!"

All at once he pricked up his ears. "Why, that sounds as if it came from the pond!" he thought; and off he bounded to the pond, where he saw Mrs. Pussy sailing farther and farther away on the water. Jack was a good swimmer, so he jumped into the water and soon reached Mrs. Pussy. "Now, Mrs. Pussy," he said, "I will save you! Just sit quite still." Then he took hold of the board with his mouth, with Mrs. Pussy sitting on it, and pushed it ahead of him and swam to the shore. Oh! how glad Mrs. Pussy was to get home again!

THE HEALING STONE.

By Mary Eleanor Clark.

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a king who was so good and kind that all his people loved him, and often brought him gifts to show their love. In his kingdom lived also a great many fairies; and one day the queen fairy brought to him a shining golden box, and you could not guess what was inside.

It was a beautiful sparkling stone, which, when held in the hand of any one who was ill, would make him well and strong again.

Now the good King and his brave soldiers had gone off to another country to fight for the flag, and he had forgotten to take with him the golden box.

Soon after, the Queen heard that he had been hurt in battle and was very ill; and she knew that she must get the healing stone to him in some way. But whom could she send on the long journey? She did not know, for all the soldiers had gone to fight with the King; and the fairies had said that no one who was not good and true must ever carry the box.

Well! at last the Queen thought of her own little son, the Prince; but she loved him so much that she could not make up her mind at first to let him go; for she knew that in the countries through which he must pass to reach the King there were many people who would try to get the stone

away from him. No one but a tiny fairy could go with him, as the queen fairy had said the box could be taken by no one else.

After the Prince had gone a little way, he met some fairies dancing through the woods,—really naughty fairies, who wanted the stone, although he did not know it. They told him that if he would only stop for a time with them they would give him a fairy carriage with butterflies for horses, that would take him swiftly all the rest of his journey. But the Prince remembered the words his mother had told him,—that he must not stop except for rest and food; and so he thanked the fairies and went on.

By and by, he stopped one night at a castle. The people of the castle told him that if he would stay another day they would make a great feast for him, and have music and stories and other things to make him happy; but he said to them, too, that he must go on at once, as his mother had bidden him, or he would lose the golden box. After he had gone farther, he met a great company of children who were having a day in the woods and fields. How happy they were! He wanted to stop here more than at either of the other places, for it was so long since he had enjoyed a good play! But again he thought of his father, the King, and hurried on.

Now the fairy who went with the little Prince asked him how he could remember to do right, just as his mother had told him, when he could no longer see her or hear her voice; and he said: "Why, I can't see her, but I can remember the words she told me; and I have a voice in my heart that tells me to do right."

After a time the Prince reached his father, the good King, and oh! how happy he was to give to him the healing stone that the good Queen had sent. The King was happy, too, and by and by went home well and strong, taking the Prince with him; and when he saw the Queen, he told her how the little Prince had remembered her words all through the long journey. And the Queen and King were happy together over their child who was so true and good.

INTERLEAVES FOR THE MOTHER PLAY.

Under this heading will appear new versions of the Mother Plays, or songs and rhymes related to them.

PAPA'S BIRTHDAY.

By Kate Whiting Patch.

'T is dear Papa's birthday! . A song we will sing,
And some pretty gift for Papa we must bring.

Let 's weave him a basket and fill it with flowers—
The sweetest that grow in this garden of ours.

And here in the flowers we 'll tuck safely away
Our love and a kiss to surprise him to-day!

BIRTHDAY SONG.

FRANCES E. JACOBS. Polish melody adapted by FRANCES E. JACOBS.

mf

Let us sing a song of glad-ness, Sing a song of joy and cheer;

For to-day is Ma-ry's birth-day, And we gai-ly greet her here.

f *mf*

Hap-py day! Hap-py day! All wish you a hap-py day!

f *mf*

Hap-py day! Hap-py day! All wish you a hap-py day!

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

In view of the coming international Kindergarten Union convention (to be held in Boston, April 23, 24, 25) a slight *résumé* of the public meetings or conventions already held by this organization may be of interest. The proposition to found such an organization came from Miss Sarah A. Stewart of Philadelphia, and was formally made to a company of kindergarten training teachers, presidents of kindergarten associations and other persons actively engaged in the kindergarten movement, who were in attendance upon the N. E. A. convention at Saratoga, 1892. The organization was to be in no way antagonistic to the Kindergarten Department of the N. E. A., but to act in sympathy and harmony with it while extending the field of work more widely than the Kindergarten Department of the N. E. A. had as yet been able to do. (First Report, p. 6.)

After the inaugural meeting at Saratoga, July, 1892 (N. E. A. Convention) Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, President-elect, public meetings or conventions were held as follows:—

1893.

1. Chicago, May 17. (World's Fair.) Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Pres.

1895.

Washington, Early Spring. (In affiliation with National Council of Women.) Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Pres. (Resigned).

2. Denver, July. (In affiliation with the N. E. A.) Miss Lucy Wheelock, President-elect.

Boston, Nov. 2. Miss Lucy Wheelock, Pres.

1896.

3. New York, Feb. 15. Miss Lucy Wheelock, Pres.

1897.

4. St. Louis, April 20, 21, 22. Miss Lucy Wheelock, Pres.

1898.

5. Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 19, 20. Miss Lucy Wheelock, Pres.

1899.

6. Cincinnati, Mar. 2, 3, 4. Miss Lucy Wheelock, Pres.

1900.

7. Brooklyn, April 18, 19, 20. Miss Caroline T. Haven, Pres.

1901.

8. Chicago, April 10, 11, 12, 13. Miss Caroline T. Haven, Pres. Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, President-elect.

As will be seen by the numbering above, some of the meetings held were preparatory or supplementary to those which have since been officially termed "annual meetings." (Third Report, Prefatory Statement.)

Since the meetings were small in the beginning, the work tentative, and the funds low, reports were uncalled for; but in 1896, after the meeting at Teachers College, New York, the First Report was issued, summarizing all that had been accomplished at Saratoga, Chicago, Washington, Denver, Boston, and New York; and regular Annual Reports have followed ever since.

The affiliation of the I. K. U. with the National Council of Women only endured a short time, being annulled after the one joint meeting in Washington. Affiliation with the N. E. A. existed up to the time of the Denver meeting, in 1895, when (First Report, p. 19) "the crowded condition of the programs of the National Educational Association, owing to its large and growing number of departments, made it seem necessary to appoint a separate time and place of meeting of the International Kindergarten Union." * * * "Whether the separation from the two large bodies with which it had been affiliated was wise or unwise, as a settled policy, remains to be seen."

The question of future relations between the I. K. U. and N. E. A. has been recommended for discussion at the Boston meeting.

Scarcely any part of Mr. Snider's Life of Froebel* is more discerning or comes to the reader with more freshness than the chapter on expatriation. In this chapter is described the powerful influence upon Froebel's ideas, and, consequently, upon his educational system, which a sojourn in free Switzerland had upon Froebel. Up to this time Froebel had, it is true, worked with the intention of being broad and liberal, and had been struggling to find a method of education which should aid and not interfere with free development. But although he had crossed many limits and had drawn wide circles, he was still within some confines of thought and tradition from which Switzerland, so different from Germany, liberated him. He had seen that riches and poverty affect the fundamental educational needs of children but little; that the duke's son and the peasant's have much in common; and that the same educational means are applicable to both. He had seen, although he was a humble man of a remote and humble district of Germany, that the fundamental educational needs which the Thuringian child evinced were the needs of the children of the whole nation. But when he went to the polyglot little country of Switzerland, where, as Mr. Snider says, "Italy, Germany and France interlink and form a mighty international knot in

* The Life of Froebel. By Denton J. Snider. Sigma Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

the mountains," a new vista opened. Here could be no Universal *German* Institute. Froebel saw that the nation limit, the German, must drop away. Education showed itself to him in its truly universal aspect.

In the last year of the five spent by Froebel in Switzerland at this time (1831-1836) he was director of the orphanage at Burgdorf, and a new realization of the significance of this comes to us as we read that he was here put in charge of little children for the first time.

"Froebel has become intensely interested in the little orphans at Burgdorf from four to six years old," writes Mr. Snider. "They occupy his thoughts and rouse his creative genius. He sees that these children must be developed from within; knowledge is not to be hammered into their heads from the outside. He already grasps the function of play in their development; he exercises them in games, in songs, in bodily movements, in modeling with clay and sand; he also employs the story, the fable, the fairy tale. In one sense all these things are not new to him; they occur in his program of Helba, and he had made use of them long before at Keilhau. But the problem of their application to the little children is new, and just that is his labor."

Here, then, was the first experimental kindergarten, not yet so named and without the unification of its means which Froebel thought out later. The first idea, however, of an organized series of educative playthings dawned upon him at Burgdorf, where he was surrounded by young children. The importance of the mother as first educator, of infancy as a period valuable for spiritual education and left unutilized, the influence of the mother's songs and play, —all these thoughts came to their flowering during his association with the little orphans at Burgdorf.

NATURE STUDY as described by Miss Roethgen of Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, in this number of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, is certainly Nature study of the right sort. Warning against the neglect of this kind of Nature study, and against laying too much stress upon purely literary education, Joseph Carter, of Champaign, Ill., says:—

"Too much we are leading the children to think that wisdom is found only at the desk of the literary fellow. Too many children there are whose school training is mainly an effort to give them the ability to apprehend what was in the mind of the author of some so-called literary masterpiece. We work laboriously to teach the children to say: 'I think thy thoughts after thee, O De Quincey,' instead of leading them where they joyously can say: 'I think thy thoughts after Thee, O God!'"

But with kindergarten pets and plants, school gardens for vegetables and flowers, school aquaria, Bird Day and bird observation, Arbor Day and tree planting, clubs for beautifying school grounds and other barren places, and summer migrations of city families each year into deeper and deeper wildwoods, the real love of Nature and the lively study of Nature must increase.

NATURE STUDY IN THE CONNECTING CLASS.

By N. L. Roethgen.

"Some educators still maintain that nature study has no influence on moral education; yet it seems to me that it is one of the chief agencies whereby the child, both at home and in school, lays a foundation for the comprehension of religious truths; for through it are revealed to the child life, evolution, power to help other lives to better living and to God himself."—*Froebel.*

"Such studies as history, literature, art and music, and other branches of the school curriculum, all lend themselves in various ways to the development of character; but nature study seems to have, apart from its subtler influence, a tangibleness which appeals to the symbolic period of childhood and teaches the child, almost without words, to find the Creator and his unity with Nature, and elevates, strengthens, and purifies him."—*Froebel.*

THE kindergarten child who has played with and fed the various kindergarten pets, who has watered the plants of the garden or window boxes, who has sung about the sun, moon and stars, who has seen and handled birds' nests and, perhaps, discovered them for himself, who has taken walks to neighboring parks, fields, woods, seashore, museums, etc., finds himself in a very chilly atmosphere if Nature study is omitted in the day's program of the "Connecting Class," or whatever be the class that he enters after leaving the kindergarten.

Nor will the child come any nearer Nature if the teacher, using, perhaps, only stuffed specimens,—and poorly stuffed at that,—dwells day in and day out on the length of body, the number and position of feet and toes, and the shape and color of eyes of the animal studied!

What the child craves is Life and Activity; and the teacher must love and be full of these herself in order to reveal to the child the progressive evolution to the higher life of Nature.

Neither must she be discouraged about the crowded conditions of the school or the lack of garden space, but be wide-awake, making the best use of her opportunities and surroundings.

"Nature presents to us a most beautiful ladder between heaven and earth, beginning with the least developed forms of vegetable life and ascending through series of steps which reveal wider and freer life as we rise through the vegetable kingdom to animal life and then to man himself."

Thus the cultivation of plants, which gratifies in some degree a natural tendency in the child to work in the earth, gives the child a conception that he has power to help other lives to grow to grander life; for through his careful culture of plants,—digging, enriching and otherwise preparing the soil, coupled with due attention to watering, weeding, hoeing, pruning, etc.,—the child not only recognizes evolution, but becomes aware that he may be an active agent in promoting evolution.

Again, if conditions have been favorable, and the wind and insects have been seen to be helpful agents in producing fruit, the child recognizes his own lack of power in that direction and is set face to face with the Power above all, the Creator of all.

In one window box (in a window opened at times for ventilation), we planted beans and peas, and also apple, squash, radish, nasturtium and morning-glory seeds, taken from the store of seeds that we had collected in the autumn.

Some of the beans were from the pod produced on our own vine of the previous year. Our beans sprouted, blossomed, and bore fruit; and the children had the keen pleasure of seeing well developed bean and pea pods on the vines before the close of school.

Ripe morning-glory pods and ears of corn greeted the returning children in September, giving the full realization of the necessary helpfulness of the wind and of insect life to the forming of perfect fruit, and unconsciously bringing to them also a realization of the ever present and never ending life-cycle.

On the other hand, in the window box where oats, grass, wheat and corn were planted, there came up, to the great surprise of us all, a lone Jack-in-the-Pulpit! It was a tall, sturdy plant, and had a beautifully marked "Jack" with pistillate flowers. It was watered and cared for and admired by all. However, "Jack's" pulpit soon faded, failing to bear fruit. (This window is not opened for ventilation, since the air would blow directly on the children. Hence the result.)

As no helpful breezes brought pollen from other "Jacks" and the closed window barred out the visits of bees or other insects, the children had again a most vivid object lesson on the dependence of plant upon animal life.

The terrarium (3 ft. x 1 ft. x 2½ ft.), a rectangular case, covered with wire netting and filled with earth, moss, and ferns, afforded material of interest in various lines. There the monarch or milkweed butterfly was seen emerging from its green and gold chrysalis, and afterwards was set free to find greater freedom and its proper food.

Male and female crickets were housed in the terrarium for several weeks and fed on apple, lettuce and sugar. Their chirping added much to the cheerfulness of the room and to the interest of the children.

Male and female grasshoppers and young grasshoppers with their "armor" on were given due attention as to their mode of life and locomotion, and were eagerly watched as they ate the bits of apple, or freshly-grown grass that we had planted for them, or sipped syrup of sugar and water.

Cecropia caterpillars were carefully fed with fresh green leaves (kept fresh by being placed in a narrow necked bottle of water), and were watched with keen interest as they spun their silken cocoons. These at first were so thin that the children could clearly see the caterpillar spin and gradually hide itself from view as the three walls of the cocoon became closer and thicker.

Cabbage butterflies were apparently satisfied when they found a young, growing cabbage in the terrarium, upon which to lay their eggs. Shortly after, the eggs hatched; and the children saw for themselves the rapidity of growth of the cabbage caterpillars and the voracity of the tiny creatures. Slowly, one by one, they found good resting places, and finally only their chrysalides remained.

One day a caterpillar with tiny cocoons all over the upper part of its body was brought to the terrarium. The cocoons were those of the ichneumon fly. The caterpillar was carefully fed and watched, and later the children saw a tragedy enacted which they will not soon forget. When emerging from the cocoons, each fly raised the lid of its own in a "Jack-in-the-box" fashion, but many made the escape from the cocoon only to be eagerly eaten by the ever watchful wood toads and frogs,—the giants of the terrarium. After the "woolly bear" caterpillars and the various beetles, crickets, and grasshoppers had either hidden themselves in their respective cocoons or gone into the ground for their winter rest, pretty brown and green wood toads gave the children much amusement, and also much to learn and to think about. The tiny suckers on the toads' feet were brought to plain view as the little creatures climbed on the wire netting of the terrarium; and their appetites were shown by the long earthworms which they seemed to devour whole, taking no time for chewing or for manners.

The wood toads were fairly good barometers, for they chirped more when there came a change in the weather. As the winter approached they crawled backwards into their chosen nooks for their winter sleep, and slumbered peacefully under growing ferns and mosses until the coming of spring.

A community of earthworms was kept in a low flower pot, and the children learned the lesson as to the usefulness of the earthworms in breaking up the earth's surface.

The dry leaves brought in the autumn by the many eager children had been carefully saved, and now served as food for the earthworms and slugs. The children saw the moistened bits of leaves disappear through the holes and knew that the worms, earth's patient plowers, were having a feast. The many worm casts of light brown soil showed plainly upon the upper, dark brown soil.

The slug community was equally interesting, for the life history here, too, was complete. The children saw the pretty spherical eggs, resembling moonstones, become darker and darker, until finally there emerged from each one a tiny, perfect slug—an exact counterpart of its mother—ever ready to eat the fresh lettuce leaves.

A spacious glass jar covered with tissue paper, finely perforated, held a busy ant settlement. Here industrious worker-ants were seen making the ant-hill with its many halls and rooms, and were eagerly watched as they carried their food into the horse-shoe-shaped or circular pantries. To crown all, the children had the great pleasure of seeing the ants carefully

carry the pupa-cases outside of the hill when the latter was being warmed by the sun.

Meanwhile, Jack and Frisky, two tame gray squirrels, also received close attention and care from the children. Nuts were brought to them from our tramps in the woods and park, and I think the many lessons of thoughtfulness, adaptation to use, and foresight received from these tame squirrels made lasting impressions upon the many eager little people who grew to be their ministering and observing friends.

The aquarium ($2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. x $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. x 1 ft.) was a constant source of pleasure, its continued good condition being due to the well balanced proportion of plant and animal life in relation to the water. Goldfish, silverfish, rockfish, newts, frog tadpoles, snails, and turtles lived there year after year, and gave the children much to enjoy, observe, study, and meditate about.

The newt's trick of pulling off and devouring its own skin was always watched with wonder and amusement, as was the forming of the new layer of shell on the different snail shells. The children also had the satisfaction of seeing the snail of the year before become grandmother to a large family of snails, who found much to eat on the large glass sides of the aquarium and on the various shells and stones put into it to make things look natural. (The snail lays a small mass of transparent jelly through which one can easily see, even with the naked eye, the perfect shape, like the parent shell, of the baby snail.)

During the winter months, more attention is paid to the sun, moon, and stars, snow, hail, and rain. Simple experiments of the effects of frost upon twigs, leaves, vegetables, garden-soil, and water are performed and the results noted. The writing with a wet sponge upon the blockboard, the drying of a wet handkerchief, the drying of pieces of apple, the disappearance of the moisture from a lump of garden-soil or clay, and the evaporation of salt water from a shallow or deep dish, are all simple, helpful, and vivid experiments in evaporation. Thus, by a study of natural phenomena and by the daily observing and recording of the conditions of weather, upon calendars planned by the children themselves most fittingly for each month, a gradual preparation is made for geography and the children become especially keen in perceiving signs of awakening spring.

In the spring, the germination of seeds is observed, and pictures of the growing plants are drawn, painted, and cut. In connection with the many interesting objects of study that the spring months reveal, special study is given to two or three fruit trees, and to the white, Norway and sycamore maples; so that the children can finally recognize, on their different walks through the streets or in the parks, the particular shade trees most in use in these places.

Interesting beyond all else, however, seems to be the study of the life of a tadpole. How the children crowd around to watch for the first sign of life in the mass of jelly-like toad-eggs, brought to them from a well known

pond! And with what joy the first tadpole is greeted, when it has wriggled and squirmed enough to free itself from its inclosing jelly egg! With what joy and pride the dozen or two "taddies" are carried home successively by each child so that mother and baby brother may know how different from the toad-mother the baby toads look!

Surely the teacher must feel repaid for her work with the tadpoles as the year goes on; for through the children's interest in them the fathers and grandpas are led to come, one by one, into the schoolroom for a minute to receive directions as to the treatment of "taddies," to get the names of helpful "Nature Study" books, or the addresses of houses where aquariums and terrariums may be purchased.

But most of all, the teacher enjoys the remarks made by enthusiastic Eleanor or dreamy William, who starts the ball of comment rolling by making statements such as these:—

"My taddies have lost their right outside gills."

"My tadpole has a gold ring around his eyes."

"My tadpole has oh! such a little mouth! The toad's mouth is *much* bigger."

"My tadpoles ate up *all* the jelly!"

"My tadpoles eat crackers and suck at the raw meat."

"My tadpoles are getting larger."

"My tadpoles have a breathing tube on the left side."

"My tadpoles have hind legs."

"My tadpoles have front legs."

"My tadpoles have nostrils; they must be getting lungs."

Do you wonder, then, with the mysteries and activities of life brought so closely to them, that the writing of original stories and even "poems" is but a natural and enjoyable piece of work for the children and one which is at the same time interesting to the teacher? It is a pleasure to watch the little people ponder over and count off on their fingers the syllables of the different lines as these are given by the individual children, when a class "poem" is being composed; and it is no less a pleasure to see the individual sets of illustrations grow, as each child makes pictorial representation from time to time of what he personally has observed.

A TADPOLE POEM.

By the Connecting Class, 1901.

Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

One sunny day in early Spring,
A toad into the pond did spring,
In it her jelly eggs to lay,
So she 'd have tadpoles before May.

The eggs swelled and tadpoles came out.
Then they began to swim about.
They were as black as they could be;
They were so small they could not see.

Soon they had useful outside gills,
They were like pretty little frills,
Then the outside gills went away,
And inside gills came there to stay.

Their eyes came, and they could see food.
They wriggled much, and were quite rude.
Raw meat and crackers seemed to be
The food they ate most greedily.

The hind legs came one sunny day,
The front legs came the last of May;
The tail got short and very thin,
And lungs began to grow within.

Four legs had they now, and no tail;—
Little toads they were, without fail.
Now they were ready to breathe air,
And hopped into the sunshine fair.

THE LIFE OF A TADPOLE.

By the Connecting Class, 1900.

Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I lived first in a jelly egg,
  And lived there very well.
I thought the world was round and white,
  Then crept out of my "shell."

I lived next in a little brook;
  Some children came that way;
They put me in a globe of glass
  And drew me day by day.

At first I had but head and tail,
And then I thought I 'd take a sail.
I wriggled here, I wriggled there:
I wriggled, wriggled everywhere.

My outside gills made pretty frills,
I swam around and breathed with them;
These outside gills withered away
And inside gills made me so gay.

To my surprise I had two eyes,
And then I tried to see with them.
I saw some food and took it in,
And then remained no longer thin.

I grew quite large while in the pond,
And ate of all that I was fond.
One sunny day I had two legs,—
My brother said they were my "pegs."

My front legs came one cloudy day,
(I heard somebody say 't was May),
And then I tried to jump with them,
But found my old tail in the way.

My tail grew short and very thin,
And lungs began to grow within;
I was so glad to be a frog
And jumped with glee upon a log.

FRANCIS W. PARKER.

A MEMORIAL LETTER FROM ALICE H. PUTNAM.

Chicago, March, 1902.

Dear Miss Poulsson:—

Your letter asking me to say something "In Memoriam" of Colonel Parker is at hand. I feel it such a privilege to have known and to have been permitted to work daily with him for six years, and later to have had opportunity for the closest study of his work, that I gladly speak of him as I knew him.

My first acquaintance with the Colonel was at the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, in 1880. I had heard of his interesting work in Quincy, Mass., and determined to enroll myself as one of his students. As I entered the chapel, and saw the Colonel sitting on the railing of the platform, I thought: "Can this man be the pedagog of whom I have heard so much?" He opened the meeting by reading the story of the Lord's blessing little children; and the address to teachers which followed convinced me that here was one who believed truly in the Science and Art of Education, and who, I felt sure, could help me realize something of Froebel's ideals. From that day to this, my faith in the man's insight into child nature, his great love for children and for those who were to teach them, his one sole purpose being to help each child and each teacher to realize the Divine Image which is in every human soul,—I say my belief in him has never faltered. In the face of many limitations which he himself realized, those who have

worked nearest to him know how earnestly and hopefully and successfully he has done his great work.

When he received the call to the Cook County Normal School, he wrote me a long letter, asking many questions about the school and the general status of educational work here in Chicago. Sometimes I smile when I think of the warnings given of the battles he might expect, they were so fully realized; but the statement that Chicago was in a very plastic condition educationally, ready to grow rationally, he often said, had great weight with him when making his decision.

The place to know the Colonel best was in his own school—his real home—and in the faculty meetings with his teachers. What a delight those meetings were! Not always peaceful nor calm; but in every man's and woman's heart was the solemn conviction that only the truth could make them free. Of late years, since I left the school, the teachers have told me how the Colonel seemed to have grown in wisdom and in gentleness, and what rare opportunities often were given them there for the discussion of the most vital truths in the fullest and freest fashion. The strong bond of union that existed between the Colonel and his teachers was genuine, and in each link that bound them, there was the recognition of "variety in unity."

Never, I believe, since the burial of Froebel himself, was a more closely united band of mourning teachers gathered together. The funeral service at the house was, however, most comforting. A clergyman, an old friend of the Colonel's in Quincy, opened the service with a short prayer which made everyone present feel "He is not here, he is risen!" and, as Dr. Merrill adds, in a recent letter, "Come see the place where he" *worked!* Then Mrs. Blaine, the founder of the new school, read the Beatitudes, which we had so often heard from the Colonel's lips. A trio chanted two or three Scripture sentences. Miss Fleming followed with some of the Colonel's favorite selections. Then Mr. Bright, our county superintendent, made a few remarks, saying what the Colonel's help had been to Chicago teachers, and to himself, as a personal friend and co-worker. Then followed some extracts made from the funeral addresses at Froebel's grave. Those who knew the Colonel best, felt that these expressed the feeling we have all had for this later crusader in education. After the singing of "Lift thine eyes," from "Elijah," the benediction was pronounced; and we saw our sleeping friend once more. He seemed twenty years younger, and absolutely at rest,—so calm after life's battles, it was good to look at him.

No—he is not dead; he lives; he will work, as he has always worked, for children!

The Colonel's last (conscious) day, Friday, was a very happy one. He rose in the morning feeling, as he said, that he was "going to get well." The greater part of the day was spent in the company of two little children in the hotel, of whom he had grown

very fond. They walked and talked and played together, and at night he said to his nurse that he had had "such a happy day!" In the morning came first the mental sleep; then, on Sunday afternoon, that of the body. And now has come the waking!

In one sense, the kindergarten has lost much this year, in the going away of Anna Bryan, Miss Garland, and Colonel Parker, who was surely also in spirit a child gardener. But who can tell what influences shall come to us from that world of causes, where all imperfections are purged, and where growth is to all eternity?

Verily,—

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent."

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

WAGNER OPERA STORIES. By Grace Edson Barber. Public School Publishing Co., Bloomington, Ill. $0.50

In the Introduction to these stories Miss Elizabeth Harrison urges the telling of the great myths of the ages, with suitable simplification as to form and detail, to children; and she also speaks in friendly praise of Miss Barber's success in this simple presentation of the Teutonic legends about the Rhine-Gold, Brunhilda, Siegfried, the Twilight of the Gods, and Parsifal. Miss Barber introduces the musical motive of each character, and these, with the stories, says Miss Harrison, "have interpreted the meaning of music to the childish heart as I have seldom seen it interpreted." The stories read very smoothly, no breaks or modifications being evident to the youthful hearer: and the style is direct and interesting. The age at which fairy stories and myths are to be given to the child being pretty generally conceded to be between six and twelve years, it will be seen that the Wagner stories, even at their simplest, belong to children who have passed the kindergarten stage. Then especially comes the desire for those stories which "make possible all those splendid 'might be's' which like giants battle down the prison walls of fear, and give to the soul the courage to bring to light its fair ideals and beautiful dreams and thus change life from dull prose to glorious poetry."

THE ROUND RABBIT AND OTHER CHILD VERSE. By Agnes Lee. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. $1.20.

This new edition is gayer than the first, being bound in red with rows of little round rabbits upon the covers. Seekers of child verse will find here amusing rhymes and a few of more thoughtful sort, and, taken all in all, a collection that is wholesome in tone and good in rhyme and rhythm. The Boy and the Star, Racing with the Moon, Back in Boston Town, and The Little Round Rabbit are among the best.

BIRD JINGLES. By Edward B. Clark. A. W. Mumford, Chicago, Ill. $0.50.

The colored pictures issued by this Chicago firm, under the title of Birds and All Nature, are so widely known that no further description of the illustrations of this book is needed than to say that they are selected from that series. The verses that accompany the pictures, though having some cleverness, are mostly too sophisticated and hardly of the right tone to be recommended for children. For instance, The Kingfisher ends:—

"I fear 't is the truth that were well otherwise,
He 's the only known fisher who never tells lies."

The Crane:—

"You 'll know in a moment the Crane could make millions
Among the Four Hundred by leading cotillions."

The Red-headed Woodpecker:—

"For tempers are common in heads that are red."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. The Gospel Story of Jesus Christ. Arranged by Ida M. Hutchison. $1.50. Four and Twenty Toilers. By F. D. Bedford and E. V. Lucas. $2.50.

C. C. Birchard and Co., Boston, Mass. The Laurel Classics. The Merchant of Venice. Edited by Frederick Manley. $0.40. The Laurel Song Book. Edited by W. L. Tomlins. $1.50 in cloth; $1.00 in boards. Lyrics by John Vance Cheney.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

Wages of Teachers in New York. By W. McAndrew. The World's Work. February. A New Indian Policy. By W. A. Jones, U. S. Indian Commissioner. The Head of 400 Schools (William H. Maxwell). The World's Work. March.

Children of the German Emperor. By Miss H. Friederichs. Young Woman. London, Eng. February.

Belgium's Art Crusade. By C. M. Robinson. Harper's Monthly. February.

Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard University. By George Perry Morris. American Monthly Review of Reviews. March.

The Dead Level of Intelligence. By Gerald Stanley Lee. The Critic. March.

The Private School in American Life. By George C. Edwards. Educational Review. March.

The Educational Problem in the Philippines. By Fred W. Atkinson. Atlantic. March.

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Items of news and reports of the work for the news departments are solicited from kindergartners in all parts of the country. Copy should be received before the tenth of the month to insure insertion in the next issue.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Washington's Birthday Celebration. The regular session of the St. Louis Froebel Society was held in the new Edward Wyman Kindergarten, Saturday morning, February 22. This year being the twenty-fifth anniversary of Miss McCulloch's connection with the kindergartens, it was decided to make this a reminiscence meeting, marked by a series of short talks, reviewing (to quote Miss McCulloch) "memories of happy experiences shared together, and telling of results achieved through united efforts." Following is the program of exercises: —

Program.

Up to Us Sweet Childhood Looketh, *Kindergartners' Hymn.*
My Country, 'T is of Thee.
Piano Solo, *Florence Wyman Richardson.*
Our Friends, *Mary C. McCulloch.*
My First Year in the Kindergarten, *Sallie A. Shawk.*
Clara Beeson Hubbard's Tic-Tac Song.
Old Days at the Eads, *Maria A. Kearney.*
Froebel Birthday Celebration, *Mabel A. Wilson.*
The Story of the Library, *Annie E. Harbaugh.*
The Bates Kindergarten in 1886, *Lina G. Shirley.*
First Kindergarten for Colored Children, *Helene Abbott.*
Greetings to Friends, *Nellie L. Paterson.*
Our Guests, *Gertrude E. Crocker.*
The May Festival, *Lillie Field.*
Twentieth Anniversary, Dante School, *Mary L. Shirley*
International Kindergarten Union, 1897, *Lillie I. Park.*
Our Outings, *Alice Thomas.*
Twenty-fifth Anniversary, *Nellie Flynn.*
The Children's Laurels, *Annie J. Barclay.*
The St. Louis Kindergartens in 1902, *Elizabeth Patterson.*
What Next Shall we Do? *Volunteers of 1902.*
Auld Lang Syne.
Grand Froebel March.

The large and handsome kindergarten room was decorated most artistically in the national colors, it being Washington's birthday. A frieze of photographs and autograph letters from friends formed part of the wall decoration. Among these were Dr. William T. Harris, Miss Susan Blow, Miss Emilie Poulsson, Miss Clara Beeson

Hubbard, Madam Kraus Boelte, Baroness von Bülow, Mr. Hamilton Mabie, and many others.

Most fittingly, the daughter, Mrs. Florence Wyman Richardson, and granddaughter, Miss Dorothea Richardson, of the late Edward Wyman, one of St. Louis's most honored citizens and a pioneer educator, after whom the school was named, had prominent places in the program.

Miss McCulloch's remarks were unusually happy. In part, she said: —

> "'A child may love a blossom red or white,
> But more a wreath in which all hues unite.'

"We, too, have gathered, friends, to twine a wreath; each blossom bears a message all its own; the whole reveals the story of our kindergarten labors here." She then spoke feelingly of Edward Wyman's efforts for the cause of popular education. The grand Froebel march to the refreshment room was an appreciated finale to a delightful celebration.

ELIZABETH LONGMAN.

> "This is your birthday, my dear, my dear!
> Gladly we form in a ring;
> Round you we dance with a joyous step,
> Happy the song that we sing;
> Glad be the day! Glad be the year!
> This is our greeting for you, my dear!"
>
> —EMILIE POULSSON'S Holiday Songs.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary. January 29th, 1877, Miss Mary C. McCulloch entered the St. Louis Public Kindergarten as a volunteer assistant. Eight years she happily, faithfully worked in the Stoddard Kindergarten, nurturing the tender plants intrusted to her keeping; and since that time, as Supervisor of St. Louis Public Kindergartens, has been director, friend, and helper to "children of a larger growth."

St. Louis kindergartners felt that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth into a world of service to childhood, of this soul which has given itself unreservedly to that service, could not be permitted to pass without recognition. A public reception was first planned, but abandoned on account of the serious illness of Miss McCulloch's father, and a celebration, sweeter in spirit, more in harmony with the thought and feeling of her whom we delighted to honor, was quietly observed within the home circle of kindergartners. To formulate and execute plans necessitated a number of clandestine meetings, but the forces were well marshaled by Miss Alice Thomas, promoter of the scheme and chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, and for once our Supervisor, omniscient and omnipresent in her field of activity, was taken unawares, proving conclusively that not only *a woman* but *three hundred women* can keep a secret!

It was the day for the meeting of assistants under Miss Mabel Wilson, who had devised a scheme to secure Miss McCulloch's attendance. She found the class in the Ring, and soon became a part of the merry play. At a given time the Stream was chosen, and as it began to wind in and out, telling its own sweet message, the door opened —

> "Singing, singing all the day; give away,
> O, give away,"

was taken up by a mighty chorus of voices, and the stream became a mighty river, winding, winding, winding until its head became the center of many concentric circles of loving hearts, out of whose abundance was sung the Birthday Greeting.

Miss Sallie A. Shawk, one of our pioneer workers, in behalf of the kindergartners, fittingly expressed the deep appreciation of Miss McCulloch's guidance, in that she has ever taught us to "look up," for the best things are above us; to "look forward," for the best things are yet to be realized; to "look out," if we would attain the highest realization of "self in all and all in self"; and to "lend a hand," for, in so doing, we lift as we have been lifted; a material token of this appreciation being a handsome watch. Representatives of paid and volunteer assistants encircled her with a wreath of flowers, as in unison was repeated: —

> "We bring thee, friend, a golden watch;
> We bring thee, too, a flowery wreath;
> The gold will never wear a stain,
> The flowerets long shall sweetly breathe.
> The watch and wreath, dear friend, shall be
> Emblems to bind our hearts to thee —
> Emblems for Time and Eternity."
>
> —(*Adapted from Thomas Moore.*

Miss Mabel Wilson, having a heart-shaped box containing twenty-five golden coins, said: —

"Our inspiration to carry on the good work in all of its fullness comes largely through you. It is you who are in touch with the great kindergarten life pulsing all over the world, going out to meet it, coming back to share it, and we recall especially the gatherings of the 'I. K. U.' Many, many times we have heard you say: 'I wish you could all go to the I. K. U.' This year we will go. Our hearts will go with you: our best wishes will go with you; our blessing will rest upon you; and, as a token thereof, we ask you to accept this little heart-shaped box with the love of your co-workers: —

'To the I. K. U.
We will go with you
In nineteen hundred and two.' "

And then twenty-five roses presented by Mrs. Haydee Campbell breathed a loving message for each one of the twenty-five years, and, though destined themselves soon to perish, eloquently paid tribute, in a language of their own, to the undying influence and inspiration of thought, word, and deed.

The spirit of such an occasion is its true joy—a joy of which words can paint no picture. It was the spontaneous outburst of love and esteem for her who has so nobly shepherded the flock, and, coming in the nature of a complete surprise, awakened emotions so deep that, like the little child made happy at Christmas, they could only find expression in the words: "*I love everybody!*" And what higher joy can come to one than a heart filled with the love universal? At such times memories of the past demand our thought, and yet we feel that we must stand "upon the shoulders of the past," with our eyes turned toward the future, and, with unity of faith, love, and purpose, press our upward way "towards fresh heights, where limits are unguessed."

JENNIE C. TAYLOR.

Brooklyn, New York.

What 's in a Name? The Froebel Society held one of its largest meetings of the year, March 3, at the Academy, 687 Lafayette avenue. The program was a musical one, arranged by the Committee on Art, Mrs. Edward Ralphby, chairman.

The feature of the hour was a recital-talk by Mrs. Stuart Close. She chose as a theme, What 's in a Name? and by interpretation of many selections for the piano, from a wide range of composers and from works with opus number only or characterized by a title expressing the composer's thought, she showed that a name sometimes counted for a great deal, and other times for nothing.

Mrs. Close explained that it was often necessary to know the circumstances or conditions which gave rise to a musical composition in order to comprehend its meaning. An instance of this was a stormy Chopin etude, prompted by the rioting of the people of Warsaw.

She also called attention to the method and the use of rhythm to express emotions, or to paint tone pictures of nature in its varied phenomena and expression. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was mentioned as an instance of the latter.

Mrs. Close noted further the composer's recourse to rhythm suggested by natural sounds, as poets have the rhythm expressive of tramping of hoofs, cries of people, or surging of billows.

Students or critics, she said, have sometimes given titles to compositions, foreign from their authors' intention. An instance of this was Rubinstein's Kammenoi Ostrow, which, she said, had been interpreted in its first movement as a boat gliding on the water and conducting its people to a cathedral, whose music and bell resounds in the second part, but which, according to Rubinstein, is one of a series of tone portraits.

Mrs. Close's playing was delightful. Among the many compositions which she interpreted with a few sentences of explanation were a prelude by Chopin, a barcarolle by Mendelssohn, a Bach fugue, MacDowell's Water Lily, Grieg's Berceuse, and selections from Schumann.

The Froebel chorus, comprising twelve members of the society under the direction of Miss Ellen Holly, sang four choruses — two before and two after the recital—as follows: O'er the Sands, F. Abt; Peace, Miller; Evening, H. Smart; The Swallow, H. Leslie.

Knoxville, Tennessee.

A Summer School in the South. Beginning June 19, and ending July 21, there will be held a summer school at the University of Tennessee, which will be the most important summer school ever convened in the Southern states, and one which will have a lasting influence on the educational interests of the entire South. The purpose of this school is to offer to the progressive teachers of the South a summer school of high grade at an accessible central point, where the summer climate is healthful and pleasant, the surroundings attractive, the accommodations ample, the conveniences and equipments for instruction adequate.

To meet the needs of teachers of all classes and for the purpose of stimulating in a healthful way all the educational interests in the South, the work will be organized under the following four heads, and several courses will be offered under each: 1. Common school subjects and methods. 2. Psychology and pedagogy. 3. High school and college subjects. 4. General lectures.

The school will be under the direction of President Charles W. Dabney of the University of Tennessee, and Prof. P. P. Claxton of the Southern Education Board will be superintendent. The faculty,

which will include only men and women of accurate scholarship and known ability as teachers, will be the strongest ever brought together in any summer school in the South, and the opportunities for study and instruction in all departments will not be inferior to those offered in any summer school in America.

The kindergarten work will be a strong feature. For this work Miss Finie Murfree Burton of the Louisville Free Kindergarten has been engaged, and she will have competent assistants. In addition to the lectures and instruction to teachers a kindergarten of twenty-five or thirty children will be kept open the last four weeks of the school, which will enable teachers to supplement the lectures by actual observation.

For the department of psychology and pedagogy, which will include educational psychology and the history, science, and art of education, Dr. Emerson E. White of Ohio, the well known author, teacher, and lecturer; Dr. E. A. Alderman, formerly professor of pedagogy and president of the University of North Carolina, and now president of Tulane University, and Prof. P. P. Claxton, formerly professor of pedagogy in the North Carolina State Normal School, have been engaged. Other teachers and lecturers will be announced later.

Systematic courses, running through the entire six weeks, will be offered in all the principal high school and college subjects.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Art Class. The Alumnæ Association of the Baltimore Kindergarten Training School, which has been in existence for one year, has just organized an Art class which meets twice every month. The object of the course is both practical and theoretical. The practical points of the lesson are verified by historical facts. Miss Louisa Stuart and Miss Hoffman of the Maryland Institute of Art have charge of the class and are carrying out the plan admirably.

At the first meeting, January 18, Miss Hoffman, who has the theoretical work, showed a number of photographs of the old masters. These pictures arranged in the order of production showed the crudity of early art and exhibited the evolution not only of the artist's ability to represent, but the progress of his mental vision.

The course will consist of ten lectures, all of which will be conducted along this line of thought.

This Art course is the second active piece of work the Alumnæ Association has accomplished. The first exhibition of kindergarten children's work in the city of Baltimore was held last spring under its auspices.

The members of the association are the third year graduates of the Baltimore Kindergarten Training School. The association meets four times during the year, not only for business, but to hear reports from the different committees, which keep it in touch with the progressive work in the kindergarten world both local and foreign.

FLORA A. GUGGENHEIMER.

New York City.

Greek Education. The regular monthly meeting of the Kraus Alumnæ Association was held on Saturday, February 8, at the Tuxedo. The speaker for the morning was Prof. Henry A. Sill of Hobart College, his subject being Aspects of Greek Education.

Professor Sill gave an outline of the education of an Athenian youth. Beginning with the close of the fifth century, he told how all our schools, academies, and universities germinated in Athens; and also that many of our games and toys were well known to the Greeks. The childish imagination was cultivated by stories, legends, and superstitions; among them being the Bogyman, and Hermes, the god of the nursery. School life began at seven. The boy was taken to and from school by a slave, or so-called pedagogue, and was expected to walk with his hands under his mantle. His studies consisted of gymnastics, the use of weapons for warfare, a little arithmetic and geography, and a great deal of music and poetry; Homer being thoroughly known by every Athenian. At the age of eighteen the youth was ready for service of State. Professor Sill also spoke of the schools of Socrates and Plato, and of the blind discipleship of the latter, who put many things down to Socrates that were entirely his own invention. These last remarks were well adapted and helpful. Many kindergartners of to-day are doing destructive work by following too closely what they suppose to be their ideal preceptor, but what is really an easy method of their own contriving.

The Sunday kindergarten movement for elevating the tenement house children of the Suffolk and Division street district, New York city, by the elevation of their sense of beauty, held its eighth session in February. The topic of the talk and recitations was

Classic Greek: The Land of Beautiful Plastic Forms, and the Greeks as the Inventors of Beauty. The course of instruction consists of an original adaptation of Hegel's æsthetics, by Dr. C. W. De Lyon Nichols, who was for several years a pupil in the philosophy of Hegel of William T. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education. About seventy-five children were in attendance. The president of the Sunday Kindergarten Association is Dr. Catesby Jones; the first vice-president, Mrs. Angus Cameron; second vice-president, Miss Mary Van Buren Vanderpoel; secretary, Dr. Albertus Adair Moore.

New Haven, Connecticut.

Meeting of Supervisors of Manual Art.

The Council of Supervisors of the Manual Arts met at New Haven, Ct., on December 6 and 7 for the purpose of discussing the papers in the first Year-book issued by the organization.

The association was organized a year ago under the presidency of Dr. James P. Haney, Supervisor of Manual Training in the New York schools. The function of the society is the critical discussion of questions concerning the advancement of drawing, design, and constructive work in the public schools. Its active membership is limited to forty, the associate membership to one hundred. The questions which the council wishes to discuss it assigns to its various members, who thereupon prepare papers for the Year-book indicating their personal views. These papers are then taken up in order at the annual meeting.

The first meeting at New Haven was a thorough success, the various topics eliciting active debate. Particularly interesting was a Round-table discussion on the teaching of Design. This was participated in by half a dozen well known supervisors, each of whom illustrated, with work and blackboard sketches, his ideas as to the best method of presenting this important phase of school work in the arts.

The papers in the Year-book which were discussed, follow: Single Handed Supervision in Cities, by Frederick L. Burnham; The Supervisor as an Influencer of Public Taste, by James Hall; Principles of Teaching Constructive Design, by Henry T. Bailey; Venetian Iron Work for Elementary Schools, by William J. Edwards; The Psychologists on the Teaching of the Manual Arts, by Victor I. Shinn; The Manual Arts in Elementary Schools, by James P. Haney; The Relation of Elementary Art Instruction to the Pupil's Needs, by Theodore M. Dilloway; A Theory of Color in its Application to School Work, by Ernest Batchelder; Normal Preparation in the Manual Arts for the Grade Teacher, by Charles F. Whitney.

The council is a unique body. It exists to publish and discuss its book, which is sent to the members some time before the meeting. No time is given at the meeting to the reading of papers but active work is done in criticism of the views advanced by the various writers. The meetings are open to members only, but outsiders can obtain the Year-book, by applying to the Secretary.

Mr. Henry T. Bailey succeeds Dr. Haney as president, for the ensuing year. Dr. Haney becoming secretary of the organization.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Arrangements for the Minneapolis Convention in July are progressing satisfactorily. All railway passenger associations in the United States have granted the usual rate of one fare for the round trip, plus the membership fee, excepting the Transcontinental Association, which now has the matter under consideration.

Extensive side trips at very favorable rates are assured, following the Convention, to all attractive excursion districts, including the Yellowstone Park, the Rocky Mountains, and the Pacific Coast.

The local Convention Committees are fully organized under the chairmanship of Mr. Wallace G. Nye of the Commercial Club.

President Beardshear and the seventeen department presidents are at work organizing the various programs with excellent promise of most satisfactory results.

Colonel Francis W. Parker, whose death occurred on March 2 at Pass Christian, Miss., where he had gone for his health, was a bold adventurer into the field of teaching on the basis of psychology, at a time when the public schools had not yet felt in any degree the true relationship of education and the nature of the child. Colonel Parker's calling was teaching, and he began it when he was seventeen years old; and while it was interrupted by four years of service in the war for the Union, to that calling he returned immediately after coming home, and it had been his life work. It was his good fortune to be dissatisfied with the limitations of his work; and to get the psychologic training which he could not find here, he went to Germany,

and in Berlin University studied three years those scientific bases of education which no other country teaches so thoroughly. Rousseau, in his Emile, Comenius, Pestalozzi, Froebel, he found were the true teachers of the teachers. The principles of nature were applied by Colonel Parker with great effect. His innovations became famous as "the Quincy methods," and led to his subsequent work, for a short time in Boston, then as principal of the Chicago Normal School, and he had within three years become the head of the School of Education, a part of the Chicago University. His principles are at the root of the modern ideas of teaching, since he had been convicted of the truth that every age owes a supreme duty to its children, and that education fails of its right purpose unless it tends to develop the boy and girl into living relations with the world and their fellows in the world—in short, into good citizenship. And the methods must be in accord with the nature of the mind, wherefore learning of any sort must be acquired as the earliest adaptations of the child to his environment are acquired, such as motion, speech and all intelligence; the child is to "learn to do by doing," and not by roundabout methods of doing something else first.

Died at West, Texas, December 26, 1901, Ida M. Standlee *née* Richeson, wife of Dr. Thomas M. Standlee.

The above notice will bring to many kindergartners a feeling of sadness at the loss of one who, for many years, devoted all her energies to the work that she believed would regenerate the world. Trained by Miss Susan E. Blow, associated with her daily in the old Pope Kindergarten, she acquired an insight into the principles of the kindergarten which colored her whole life. The lofty ideals and poetry underlying every phase of the work found a ready interpretation in her own poetic mind, which she readily expressed in song, story, or game, all for the good of the cause she lived and worked for.

MARIA A. KEARNEY.

ST. LOUIS, January 21, 1902.

INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION.

ANNUAL MEETING, BOSTON, APRIL 23, 24, AND 25.

Wednesday, April 23, 10 A. M. Arlington Street Church, corner Arlington and Boylston streets.

Addresses of welcome by Miss Laliah B. Pingree, Chairman of the Local Executive Committee, and Mr. Edwin P. Seaver, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Boston. Response by the President, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam of Chicago. Reports by delegates.

Wednesday, P. M. Reception at Radcliffe College, 4 to 6 o'clock.

Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock. General Meeting at Huntington Hall.

Addresses: The Improvement which the Kindergarten has suggested in Higher Departments of Education, Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University; Henry S. Pritchett, President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Ideal of Nurture, Miss Susan E. Blow.

Thursday, 9 A. M. Place announced later. Round Table. Leader, Mrs. M. B. Page. Subjects: How shall we Raise the Standard for Instrumental Music in the Kindergarten? Calvin B. Cady of Boston. What shall be the Standard of Requirement and Experience for Training Teachers? Miss Patty Hill of Louisville What shall be the Standard of Requirement and Experience for Supervisors? Miss Fanniebelle Curtis of Brooklyn, Miss Mary McCulloch of St. Louis.

Thursday, April 24, 10 A. M. Arlington Street Church.

Round Table. Leader, Mrs. Margaret J. Stannard. Subject, Home Discipline. Prof. Earl Barnes. Subject, Rewards and Punishments. Other speakers: Mrs. Charles G. Ames, Mr. Joseph Lee, Mr. Arthur A. Carey, and Mrs. Grace Call Kempton of Boston, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam of Chicago, Mrs. Robert W. Chapin of Lenox, and Dr. Hirschberg of Brookline.

Thursday, 1 P. M. Luncheon for members of the International Kindergarten Union.

Thursday, 2.30 P. M. Huntington Hall. The Value of Constructive Work in the Kindergarten, Miss Bertha Payne of Chicago, Miss Anna Williams of Philadelphia, and others.

Thursday, 4 P. M. Business Meeting.

Friday, April 25. 10 A. M. Arlington Street Church.

Training Teachers' Conference. Leader, Miss Lucy Wheelock. Subject, Kindergarten Training in the Light of General Educational Principles. Speakers: Dr. Thomas M. Balliet, Superintendent of Schools, Springfield: Prof. Paul H. Hanus of Harvard University: Mrs. James L. Hughes of Toronto, and others.

Friday, April 25, 2 P. M. Huntington Hall.

Round Table. Leader, Miss Harriet Niel. Subjects: The Training of the Will, Miss Susan Blow; The Training of the Will Through the Discipline of the Public School, Miss Sarah L. Arnold; Punishments, Miss Patty Hill.

Friday Evening. Reception by the Education Department of the Twentieth Century Club, at club rooms, corner Ashburton place and Somerset street.

Saturday, April 26. Excursion to Concord, Lexington, Plymouth, Salem, and Wellesley College.

Saturday Afternoon. College Club Reception, 3.30 P. M., at Allston Hall, Clarendon street.

Headquarters will be at the Westminster Hotel, Copley square.

The Boston Kindergartens will be open to visitors daily.

The Elizabeth Peabody House, 87 and 89 Poplar street, will be open for members of the Union Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

The Social Committee reports the following arrangements for social occasions during the meeting of the International Kindergarten Union: —

Wednesday, April 23, 4 to 6 P. M. Tea at Radcliffe College to officers and delegates.

Thursday, 1 P. M. Luncheon for all members of the Union.

Friday Evening. Reception by the Education Department of the Twentieth Century Club to all members of the International Kindergarten Union.

Saturday, A. M. Wellesley College will be open to visitors and the President, Miss Hazard, will receive the guests in College Hall.

Saturday, 3.30 P. M. Reception to members of the International Kindergarten Union, by the College Club at Allston Hall, Grundman Studios.

In order that due preparation may be made in each case, the chairman of the Local Committee requests that those who desire to share in any or all of these occasions will send their names before April 10, specifying which invitations they will accept, to Lucy Wheelock, 284 Dartmouth street, Chairman of Social Committee.

FANNIEBELLE CURTIS,

Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, International Kindergarten Union.

BROOKLYN, March 10, 1902.

HOW TO REACH THE WESTMINSTER. — From either North or South stations take elevated trains *north* bound, through subway as far as Park street; change there and take any Huntington avenue trolley car for Copley square. Particular attention is called to The Westminster's proximity to the Back Bay stations of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. and of the B. & A., one block distant.

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The readers of this magazine will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

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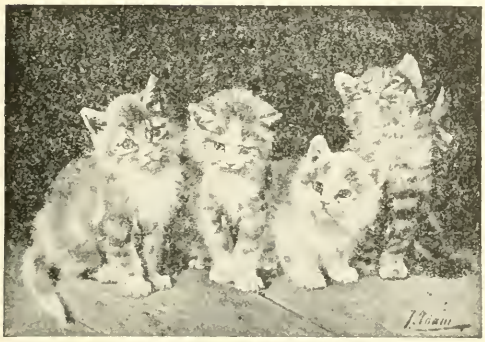

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KINDERGARTEN NEWS.

The J. L. Hammett Company of Boston are to issue a special I. K. U. catalogue, which will contain, in addition to information about kindergarten materials, a directory of kindergartens in and about Boston, and routes by which to reach them, together with a mention of the different training classes and their teachers. It will also contain illustrations of the Old State House, the present Capitol, Faneuil Hall, Old South Church, the Public Library, Bunker Hill Monument, the Washington Elm in Cambridge, and the Minute Man in Concord, with notes of "what to see" in the last mentioned town.

The possibility of a state organization of the kindergartners of Ohio is under discussion by leading kindergartners of that state, and it is earnestly desired by those undertaking the organization, that all kindergartners interested in such a movement will send their names to Miss Mabel A. McKinney, Kindergarten Training School, Lend-a Hand Mission, corner Cedar and Watkins avenues, Cleveland, Ohio. It is hoped that the organization may be effected very soon, and as it may be desirable to appoint a meeting directly after the I. K. U. meeting, at Boston, when many Ohio kindergartners will be returning to their homes, a prompt reply to this request will be very helpful.

On the twenty-first of February, the anniversary of Miss Anna E. Bryan's death, a portrait of Miss Bryan was placed on the walls of the class room of the Training School, under the Louisville Free Kindergarten Association. A memorial, which consisted of resolutions drawn up after Miss Bryan's death, was painted in illuminated text by Miss Margaret M. Byers, and has been mounted and placed near the portrait. The ceremony was as informal as possible, only a small group of friends being present, representing her own and

Miss Hill's graduates. After the placing of the picture, which was encircled with her much loved flowers, a few of Miss Bryan's favorite portions of Scripture were read. At the close of the readings the friends dispersed, glad to have paid this honor to the woman whose strong personal influence is still felt as an ever present blessing.

Miss Julia Myers of Cleveland, a graduate of the Chicago Kindergarten College, has charge of the free kindergarten opened in Springfield. Ohio, under the direction of the Free Kindergarten Association. Much interest has been shown in the work of the association by prominent manufacturers and business men of the city, who have contributed generously, and it is hoped that one or two more kindergartens may be opened later in the shop districts.

The managers of the Normal Training School for Kindergartners and Primary Teachers at Indianapolis, Ind., are making an effort to raise a sufficient sum to erect a new building. The school has never had a permanent home, and the present quarters are not large enough, as there are now between eighty and one hundred young women in training in the school. It is the purpose to procure a site in the north central part of the city. The new institution will be known as "The William Jackson Memorial Institute."

At its February meeting, the Chicago Kindergarten Club discussed playgrounds and the necessity of play for city children. The speakers were E. B. DeGroot of Lewis Institute, W. Robert Hunter of Hull House, Prof. H. W. Thurston of Chicago Normal School, Miss Lure Wadleigh Sanborn of Chicago Normal School, Miss Mary Burrell of Brooklyn, Miss Howell of New York, and Miss Morse of Boston. A letter from Jacob Riis was also read. Mr. Hunter, in his remarks, told of the needs of the city boys and girls of the poor, and said that Chicago has forgotten the children.

Miss Alice O'Grady recently gave a talk on the kindergarten at New London, Ct., under the auspices of the State Board of Education.

The Connecticut Valley Kindergarten Association held a meeting at the high school, Holyoke, Mass., March 15. The program was as follows: Morning Session. The Quality of Inspiration, Supt. Louis P. Nash of Holyoke; Round Table Conference, subject, Interest, discussion led by Miss Adella Woodcock, Hartford, Ct. Afternoon Session. First Attempts at Drawing, Walter Sargent, State Normal School, North Adams. Language: Its Relation to the Work of the Kindergarten, Miss Geraldine O'Grady, New York.

During the month of March, the people of Fort Worth, Texas, have been enjoying an unusual treat under the auspices of the Fort Worth Kindergarten Association. Miss Elizabeth Harrison of Chicago has been giving a series of lectures on Great Literature, Architecture, Social Betterments, The Moral Training of Children, and Modern Education.

The old Crocker Kindergarten Association of Spokane, Wash., has been reorganized and has established a free kindergarten. This action was taken as a result of the abolishment of the kindergartens as a part of the course in the public schools. The new kindergarten has been opened at the Home of the Friendless, with fourteen children, in charge of Miss Carrie Smith.

The members of the Mothers' Club at Little Rock, Ark., are devoting themselves to the study of Hughes' Froebel's Education Laws. This club is maintaining a free kindergarten in the city, which is doing good work.

The articles of incorporation of the Anderson, Ind., Free Kindergarten Association have recently been filed. The incorporators are Sarah E. Campbell, Georgia B. Bagot, Caroline A. Haugh, and Margaret B. Wright. Since the kindergarten has been established at Anderson it has been maintained by private contributions, but it was incorporated so that hereafter assistance might lawfully be received from the city school board. This year the board will give $180 toward the maintenance of the kindergarten, but after this year the board will support it entirely.

The Free Kindergarten Association of Moline, Ill., finding its expenses too heavy, recently decided to close the east end kindergarten at Olivet chapel, and Miss Wilson, in charge there, was transferred elsewhere. The people in the seventh ward, however, have decided that the kindergarten is a necessary thing and the Dorcas Society, have undertaken its support. Miss Josephine Hill and Miss Genevieve Lyford have been appointed kindergartners, holding afternoon sessions in order not to interfere with their private kindergarten. Miss Wilson, who was transferred from Olivet, is in charge of the kindergarten at the new Garfield school. She is assisted by Misses Jennie Aram and Luella Jones.

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At a meeting of the Columbus, Ohio, Mothers' Congress a plan was proposed to form an association of Mothers, Parents and Teachers' clubs to be organized by and auxiliary to the Ohio Congress of Mothers. The aim of the association is to organize a club in connection with every church and every public school in the city. The purpose of this effort is to promote in a definite way, or according to a definite plan, one of the special objects of the Ohio Congress of Mothers, which is the organization of clubs in schools and churches. Two addresses were given, one by Mrs. Fred Flowers on The Aims and Purposes of the Congress of Mothers, and the other by Miss Anna M. Osgood, principal of Avondale School and organizer of the Avondale Mothers' Club, on What the Mothers' Club May Do for the School.

At the mothers' meetings held in the kindergarten room of Miss Nina Bryan at Emporium, Pa., it is proposed to read and discuss such books as Mothers' Ideals, Letters to Mothers, Children's Rights and kindred subjects bearing on the relation of the kindergarten to the home.

Ironville, Ohio, has a kindergarten under the direction of Miss Grace Gordon, who has charge of the one at Birmingham.

The recent action of the Chicago Board of Education in closing the public kindergartens in order to reduce expenses, has aroused the whole city. Friends of the kindergarten in clubs, churches, and associations are stirring up the question in various ways and are forwarding petitions to the Board of Education. It is stated that at one meeting the secretary had so many petitions that it was impossible for him to bring them all before the board. The public may well view with alarm so serious a step as the complete abandonment of a fundamental part of the school system. If the Board of Education of Chicago fully realized the inestimable value of the earliest right beginnings of education that affect the life for all time, the kindergarten grade would be the last instead of the first to fall before the ax of retrenchment.

Portland, Maine, hopes to have three new kindergartens before the school year closes. Among the appropriations recommended by the committee on estimates for the coming municipal year was one of $3,000.00 for the establishment of three new public kindergartens in the city. The appropriation was approved by both the board of aldermen and the common council. The school board had modestly planned for but two and are rejoiced at the larger number.

On the afternoon of January 17, the New York Public School Kindergarten Association gave a delightful reception to those of its number who had become brides during the past year. The two large adjoining kindergarten rooms in Public School Thirty were thrown open, and appropriately decorated entirely in white. Tea was served, and the guests were informally entertained with piano and violin selections, while each one received, on leaving, a miniature white box of plum cake, which, though it had not actually figured at a wedding, was a most delicious imitation.

The Utica, N. Y., branch of the International Kindergarten Union has taken, as special work this year, the holding of quarterly public parents' meetings. These meetings have been largely attended and the members of the branch have occasion to feel gratified at the result of their efforts. In addition to these meetings each kindergartner holds mothers' meetings monthly. A weekly conference class is conducted by Miss Baum. Once a month new songs, games, and stories are presented. At the other meetings certain studies have been pursued; at present the class is studying De Garmo's Essentials of Methods.

A lecture was given at McCoy Hall, Baltimore, Md., March 4, by Miss Susan E. Blow, on the Educational Value of the Kindergarten and Its Place in the Public Schools. The lecture was provided for by the Kindergarten Training School of the Baltimore Kindergarten Association. The speaker treated the subject as one of great public, and even national, importance and urged the need, at the present time, of the incorporation of kindergartens in the regular public school system.

The Eastern Kindergarten Association held its seventy-eighth meeting in the Parker Memorial, Boston, February 18. Miss Katherine R. Pettit was the speaker and her subject was The Mountains of Kentucky.

The New Orleans, La., Kindergarten Club held its regular monthly meeting March 1, in the assembly room of the Boys' High School, with Miss I. Barnett presiding. There were three topics for discussion: What is the Object of the Spring Work? How Shall the Principle be Illustrated? What Shall be the Climax?

The spring term of the Free Kindergarten at Michigan City, Ind., has opened under the direction of Miss Lydia Herrick, the newly elected principal. The assistants are Misses Florence Couden, Dorothy Armstrong, and Mary Seeger.

Miss Leslie King has resigned as kindergartner in the Sewall school at Melrose, Mass., to take a position in Lexington. Miss Emma C. French of Youle street has been appointed to fill the position.

Salem, Mass., now has three kindergartens.

Miss Elsie Kimball has been appointed as assistant at the Cleveland avenue kindergarten, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Arrangements are being perfected for a kindergarten to open for the spring term in Proctor, Vt.

THE GREETING.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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THE HUMOR OF CHILDHOOD.

By Samuel M. Crothers.

THAT children laugh is a matter of common observation; but does the merriment of childhood bear any resemblance to that genial appreciation of the incongruous which is the compensation of maturer minds for some disillusions?

I do not care to make a broad generalization. All children do not have an appreciation of real humor; neither, for that matter, do all middle-aged persons enjoy Montaigne. Still, I am inclined to believe that the humorous view of the world is often attained at an early age.

The trouble lies in our lack of ability to recognize it. It is difficult to get the point of view. We complain because the child does not see the humor in what we call children's books. He does not recognize the delicate satire in Alice in Wonderland or Through the Looking Glass. How should he know that the reasoning of Humpty Dumpty is very much like that which one may hear from grave metaphysicians? Stevenson's Child Garden of Verses, in spite of its apparent simplicity, or rather because of it, is over the child's head.

One must have had some experience before he can smile at the expression of kindly sympathy with foreigners:—

> "You have curious things to eat,
> I am fed on proper meat;
> You must dwell beyond the foam,
> But I am safe, and live at home.
> Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
> Little frosty Eskimo,
> Little Turk or Japanee,
> Don't you wish that you were me?"

Why not? asks the five-year-old; and it may even be that papa, looking up from his newspaper article on the benevolent assimilation of strange peoples, echoes, why not?

A teacher may have the idea that the demure little people under her charge have no sense of humor, and that she should do something to develop it. Could she see the transformation that takes place the moment

she leaves the room, her fears would be relieved. She would realize that she had been presiding over an academy of wits. Every variety of the appreciation of the incongruous is manifested, from keen satire and broad caricature to the gentle irony of the little girl who dearly loves "Teacher," but who cannot be altogether unmindful of her foibles.

There is no real malice in it; it is the same kind of pleasure which we grown-up people have when we are fortunate enough to discover the weaknesses of those who attempt to improve us.

It requires imagination to enter into the real humor of childhood. There must be a reversal of ordinary views. We must look at Gulliver from the standpoint of the Lilliputians. What a queer mountain of flesh he is, and how laughable his affectation of sprightliness! How ridiculous it is to be so large!

The average man finds something humorous in the attempt to explain anything that is really beyond his comprehension. I remember being pleased at the naiveté of that eminent rhetorician, Dr. Blair, when, in writing of the sublime, he declared: "The secret of being sublime is to say great things in few and simple words." I have been reminded of this when explaining to a certain little girl the rules of spelling. An elusive smile revealed to me the fact that she regarded my exposition of the extreme simplicity of the process, precisely as I did the "secret" of Dr. Blair. To her the fundamental absurdity lay in the plausible assumption that spelling *could* be learned. To her it was a mystery not to be inquired into.

The fundamental incongruity between the point of view of the teacher and the taught runs through the whole educational process. The pupil is never quite certain what it is all about, and therefore gives only a humorous acquiescence. I still remember the amusement with which the class in Greek, in a certain preparatory school, looked upon the amiable foible of the instructor who sought to make us share his delusion that the Iliad was delightful, not to say inspiring, poetry. We knew better, though politeness required that we should not tell him so. He, poor man, flattered himself that the look of rapt attention and the well-timed leading questions indicated that we were catching the spirit of Homer; when they really meant only that we were anxious, by guile, to escape from the bondage of the letter.

A great deal that passes for "naughtiness" in children is humorous rather than serious. When a child of four, with sparkling eyes, declares, "I don't want to be good any more!" it is not an exhibition of infant depravity. It is an act of rebellion against the goddess of the Dunciad.

> "In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone;
> Four guardian Virtues, round, support
> her throne."

It is the demand for "cakes and ale." Fortunately, the cakes and ale of the nursery and the kindergarten are harmless, and have an educational value of their own.

There is an awesome story of a

youthful humorist whose whim it was not to pronounce the letter F—or was it some other letter? Had he belonged to a family where there was a genial appreciation of such absurdities he would soon have been laughed out of his prejudice, and have come to a more catholic, alphabetical taste. Unfortunately, his mother was made of stern stuff and chose this as the occasion for that contest of wills which some moralists think necessary to family discipline. We all know of the days and nights spent in the struggle. After the war had actually begun it was perhaps as well for the progress of civilization that it should end as it did. Had the small boy gained the victory there would have been no living in the same house with him. I am free to confess, however, that I should not esteem it a privilege to live in the same house with his mother, either.

The teacher who allows something for the free play of humor avoids many unnecessary contests, and has all the more strength for what is really important. It is a great thing in dealing with human beings, young or old, to know when to change the subject.

The Mock Turtle, carried away by his own love of knowledge, was engaged in imparting to Alice information beyond her capacity to receive.

"That 's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone; "tell her something about the games now."

I believe that the Gryphon was right.

LITTLE MAIDEN MERRYHEART.

By Edith H. Kinney.

Little Maiden Merryheart,
You have won the sunshine's art;
You have stolen spring's soft ways,
Weaving them in winsome plays.
Though you know it not nor guess,
You have banished weariness,—
Put the shadows all to flight
With your eyes' unclouded light.
Bleak I deemed the world to-day;
Swings the door—and presto! May
In my room! and from your throat
Laughter like the bluebird's note!
Tell me, dear: what is the name

Of the region whence you came?
Such a glad place it must be!
Is it Blitheburg-by-the-Sea?
Smilingly you answer not.
Ah! I have the very spot!
'T is those Happy Isles, no doubt,
That the poets sing about.
This it is that makes your mirth
Seem the gladdest thing of earth.
Child, you help us all so far
Just in being what you are—
Mistress of joy's magic art,
Little Maiden Merryheart!

SOME WASTES IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Caroline T. Haven.

IN view of the many sins of omission and commission with which the kindergarten is constantly charged, justly or unjustly, it is encouraging to note a steady improvement in general management which indicates a nearer approach to the recognition of law and order. The public school with its emphasis on times and seasons has forced the kindergarten connected with it to observe clocks and signals, roll calls and reports, until punctuality and business-like methods are accepted facts, these habits extending to a considerable extent to those kindergartens outside the pale of the public school system. So, too, the rules of good housekeeping are better observed and there are fewer signs of the confusion that often arises when many things are to be put into small compass.

Simpler decorative effects are to be seen in the adornments of the room and the eye is less frequently wearied by inharmonious colors or by undue numbers of pictures, while the work of the children is generally omitted from all schemes of decoration.

Hygienic conditions receive more consideration, and the general neatness, even in sections where effort is needed to obtain this, testify to the patience and tact of the kindergartner in bringing about this needed reform.

Yet we have still much to do in this direction, for poor ventilation, insufficient light through bad arrange-

ments of tables and chairs, overheated rooms or sudden changes in temperature, are all too common. Such conditions are good ground for the spread of disease and, though not entirely under the control of the teacher, need her intelligent care in creating public sentiment in favor of improvement in these important matters.

There are also to be seen, here and there, expenditures of time, strength, and nervous force which dissipate the energy of the teacher and, reacting on the children, rob them of the serenity that accompanies simple and natural play. None of us, perhaps, have ourselves so well under control that we are guiltless here, and it may not be amiss to call attention to some of our wastes in this direction.

A visit to one kindergarten showed that twenty minutes by the clock was given to the preparation for the "Gift period" which was scheduled to last half an hour; and this was not done by a novice, but by a kindergartner of experience and ability. Some time was devoted to the proper position for receiving the boxes, which were later slowly distributed by one child, who laboriously placed them at a required distance and persistently waited for the "thank you" which was not often spontaneously given, and which sometimes was not elicited without the persuasion of the teacher. This accomplished, the hands became birds flying through the air, the thumb and forefinger representing the beak, which finally pulled out the cover a little. More fluttering of birds, and the boxes were turned over once; and with several repetitions of the flight and descent, the blocks were at last revealed, though little time was left for their use.

Another formal method for opening that is sometimes seen is accompanied by singing

> "We 'll place the boxes straight,
> We 'll place the boxes straight,
> We 'll place the boxes straight
> And then we 'll fold our hands."

Then follow

> "We 'll pull the covers out, etc."
> "We 'll turn the boxes over, etc."

the refrain coming in in every case,

> "And then we 'll fold our hands."

This rather lengthy process has a variation in which undue time is given to placing at call one hand or the other on back side, top side, right side, any side but the inside; and though this may be given in a playful way, it must be tiresome enough to little people whose fingers ache to build. The boxes holding the various blocks are certainly most useful, serving to keep a given number together and aiding in the distribution and collecting. But the essential of the Gift is within and it would seem that the most effective results could be obtained by removing the box easily, quickly, and, of course, in an orderly manner, leaving the blocks free for the various lessons of form, number, direction and position or for free building.

The continued marching around and around a room with no change of step or time becomes most monotonous, and one does not wonder that it is effectually used as the first exercise of the morning to "work off

superfluous energy and make the children more quiet for the morning circle"; though it would seem as if the said energy could be turned to some good account instead of being repressed by this deadening process.

Many devices used occasionally with good effect lose any value they may possess through constant repetition. Thus children may enjoy the play with the feathery "fairies' wand" which puts them to sleep till a second touch dissolves the magic spell; but the advisability of the repetition of its use nearly every day for the whole year is indeed to be questioned. If there is need of a rest time, are there not other ways to obtain it?

What shall be said of some of our devices for gaining order or for holding attention? Shall we rely on the versatile fairy who takes up her abode now in a box of tablets or sticks, or again hides in the weaving portfolio or the jar of clay? We knock at her door and hear her oft-repeated statement that she cannot come out till Johnny's hands are folded or Mary's feet are properly placed; and we are duly gratified when all the conditions are met. But what of the children during this monologue? We have given them neither a scientific fact nor an artistic story, while the effect on will-power is questionable. The fairy, the brownie, the elves, may be brought to the children in a more legitimate way,—a way in which the distinction between truth and fancy is more readily discriminated.

Every kindergartner knows that her best laid plans "gang aft agley," perhaps because of the weather, or of outside attractions, or of a mistake in choice of material or lack of their proper presentation. She naturally desires to stimulate the unawakened interest and the tendency is to exaggerate her own interest, hoping by this to arouse some enthusiasm among her charges. The result often shows continued apathy on the part of the children and exhausted nerve force in the teacher.

A kindergarten was observed one rather warm day in early summer. The day previous had been a city holiday, and the children had nearly all been on excursions from which they had not recovered. They looked physically tired and the hot and humid air increased their listlessness. There was little animation shown in either talk or song, and more than once there had been calls for help in the singing, sometimes as entreaty and again as command. A few were willing to tell a neighbor of the pleasures of yesterday, but declined to make more public matter of their stories. One small boy in response to several importunities at last announced that he was at the seashore. "Oh, children," said the kindergartner, "Johnny was at the seashore yesterday!" A few languidly responded "So was I"; and the small Johnny, in answer to a direct question, continued: "I had a pail and shovel." "Johnny had a pail and shovel," repeated the kindergartner slowly and with great emphasis; and again there was but slight response.

As if requesting the greatest possible favor she next asked Johnny to bring the precious toys the next

day; to which he stolidly replied, "They 're here now." The kindergartner clasped her hands together while she impressively announced this last fact to the other children, and on the arrival of the implements there was another ecstasy, while she almost shrieked: "Look! look at it! It 's a red pail!"

The moral tone of the kindergarten is lowered by such exaggeration of interest, for children are quick to detect insincerity in tone and manner, and to resent, unconsciously, at least, its implication.

Under such conditions as described, might it not have been better to forego the usual program, and, cutting short the morning talk, to provide the children with materials for table work that would require the minimum of concentrated attention? The picture book, the sand table, the making of the scrapbook, the undirected play with blocks,—any of these might have occupied those children till their physical weariness had passed and normal activities were resumed. Some such course could hardly have harmed the children, and it would surely have produced less waste of nervous power on the part of the teacher. Perhaps when we have grown wiser in such matters there will be fewer cases of nervous prostration among the kindergartners, and possibly less arrested development in the children.

An English writer, discussing some social problems, says: "The history of progress is the record of a gradual diminution of waste." Can we not make an application of this to our kindergarten practice?

REYNARD.

By Alix Thorn.

As light as a feather you steal through the meadow
  Where tender grass shows in the early spring days,
Your bushy tail waving, your eager eyes glancing,
  Where green rushes lean and the silver brook strays.

As red as the buds that the maples are swelling
  Is the coat soft and fine you have donned for the spring;
And little you care for the chill, pelting raindrops,
  Or keen, boist'rous winds, O you merry, free thing!

Ah! sly Mr. Fox, I can guess what you 're seeking!—
  The little shy rabbits that live in the wood.

You 'd catch those gay bunnies, my mischievous fellow;
Ah, well do I know you! You would if you could!

Through fields bright with moonlight you flit like a shadow,
And visit the farmyards where sleepy fowls stay;
Nor pause for the sun to peep over the hilltop—
Like a Will-o'-the-Wisp you are off and away.

KINDERGARTEN ACTIVITIES.

By Katherine Beebe.

CHAPTER IV.

GARDENING.

STARTING with very little we have gradually accumulated considerable knowledge of the exigencies of kindergarten gardening. We have come to the conclusion that such window plants as we want we will slip and pot during the summer, or with the children early in September. We tie closely to geraniums and Wandering Jew, although English and other ivies have proved responsive, as have some of the various plants contributed by the children. We enjoy planting an orchard, using apple, orange, lemon, peach, pear and plum seeds. A vegetable garden consisting of a grain of corn, a bean, a pea, a potato, an onion, a turnip and a carrot also inspires much interest. We buy, as we can afford them, Chinese lily and other bulbs, and some blooming plants, such as daffodils and chrysanthemums. We get these treasures oftentimes by means of our unique system of banking. In each kindergarten is a toy bank; one bears the semblance of dog with an open hungry mouth, another of an owl, and the third of a mother eagle who drops pennies placed in her beak in the general direction of two eaglets, who give a fascinating squeak at the dramatic moment. These birds and beasts are all fond of gum and candy pennies; in fact, they care for no other kind. They never under any circumstances eat Sunday school money, and have an aversion for that which is being saved up at home for any good purpose. Since most children who go to public schools, and especially those from the poorer classes, have many "gum and candy pennies" given to them we are in the course of a year able to divert quite a considerable sum from the little shops full of alluring prize packages, candy cigars, and yards of licorice, into the hollow and ever-yawning interiors of our ménageries. The animals are always very grateful when fed and clank their thanks in a way that fills the small benefactor with pride and joy.

One of our earliest purchases was

a load of black earth which was placed in one corner of the school yard. In the fall we add street scrapings and leaves to this, so that it grows richer from year to year and is just so much the better for filling pots and boxes. From this heap, in small wheelbarrows and wagons, we carry a top dressing to our outdoor garden beds.

In the spring our first work is the clearing away of winter rubbish. Sometimes this necessitates a bonfire. After the garden beds are made, we are, now, sufficiently wily to allow the first growth of weeds to come up before we plant. This main crop consists of wheat, oats and corn. These are well up before school closes and are reaped for us during vacation, so that when we come back we have sheaves and corn-ears, first for decoration and later for use. The wheat we thresh and grind for a yearly cake-baking festival. Unbolted flour stirred up with a little milk, salt, and baking powder, and fried in butter makes excellent "panny-cakes," as we have good reason to know. The oat sheaf becomes a birds' Christmas tree on the last day of the winter term, and, when spring comes, is in great demand for sparrows' nests. The corn we shell and use for seed work and chains.

In our other garden beds we have learned to plant for late results. For seed pods we like gourds, wild cucumber, Japanese lantern plant, ground cherry, and a bean which bears a purple pod. In the flower beds we plant asters, dwarf sunflowers, cosmos, marigolds, and snapdragons, because all of these bloom in September or October. For a decorative effect nothing is better than the castor bean, since that impressive plant does not really get down, or rather come up, to business until school opening time.

After our seedlings are well up we have to do one thorough job of weeding before school closes, after which the whole plantation must be surrendered to the tender mercies of the Lord High Janitor. In our kindergartens we are most fortunate in finding him a kind and friendly helper. One year we were able to leave a little money with him, which he used in giving employment to certain well-known restless spirits in the neighborhood who might otherwise have committed depredations on our cherished plot.

In one of our kindergarten yards we have had for years a real tree-nursery. In late May and in June, the children dig up tiny elms, maples, box-elders, and other trees, and transplant them to a sheltered spot. Some of these are now such good-sized trees that they have had to be transferred to the open lawn. Willow switches planted in the spring soon become trees, as we have found; and we have grown to be especially fond of our little cottonwoods, since they, too, make rapid growth.

A quantity of perennial hardy daisies set out in our gardens is a source of ever-recurring September delight; for in that month the flowers are at their best. Not only do they make beautiful bouquets for the schoolroom, but they seem to nod and smile a cordial welcome as we come back to begin each new year's work.

To be continued.

PRELIMINARY WEAVING.

By Grace Gallaudet Kendall.

ONE of the many problems that the kindergartner must solve is how to make the Occupations simple yet worth while with the very little children.

Weaving has presented great difficulties in this respect, and practical workers have offered many valuable suggestions for preliminary steps that shall lead to the mastery of the principle of weaving.

These devices—the weaving game, weaving the children's hands, weaving through the backs of chairs and settees, weaving through broad strips of cloth stretched on a large wooden frame—are all helpful, *if* they are made playful, and can be managed in such a way that the children are really busy. None but those who have tried these means can realize the importance of that *if*.

Where, oh, where was that "feeling of pleasantness" that Froebel insists shall accompany every Occupation, the day we tried weaving the backs of our chairs? Where was it when we began to use those large oilcloth mats, that were to free us from all danger of nervous strain? The slats were firm and stiff, the oilcloth strong and limber. If the child had caught the idea, all went well; but if he had not—!

"It takes so long to get across the mat, going over and under! Why not make a big jump and get there without so much fuss?" Some such thought as this may explain that erratic wandering of the slat across the mat, that is so discouraging to the inexperienced but conscientious kindergartner, who, for the moment, has forgotten that weaving is a means and not an end.

We all admit the power of imagination. It helps to play one day that we are making cloth for dolly's clothes, another, flannel for Mary's new baby; but after all is said and done, the weaving is up-hill work, especially if, to the oft-repeated question: "Can we take them home?" we must give a disappointing answer.

This question is a legitimate one. The desire for possession is strong in every heart. Froebel warns us again and again to let the children find some use for the things they make.

In small classes, various devices, such as weaving rugs for the doll house from pieces of braid, are practical; but in the public kindergartens, with classes numbering from twenty to thirty children averaging four years of age or under, such fascinating plans are difficult if not impossible. We are brought back to our problem: How shall we make the weaving so simple that little folks

will like it and not be discouraged, and how shall we make it seem worth while to them, and not just a perpetual learning how, with nothing to show for it?

Mrs. Hailmann's mats might be used advantageously with a few of our children of four years. These mats, however, involve the use of the needle, and of the thin strips that tear easily; and the management of them is too difficult for the class as a whole.

Mme. Maria Kraus-Boelte has planned a fascinating series with cardboard and slats, and some one in Baltimore has furnished the idea of mats and strips made of colored linen; but in both of these cases the materials are used over and over again, and the child cannot take his work home.

Mme. Kraus's series has suggested to the Boston kindergartners something that may be taken home. They have planned a series of six mats cut from the colored folding paper of four by four inches. The strips used with these mats are cut from the gray mounting paper, which is stiff enough to make it possible to weave them without a needle if the ends are rounded. No. 1 has two cuts only, and through these one broad strip is to be run. No. 2 has three cuts, and carries two narrower strips. No. 3 has four cuts, and carries three still narrower strips. And so the progression goes, up to No. 6, which has seven cuts, making possible the use of six strips. This presents a series of increasing difficulty which has been found to work well.

One kindergartner made her series follow the six standard colors, as a help in giving out the work quickly. When John has finished his yellow mat, she knows at once that he is to have a green one next. She also cut her strips so that the proper number for each mat was fastened together at one end, and rounded at the other. This also helps in the ease of distribution, besides giving the children the pleasure of tearing apart the strips, as the "big" children do.

The cutting of these mats and strips by hand is such a laborious process that the aid of machinery has been sought, and this series of preliminary weaving is now on the market at a price which brings it within reach of all.

These simple paper mats give us what we need to make the weaving seem worth while to our youngest children. They love the bright colors. The promise that the mats are to be taken home or to be kept for the children's "books" makes willing workers. If one could be used now and then to decorate a present for mother's or father's birthday, they would become all the more precious.

For the first difficult steps in learning how to weave, however, something different from paper is needed, because paper tears so easily. The use of the small paper mats suggested the making of a series of similar small oilcloth mats, that should be less expensive than Mme. Kraus's series, or than those made of linen. A series of four has been found useful. They measure respectively 3 x $4\frac{1}{4}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$ x $4\frac{3}{8}$, 4 x $4\frac{1}{2}$, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 inches, and are cut with two, three, four, and

five slits, measuring $2\frac{3}{8}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{3}{4}$, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches respectively. A narrow strip of the oilcloth is cut away from each slit that the slats may be woven through with ease. The colored slats measuring ten inches in length are cut in two for this weaving. Six of these five-inch slats can be used in mats No. 1 and No. 2, seven in No. 3, and eight in No. 4.

In spite of all that has been said about large material, the children do love things that are "cunning" and little. They delight in these mats that can be easily finished in one period. By the time the first mat has been finished, the principle of weaving begins to grow clear. After the second one has firmly fixed this principle, it would be well to attempt Nos. 1 and 2 of the paper series. Nos. 3 and 4 of the oilcloth mats could be followed by 3 and 4 in the paper, and then 5 and 6 would present no difficulty.

Children who have had the experience of weaving happily, in this simple way, during their first year in the kindergarten, should be ready, during the second year, to get the enjoyment and development from the occupation that Froebel intended.

THE BROWNIES.

(ADAPTED FROM MRS. EWING.)

By Jane L. Hoxie.

SUCH wonderful stories as grandmother told Johnnie and Tommy! Stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, of dwarfs and fairies; and once she told them about a brownie that was said to have lived in their own family long, long ago,—a brownie who did all manner of wonderful and useful things. He was a little fellow no larger than Tommy, she said, but very active and very shy. He slept by the kitchen fire, and no one ever saw him; but, early in the morning, when all the family were in their beds, this brownie would get up, sweep the room, build the fire, spread the table, milk the cow, churn the cream, bring the water, scrub and dust, until there was not a speck of dirt anywhere to be seen.

The children liked this story very much, and oh! how they did wish that such a brownie would come to live in their house now! Over and over again they said: "Was there really and truly a brownie, grandmother, and did he really help all the people as you say? How we wish he would come back again! Why, he could mind the baby and tidy the room and bring in the wood and wait on you, grandmother! Can't we do something to get him back again?"

"I don't know, my dears," said the grandmother; "but they used to say, in my young days, that if one set a bowl of bread and milk or even a pan of clear water for him over night he would be sure to come, and would do all the work just for that."

"Oh! let us try it!" said both the boys; and one ran to get a pan, and the other to fetch fresh water from the well, for they knew, poor hungry lads, that there was no bread or milk in the house. Their father, who was a poor tailor, could scarcely earn money enough to buy food for them all. His wife had died when the baby was born and he could not make as many coats as before, for he must now do all the work of the house. Johnnie and Tommy were idle and lazy and too thoughtless to help their father, although they were fine grown lads of five and seven.

One night Tommy had a wonderful dream. He thought he went down in the meadow by the old mill pond, and there he saw an owl who shook her feathers, rolled her great eyes, and called: "Tuwhit, tuwhoo! Tuwhoo, whoo-o-o-o! Tommy, what are you doing way down here this time of night?"

"Please, I came to find the brownies," said Tommy; "can you tell me where they live, ma'am?"

"Tuwhoo, tuwhoo!" screamed the old owl; "so it 's the brownies you are after, is it? Tuwhoo, tuwhoo! Go look in the mill pond. Tuwhoo, tuwhoo! Go look in the water at midnight, and you 'll see one. By the light of the moon a brownie you 'll see, to be sure, but *such* a lazy one! Tuwhoo, tuwhoo!" screamed the old owl; and, flapping her wings, she went sailing away in the moonlight.

"The mill pond, at midnight, by moonlight," thought Tommy. What could the old owl mean? It was midnight then, and moonlight, too; and there he was right down by the water. "Silly old thing," said Tommy, "brownies don't live in the water." But for all that Tommy went to the bank and peeped in. The moon was shining as bright as day; and what do you suppose he saw? Why, just a picture of himself in the water, and that was all. "Humph! I 'm no brownie," said he to himself; but the longer he looked the harder he thought. At last he said: "Am I a brownie? Perhaps I am one, after all. Grandmother said they were about as large as I, and the old owl said that I would see a very lazy one if I looked in the water. Am I lazy? That must be what she meant. I am the brownie myself." The longer he thought about it the surer he was that he must be a brownie. "Why," he said, "if I am one, Johnnie must be another; then there are two of us. I 'll go home and tell Johnnie all about it."

Off he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, and just as he was calling "Johnnie, Johnnie! We are brownies! The old owl told me!" he found himself wide awake, sitting up in bed, rubbing his eyes, while Johnnie lay fast asleep by his side. The first faint rays of morning light were just creeping in at their chamber window. "Johnnie, Johnnie, wake up! I have something to tell you!"

After telling his brother all about his strange dream, Tommy said: "Let us play we really are brownies, John, even if we are not; it would be such fun for once to surprise father and grandmother. We will keep out of sight and tell them about it afterwards. Oh, do come! It would be such fun!"

So these two brownies put on their clothes in a great hurry and crept softly down to the kitchen, where at first there seemed enough work for a dozen brownies to do. Tommy built up a blazing fire, and while the kettle was boiling, swept the untidy floor, while Johnnie dusted, placed his grandmother's chair, got the cradle ready for the baby and spread the table. Just as everything was in order they heard their father's footstep on the stairs. "Run!" whispered Tommy, "or he will see us." So they scampered away to their bed in the loft and pretended to be fast asleep when he called them to breakfast.

The poor tailor was fairly beside himself with delight and astonishment, and believed that the brownie he had heard so much about in his childhood had really come back again. The old grandmother was delighted, too, and said: "What did I tell you, son Thomas? I always knew there were real brownies."

Although being brownies was fun for the boys, it was hard work, too, and they sometimes thought they would leave off; but then they would think of their hard-working father and grow quite ashamed. Things were so much better at home than they used to be! The tailor never scolded now, the grandmother was more cheerful than of old, the baby less fretful, the house was always tidy; and because the tailor had more time for his work, now that the brownie helped, he could make more coats and get more money, and the boys did not go hungry to bed as they used to do; but there was always bread and milk enough, and a great bowlful to spare that they set each night for the brownie.

At last the tailor said, "I am going to do something for the brownie. He has done so much for us all." So he cut and stitched the neatest little coat you ever saw; for he said: "I have always heard that brownies' clothes are ragged, so our brownie will need this, I know." He measured Tommy for the coat; and when it was done it just fitted him, and was very fine to see, all stitched with gold thread and covered with brave brass buttons.

That night the little coat was placed by the bowl of milk set for the brownie and, when the early morning came, the tailor was awakened by the sound of laughter and scuffling in the kitchen. "It 's the brownie," thought he; and getting out of bed he crept softly down the stairs.

But when he reached the kitchen, instead of the brownie, he saw Johnnie and Tommy sweeping and making the fire and dusting and setting the table. Tommy had on the coat the tailor had made for the brownie, and was skipping about in it laughing and calling to Johnnie to see how fine he looked, but saying: "I wish he had made it to fit you, John."

"Boys, what does all this mean?"

cried the tailor. "Tommy, why have you put on that coat?"

When the boys saw their father they ran to him and tried to tell him all about it. "There is no brownie, father," they cried, "but we have done the work. And O father! we are sorry that we were lazy and idle so long; but we mean to be brownies now, real brownies, and help you till we grow to be big men." The poor tailor was so happy that he knew not what to say, and there were tears in his eyes as he kissed each little son.

Tommy and Johnnie kept their promise and continued being brownies until they went away to homes of their own. But their little sister grew to be the best brownie of all; and she kept her father's house so bright and clean with mop and broom and brush and dustpan that not a speck of dirt was anywhere to be seen.

A RIDDLE FOR VERY YOUNG GUESSERS.

By Anna W. De Kay.

Here is a riddle; can you guess?
It is not hard, I will confess.

My riddle much enjoys the house,
Has puggy nose that smells a mouse;

Four little feet that tread so soft;
With tiny claws it climbs aloft;

Two eyes that see when it is dark;
Two ears pricked up when I say, "Hark!"

A tail that bushes when it sees
A dog that would its babies tease.

When happy it sings Purr! purr! purr!
It has a coat of soft gray fur.

When lonesome, and when hungry, too,
You 'll hear it calling Mew! mew! mew!

I thought you 'd guess it after that!—
Yes, you are right; the answer 's *cat*.

CALIFORNIA MAY BASKETS.

By Nora H. Millspaugh.

Fig. 1

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

"We, the slender twigs are taking,
And nice little baskets making."

IN this land of sunshine, May-day is celebrated perhaps with less rejoicing than in the colder northern clime. Here, the flowers are always more or less with us, and the season line is so dimly marked that the final departure of winter and the arrival of flower time are facts not fully appreciated by the little children.

In our kindergartens, May-day is Flower day, and the beauties are brought to us in great profusion. The May baskets, which are all ready for their lovely treasures, are soon filled by the children, who, with beaming faces, bear the tokens home to be offered as gifts to loved ones.

Baskets such as the children weave, and typical of this semi-tropic region, are shown in the accompanying pictures. They are made of fan-palm leaves, and the long, slender branches of the weeping willow tree. The palm leaves are torn into strips, woven "over one and under one" and shaped; or, they form the many-pointed star, as in Fig. 1, for a foundation about which raphia or willow

Fig. 4.

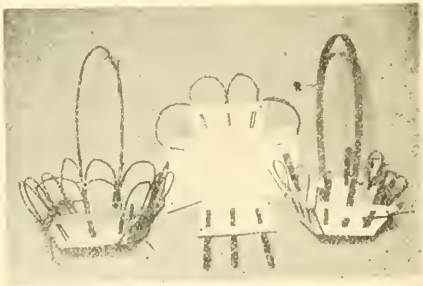


Fig. 5.

is woven. This star must have an odd number of strips.

Figure 1 shows detail of Fig. 4. Fig. 2 has a square bottom and is shaped over a box or block. Figs. 3 and 6 can easily be worked out from the illustrations. In Fig. 3, variety is added by the use of willow twigs in the back. This basket can be kept as a receptacle for a hat brush. The patterns shown in Fig. 5 are simple enough for the very little hands. Fig. 6, the cylindrical basket, is more complex. In it, palm, raphia and willow are combined. It is shaped over a fruit can and is made to stand on supports of bamboo. The baskets may be given a delicate finish by the addition of a coating of shellac.

Fig. 6.

MOTHER'S MAY-DAY.

By Margaret J. Stannard.

When mother was a little girl,
  She had a holiday
And always could a-Maying go
  Upon the first of May.
She gathered pale anemones,
  And violets white and blue,
And found the sweet arbutus buds
  That in the dry leaves grew.

When mother was a little girl
  (She told us this to-day)
She always made her May baskets
  Before the first of May.

She 's told us how to make them, too.
And we are going to try;
For mother thinks they 're nicer far
Than any you can buy.

When mother was a little girl,
Not *quite* so young as we,
She always could go out again
On May-day after tea.
So all her baskets she would fill
With flowers picked that day,
Then hang one at each playmate's door
And ring and run away.

When mother was a little girl,
They chose a Queen of May,
Who wore a crown of lovely flow'rs
And made the rest obey;
And once they had the May-pole dance,
Right out upon the green;
That must have been the nicest time—
For mother dear was Queen!

OUT OF THE NEST.

By Maud Lindsay.

MOTTO FOR THE MOTHER.

All the heart of the child with pity is stirred
At the sweetness and weakness of a dear nestling bird.
Oh! foster the feeling, for here will begin
His knowledge that all the wide world is akin.

ONCE upon a time a mother-bird and father-bird built a nest in a tree.

It was made of straw and leaves and all sorts of wonderful things, and even had lace trimmings on it.

Soon after the nest was finished, the mother-bird put two eggs in it, and then she and father-bird thought of nothing but keeping those eggs safe and warm.

Mother-bird sat upon them day and night; and even when father-bird would say, "You really must fly about a little and let me take care of the eggs," she did not like to leave them.

After a while two little birds came out of the shells,—which was just what she had been hoping for all the

long time. The baby-birds were both so weak and small that they could do nothing at all for themselves but open their mouths very wide and call "Peep, peep! mother dear, peep!" Mother-bird and father-bird were busy all day getting them something to eat.

By and by, they began to grow; and then they had soft feather clothes to wear, which are the best clothes in the world for baby-birds.

Mother-bird said to them one day: "You are almost ready to learn to fly;" and then they felt very large.

That same day, mother-bird and father-bird flew away together to get something for dinner; and while they were gone the little birds heard a very queer noise which seemed to come from a pond near their tree. This is the way it sounded: "Kerchunk! Kerchunk!"

"Oh! what can it be?" said the sister-bird.

"I 'll peep over the side of the nest and see," said her brother.

But when he put his head out he could see nothing, although he heard the sound very plainly: "Kerchunk! Kerchunk!" Then he leaned out a little farther and a little farther, till his head was dizzy. "Peep, peep! You 'll fall!" cried the sister-bird; and, sure enough, she had scarcely said it before he tumbled out of the nest, down, down to the ground!

He was not hurt, but oh, how frightened he was! "Peep, peep! mother dear, peep!" he cried.

"Peep!" cried the sister-bird up in the nest; but the mother and father were too far away to hear their calls.

The brother-bird hopped about on the ground and looked around him. He was near the pond now, and the sound was very loud: "Kerchunk! Kerchunk! Kerchunk!"

"Peep, peep, peep!" called the birdie; and in a moment up hopped a big frog.

This was a school-teacher frog, and he had been teaching the little frogs to sing.

He hopped right up to the brother-bird. "Kerchunk! Kerchunk!" said he. "How can I teach my frogs to sing when you are making such a noise?"

"Peep, peep! I want my mamma," said the baby-bird.

Then the big frog saw how young the birdie was, and he was sorry for him. "Come with me," he said, "and I will teach you to sing."

But the baby-bird only cried louder than ever at this, and a mother-dove, who was singing her babies to sleep in a neighboring tree, flew down to see what could be the matter.

"I can't begin to get my children to sleep in all this fuss," she said to the frog; but when she saw the little bird, she was just as sorry as the frog had been.

"Poor, dear baby," she cried; "I will fly right off and find your mamma for you." So she told her children to be good and quiet, and then away she flew.

Before long she met the father and mother, and they all came back in a great hurry.

Then they tried to get the baby-bird into the nest again.

"He 's entirely too young to be out

of the nest," cried his mother, "and he must get in again at once."

"Spread your wings and fly as I do," said the father-bird.

So the baby-bird spread his wings and tried to fly; but try as he would he could not reach the nest in the tree.

"Put him into my school and I will teach him to swim," said the frog; "that is better than flying, and a great deal easier to learn, I am sure."

This was so kind in the frog that the mother-bird thanked him; but she said that she had to be very careful with her children, and that she was afraid the water might give the little bird a cold.

While they were talking, they heard somebody coming along, whistling the jolliest tune!

"Dear me! Dear me!" cried the birds. "There comes a boy!"

"He 's apt to have stones in his pocket," said the frog.

"He will carry my darling off and put him in a cage! Oh, fly! fly!" begged the mother-bird. But before the baby-bird even had time to say "peep!" the boy came in sight.

Then the father-bird flew over the boy's head and the mother-bird down in front of him. The frog croaked and the dove cooed, but none of them could hide the little bird from him.

"If you hurt him, I 'll peck your eyes out!" cried the poor mother, who hardly knew what she was saying; but the boy picked the little bird up, just as if he did not hear her.

"Oh! what shall I do!" cried the mother-bird.

Then the boy looked at her and at the baby-bird and up in the tree where the nest was.

"Coo, coo, coo! I think I know what he 's going to do," said the dove.

"There 's no telling," croaked the frog; and they all watched and wondered while the boy put the bird in his pocket and began to climb the tree.

He swung himself from branch to branch, climbing higher all the time, until at last he reached the pretty nest where the sister-bird waited for her mamma to come home.

Mother-bird and father-bird flew to the top of the tree to watch the boy.

"Suppose he should take her, too," said the mother-bird. But what do *you* think he did?—Yes, indeed! He put the brother-bird back in the nest, as well as the mother-bird could have done it herself.

"Thank you! Thank you!" sang the mother and father, as the boy scrambled down again.

"Peep, peep! Thank you!" called the little birds from the nest.

"Coo, coo! I knew," cried the dove.

"Kerchunk! Kerchunk! I should like to have him in my school," said the frog as he hopped away to his pond.

And that is the end of my story.

SOME SPRING AND SUMMER GUESTS.

By Harriet L. Grove.

NATURE has been doing her spring house-cleaning in the Middle and Northern states. Wind and rain have swept and washed this wide, beautiful house of hers, until, with curtains of blue and fleecy white, with lights of golden sunshine, it is ready for spring and summer guests. And they are coming, on wings of black, brown, gray, blue, red, green or yellow, to find each his own cozy corner.

Through the winter there were a few guests,—the redbird, jay, nuthatch, chickadee, sparrow, woodpecker, titmouse, owl, snowbird, sparrow hawk and a few others,—who lingered in this region. There are always, you know, in every summer resort, those who stay the year round. But in February, while yet the winter bound us, came the dearest bit of living blue that you ever saw,—the blue robin or bluebird. In a soft warble he announced that warmer days were not far off. In March, or perhaps in the last days of February, appeared the real robin, chirk and chipper, his breast a deeper and rosier red than it will be when summer days and family cares have tempered it. But he was not ready to sing much; and so, while he was waiting to get in voice, the merry little song sparrow cheered us with his song: "Sweet! sweet! sweet! sweeter! see-see-see, see? sweeter!"

One day in early March, a little girl went riding with her father and mother to see what changes had been made in Mother Nature's wonderful house. The little river was high, boiling over its rocky ledges, making whitecaps like the lake, except that these waves were very muddy. Crows flew over, flapping big black wings. Blackbirds, beautiful in glistening sheen of green, blue and bronze, walked in the fields by the roadsides. Two turtledoves sat lovingly together on a fence rail. Bluebirds warbled prettily and showed their sky-blue wings and ruddy breasts as they perched on tree or post. There are reasons why little people should begin early to watch for the birds; one is, that in the early spring there are no leaves on the trees and bushes to hide the timid creatures, and another, that when the birds are gradually gathering, there is a better chance to become well acquainted with them.

Everywhere, on this pleasant March day when the little girl went driving, the song sparrows were merrily singing, although only one was to be seen, resting among some bushy branches by the river. He was a plump, brown fellow, his happy breast covered with brown dashes and stripes, and decorated with a larger mark in the center to serve as a breastpin.

But the song sparrow was not the only one of the sparrow kind that had come home; the little vesper sparrow, whose song on the cool summer evenings sounds so sweet, was here, too.

If when you are driving or walking along, there flutters up from field, roadside or hedge a flock of sparrowy birds showing white tail feathers in their flight, you may know that you have found the vesper sparrow. If you secure a good look at one, you will find certain other markings. One little fellow, this time, showed plainly a chestnut-red crown and bright chestnut-red dashes on his shoulders. He was not of so dark a brown as the song sparrow, and his breast was lighter. We had now learned that two singing sparrows were at home by the ninth of March.

About the twenty-fifth of March, a walk to the "spring lots" rewarded this little girl and her mother with the sight of other summer birds. Hardly had we got inside the big field, all hard in the frosty morning, when we heard "Killdee-ee! killdee-ee!" (He did it, he did it!) And there down in the hollow flashed the white of the killdeer plover, a bird whose breast is very plainly marked in black and white. Farther on, the familiar harp-like notes of the meadow lark gave us his first spring greeting. Then something flew; we followed it with eyes and glass, until the warm yellow breast, with black crescent, of the same plump meadow lark faced us as he settled down on the hill to sing his morning thanksgiving. Song sparrows were busily flying about. Walking down the winding road, we watched blackbirds over in the corn field. A red-winged blackbird swayed on a reed and poured out a quick and vibrant song to his mate, flying near.

Early in April, a visit to a favorite wood revealed new treasures. There was the busy fox sparrow, big and "foxy," scratching away like a chicken among the dead leaves. Not a foot away, there kept him company a little junco,—the black snowbird with black cowl, white vest and pretty pink bill. A ground robin or towhee flew out upon some underbrush, calling musically "Towhee, towhee?" Swinging on a slender branch by the roadside, a Carolina wren sang, loudly and sweetly, a song of evening and rosy clouds. The woods and meadows were alive with clear songs and calls,—the birds all practicing, we might fancy, for the grand full chorus to come later in the season.

Do you all know just when the different birds come home to nest? Under April skies we find the first kingfisher, and also the first catbird, with his pretty mocking song and funny cat-call. The chimney swift, barn swallow, purple martin, brown thrasher, bobolink, Baltimore oriole, house wren, wood thrush, and others, come in quick succession. Some of them begin at once to nest. We hear the shrill call of robins building nests in our trees as early as the middle of April.

May brings the entire company of songsters; and in the fresh May evenings, when the young lambs and pretty calves watch you with innocent eyes, you hear from meadow and roadside a trilling chorus of clear voices singing tender lullabies.

In June, particularly, bright eyes should be open. This is the month

of nesting, the "home month of the year." A host of busy parents are feeding their young, keeping the fields of the farmer and our beautiful waving trees free from the insects and grubs which would destroy them. And remember, always remember, that to kill a bird or to take an egg means not only the suffering of the parent birds, the starving of little ones, or the ruin of a bird home. It means also a real loss to us all; for the birds have their place and use in God's great plan.

THE KINDERGARTEN WORKBENCH.

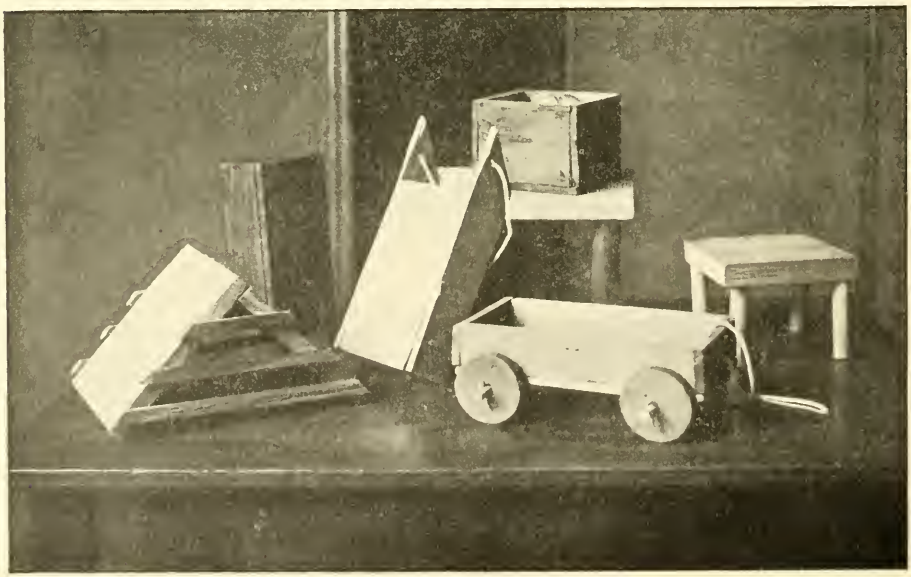
By Jane L. Hoxie.

"A WORKBENCH in the kindergarten!" I hear some conscientious but conservative kindergartner exclaim, in accents of disapproval if not of downright horror; "a workbench in the kindergarten! But Froebel did not have a workbench in his kindergarten!" No, he did not; but his little ones had unlimited access to the great outdoor world. They could play freely in the fields and on the hillsides, follow the father at his plow and the mother as she went about her duties of housekeeping and home making. Perhaps under such conditions, and with such

an opportunity for large, free muscular movements in the environment most conducive to the robust development of the physique, Froebel could well afford to put before his children a great amount of intricate work. But we, with our unlike conditions and in the light of recent scientific knowledge, must ever be searching for something that will satisfy the demand for broader work and greater freedom, without regard to the ancient letter of the kindergarten law. In no small degree the workbench gives this opportunity for broad, untrammeled self-expression.

The little bench in our kindergarten is made of undressed spruce. It is two and one half feet square, is two feet high and accommodates four workers at one time. It is furnished with four of Ball's saws, known as back saws, eight inches in length; four hammers of medium but not too light weight; four five-sixteenth inch auger bits with gimlet handles; four one-foot rulers; and four seven-eighth inch stub chisels. In addition to the tools, there are nails of various sizes; a pot of glue; a large box of spools; a quantity of soft wood cylinders, both large and small; and numerous irregular pieces of board procured by demolishing old soap boxes, fruit crates, etc. In addition to this miscellaneous material, a small amount of planed three-quarter inch lumber is kept on hand.

The work at the beginning of the year is quite carefully supervised, until the children can be trusted not to injure either themselves or the tools, and until they have gained an idea of the possibilities of these new playthings. During this period last year, the children made doll's chairs and tables; a wagon for hauling sand; a doll's sled; and a miniature chicken coop in imitation of the big one in the



kindergarten, occupied by the hen and her brood. In addition to these, each child made a good-sized plant box which he painted with "really truly" house paint and a "really truly" painter's brush. The colors chosen were reds and greens; and, after the boxes were filled with growing beans, corn, peas, and wheat, they were indeed a pretty sight to see. At the close of the term, each child was allowed to take his little growing garden away with him; and great was our surprise and pleasure to receive this fall the contents of one of those little green boxes back again. The child had taken his bean plant to the country, had given it fresh earth and more room in which to grow, and the result was a lusty vine containing more than forty big bean pods.

After this supervised work came a period which was wholly delightful to both teacher and pupils. It was a time when each child was allowed in turn to go to the workbench and make, with the materials at hand, anything he desired to make, without a single suggestion from anyone While the kindergartner looked on in smiling silence from a distant desk, there were evolved under small fingers wonderful steamships and sailboats, marvelous furniture for playhouses, numerous wagons and farm tools,—in fact, almost everything conceivable, down to a frying pan; and all with only one small injury resulting,—a slight scratch from an insecurely held saw. This scratch, however, rather added to the pleasure of the youngster who received it, since it enabled him to play "wounded soldier" with a grain more semblance of reality than formerly, for now he wore a bit of white cloth wrapped around his finger.

Of all our workbench experimenting, nothing proved more successful or delightful to the children than a simple little device, not original with us, which met the instinctive desire for making holes. A number of three-quarter inch soft wood boards were sawed into five inch squares. A hammer and a large wire nail were used for making holes in, but not through, these boards. The nail was driven in to about the depth of one quarter of an inch, and then pulled out and driven in again at a short distance from the first hole. By a repetition of this nail driving and withdrawing, all kinds of designs were produced on the boards. This gave vigorous exercise to the large muscles of the arm and shoulder. No eye strain was possible, and any benefit derived from the regulation kindergarten perforating was obtained without the nervous strain unavoidable in the use of the orthodox materials of that Occupation. The children delighted in this work not only because of the vigorous exercise and variety of design possible for them to produce by it, but because of a legitimate excuse for making a noise. After these square boards had been decorated with designs, they were converted into table tops, flower stands, chair seats, etc.

We found our workbench conducive to good morals as well as to physical and mental vigor. One small incorrigible youngster, who had been

the torment and despair of the kindergartner, was reduced to lamb-like submission and seraphic good nature under its *régime*. His enthusiasm, however, proved rather inconvenient at times, as he wanted to work at the bench in season and out of season, and came early to kindergarten and stayed long after all the other children had departed, offering up petitions, hard to refuse, to be allowed to hammer and saw and bore at his beloved bench.

In this day of increasing demand for untrammeled vigorous expression of both mind and body, the workbench is surely a legitimate innovation. We do not regard it as valuable because of the tangible results obtained in the way of finished products, but by reason of the effort put forth by the child, the opportunity afforded him for broad, free muscular movements and for the exercise of his creative power. The unabated enthusiasm of the children as they crowd around it each morning also proves an overwhelming argument in its favor.

While we agree with the criticism that every individual with an idea should not be allowed to graft his hobby upon the kindergarten tree, we still feel that that tree will grow broader and stronger and greener, and that its fruit will be more wholesome for the insertion of this new scion—the kindergarten workbench.

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, in addressing Cambridge High school students, said for the encourgement of the less brilliant members of the school: "Much of the good work of the world is the work of dull men who have done their best."

FROM "THE FUTURE EVOLUTION OF THE KINDERGARTEN."

By James L. Hughes.

* * * After thirty years of study and individual investigation of the philosophy and practice of the kindergarten, it is time for an authoritative statement of the results of the experiences of the leading kindergartners. This does not mean a reform of Froebel's principles. They should be studied more and more carefully. * * * The time has surely come when the most experienced kindergartners in association with the wisest and most sympathetic professors of psychology — those whose messages have vitality — should unite to define as clearly as possible the leading apperceiving centers both of feeling and intellect that should be aroused and developed in the child, and the general and specific conditions and operative experiences best calculated to arouse and develop them.

An authoritative and comprehensive book on the lines indicated would be for the present needs of kindergartners and teachers an invaluable contribution to practical pedagogy. It is too much to expect the brightest of young kindergartners, or even the wisest of experienced kindergartners working independently, to be conscious of the whole range of desirable elements that should be started to energetic life in the feeling and intellect of a child, as a basis for the fullest possible growth in power of intellectual and moral achievement. The conscious revelations that have come to all progressive workers should be collected and systematically classified. The various plans for defining the different apperceiving centers, and for defining them in harmony with the central selfhood of each child, should be given clearly, even to the songs and stories and occupations that have been found most effective.

The epochs of child unfolding during the kindergarten period should be carefully outlined, and the order in which the apperceiving centers of feeling and thought should be developed in the awakening life should be given, so far as experience can be crystallized into accepted principles.

The gradual awakening of kindergartners to a consciousness of the need of such an outline is manifested in the increasing desire for a detailed program for the work of the kindergartens throughout the year. The fact that the adoption of a general program is advocated by some of the ablest kindergarten leaders is sufficient proof that the movement is not the resultof a clamorfor guidance by those who are too weak or too indolent to help themselves. Nor can the movement be attributed to the desire of a few strong minds to dominate the work of kindergartners generally. It is the result of a general awakening to the stimulating consciousness that an evolutionary epoch has been reached. It evidences the proper desire to scientifically define the revelations of the first great experimental era of kindergarten development as a solid basis for higher work.

It does not seem possible that the uniform program can be accepted as a satisfactory method of meeting the needs of kindergartners for more specific guidance by the best light of wise experiences. A detailed program is unnecessarily restrictive of individual effort.

One of Froebel's most far-reaching explanations of universal law is his application of the "law of liberty," or liberty under and within law. An unwise conception of spontaneity leads to caprice and indefiniteness and irregularity and lack of essential unity. An unwise conception of the function of law leads to deadening uniformity and lack of vital interest and the dwarfing of selfhood and the restriction of individual effort to the execution of the plans of others, and the destruction of the supreme tendency to originate and discover and transform conditions. The harmony between law and liberty, between control and freedom, between direction and spontaneity, is the true ideal.

A specific program is too directive, is too assertive of law. Law should be instructively directive rather than constructively directive. It should be suggestively and inspiringly directive, and not dogmatically directive. Froebel's philosophy always aims to develop the individual by law. He aimed to lift the race so that ultimately all law should be directive in the highest sense.

Whatever general law is given to the kindergartners should stimulate them to better and more complete individual effort. The intelligent enthusiasm of a kindergartner in her work depends on the amount of her personal life she has put into planning it and preparing for it.

The kindergartners need all the guidance that can be given by the leaders whose

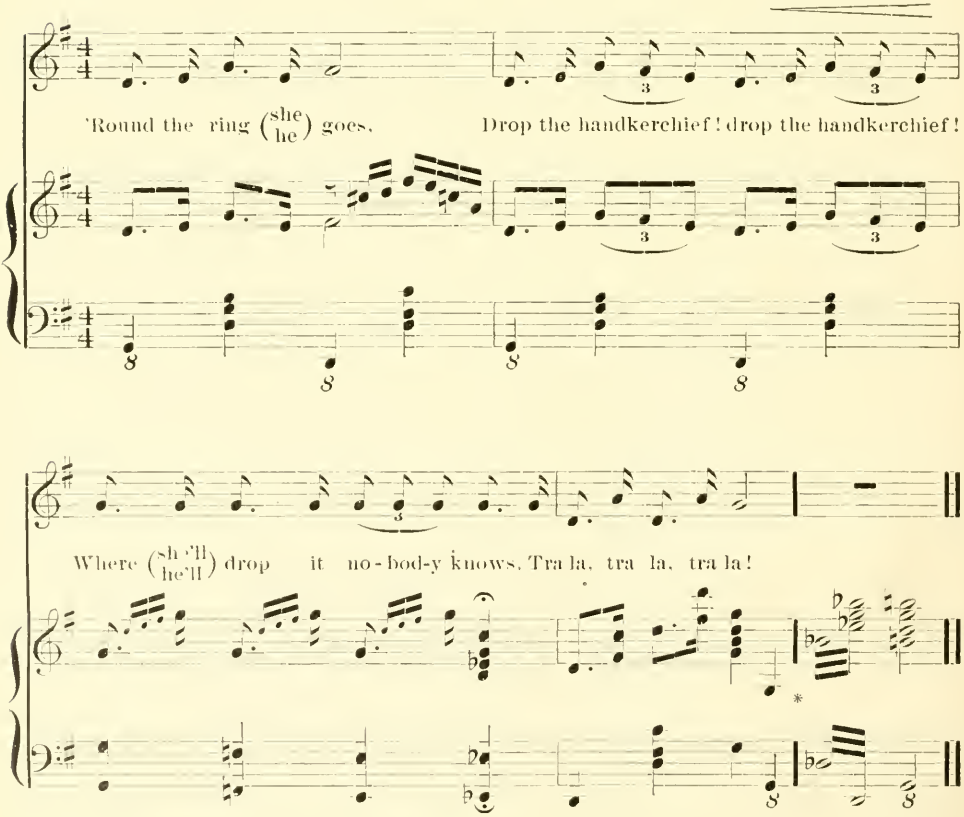
study and observant experience for twenty or thirty years qualifies them to give counsel. The counsel should be given in detail and in specific form. The elements of feeling and of intellectual power that should be stirred to life and set in motion self-actively during the first year should precede those that should be defined and developed during the second year. The logical order in which they should be aroused should be given, considering the child and the changing conditions of his seasonal environment from month to month. The songs, stories, occupations and processes that have been found best adapted to the conditions of season and climate, and most stimulating to the various feelings and powers which it is desirable to develop, should be given in association with the work that is suggested from month to month.

All this may be done without relieving the individual kindergartner of the responsibility — the enriching responsibility — of preparing her own programs and adapting them to her local conditions and immediate needs. It may be done, too, without robbing her of the inspiring enthusiasm that should lift herself and her little ones, and which ennobles our work only when we have planned it, so that it is, in the highest, truest sense, an expression of our own best thought and richest life.

What kindergartners need is not a uniform program, but specific outlines of the work that should be accomplished in the kindergarten, and instructively directive laws for making programs.— *Education.*

DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF.

By a Kindergarten Student.



* When the child behind whom the handkerchief has been dropped discovers it, shake this chord until the one who dropped the handkerchief has been caught or is in place. Then strike the C major chord and begin again.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"EDWARD EVERETT HALE: venerated and beloved; comforter and quickener of men; devoted to the social well-being; whose citizenship is acknowledged alike in the republic of letters, of the state, and of religion."

This characterization of Dr. Hale by President Tucker of Dartmouth College is a happy one, and the truth of it was shown on Dr. Hale's eightieth birthday, April third, when the mail and telegraph brought grateful homage from all quarters of the globe, even remote regions of Asia and Africa and the fastnesses of our rocky West; when an immense concourse of lovers and friends gathered in Boston's beautiful Symphony Hall to do him honor; when a great statesman pronounced a loving eulogy, and the president of the country wrote words of hearty praise; when, giving expression to the feelings of a silent multitude, a chorus of many voices filled the air with jubilant song.

Dr. Hale, in his part of the Symphony Hall celebration, was as simple as a child,—or, as a man of angelic mind. After a few words of personal thanks uttered with breaking voice, and a short personal retrospect, he faced the coming century with his hearers and mapped out great things that were to be done, like a prophet upon a mountain peak pointing out the promised land and urging his people to go in and possess it. On the last leaf of the beautiful and thoughtful program were these words from Wordsworth's Excursion:—

> "There abides
> In his allotted home a genuine priest,
> The shepherd of his flock,—or, as a king
> Is styled when most affectionately praised,
> The father of his people. Such is he:
> And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice
> Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed
> To me some portion of a kind regard,
> And something also of his inner mind
> Hath he imparted; but I speak of him
> As he is known to all."

WHEN William H. Maxwell, now Superintendent of the Education Department of Greater New York, went to Albany to champion the Davis bill which was to provide better salaries

for the teachers of New York, what were the odds against him? He was opposed by the *President of the Board of Education,* by the Chairman of the Finance Committee, by the lawyers of the School Board and the lawyers of the mayor's office. And yet the Davis bill was passed, and New York is reaping honor and advantage thereby. "I have been told," says one of his friends, writing in *The World's Work* for March, "that his appearance on the floor of the executive chamber at Albany in defense of that bill"—and in the presence of these opponents—"was the most extraordinary scene in the educational history of New York. His keen, quiet, and incisive argument and his aptness in answering interruptions and objections were superb." Let one such man, with the teachers and intelligent parents standing back of him, step forward in Chicago when the crisis comes, and all will be well. Only a short time ago Chicago was hailed in Europe as the "Educational World Center." It cannot be that she will rashly dim this prestige by a niggardly scanting of the educational bread of her children. May some educational hero or some inspired body of the people arise in Chicago and be to that city what William H. Maxwell is said to be by his friend: "A happy-tempered bringer of the best out of the worst."

To LEAF OVER THE EXCHANGES that come to the editors' tables with the advent of each mail is to catch many an inspiring message. From the soul-warming draught of optimism offered by the *Congregationalist* in its April Good Cheer number we gather a few drops for the delectation of our readers. When President C. F. Thwing of the Western Reserve University writes of Good Cheer in Education, he mentions some things which describe exactly what kindergartners used to prophesy would be the influence of the kindergarten upon education in general. We can but believe that at least a modicum of this beneficial result is to be put to the credit of the kindergarten. At any rate, the coincidence of prophecy and result is noticeable.

The five notes of good cheer that President Thwing distinguishes in the message of education to-day are, then, familiar notes to the kindergarten world, but have an especially heartening sound when heard from a different quarter. The five notes are:—

1. *"The transfer of the interest once belonging to the means and method of education to the end of education.* The three old R's which embody means and methods have given place to the three new R's—reason, reverence, and righteousness—which relate to the child himself.

2. *"A better understanding of the*

child. It is recognized that childhood is a growth and not a manufacture. Development, therefore, takes place in accordance with natural laws. It is also recognized that the individuality of every child is to be respected.

3. *"A more vital sense of life.* As a result and a cause of the increased attention paid to the child, emerges a more vital sense of life in education. Humdrum has ceased. Athletics for good or for bad—and rather for good than for bad—have entered into the educational process, and the result is that increased vigor of body is giving also increased vigor of mind. Knowledge is more easily transmuted into thought and thought into wisdom.

4. *"A sense of oneness.* The increasing oneness of the phenomena of the natural world, the increasing oneness of the industrial and commercial phenomena, are type and symbol of the increasing oneness in education. The prefixes *co, con,* and *com* have become significant. This unity is evidenced in the teachers' associations, local, state, and national. The National Educational Association has become the most important educational force in the world, and one of the most important of all forces for the betterment of the race.

5. *"An appreciation of the worth of the teacher and his associates.* Teaching has become a profession. A sense of professional enlargement, enrichment, and worthiness is developing. The general worth of education is becoming more appreciated. The vast sums that are being given to education represent the growth of the sense on the part of the community of the worth of the teacher and of the work that the teacher does."

Apropos of the vast sums given to education, no gift that has been made to higher institutions of learning are to be regretted. Our country is far from having attained a top-heavy condition either in learning or in endowments for learning. But the new idea that has come to Mr. F. T. Howard of New Orleans—that the public school system in its primary grades is a good place for generous citizens to bestow their helpful wealth—is a cause for congratulation because of the example it has caused him to set. As yet, the great bulk of our population gets only a few years of schooling; and these few years are spent in the primary school and lower grades of the grammar school. How important, therefore, that there should be enough of these schools and that they should be of the best! It is outrageous that young children in any city should be "running the streets" or loitering about the outside of schoolhouses because "dey ain't no room" for them within. Kindergartens and universities both make their irresistible appeal; but the appeal of the primary school is the dumb yet mighty one of the great mass of our conglomerate

people as yet not fully awake as to their needs or rights. Continual enlargement of the foundations of the educational system in a growing republic is as important as the building up of the superstructures.

THE FORM OF WORDS used with the salute to the flag in many schools begins in a manner which suggests something unpleasantly concrete: "We give our heads, our hands and our hearts to our country," etc.

Would this form be an improvement? "We will serve our country with head, heart and hand. One country, one language, one flag!"

A FULL, GRAPHIC, AND RELIABLE REPORT of the I. K. U. convention will be given in June KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, the meeting being in progress in Boston just at the time that our May number is issued from the press.

THE BRIDGE.

BY MARY G. TRASK.

A MERRY sparkling river
  Goes dancing on its way;
Within its shining waters
  The little fishes play.

The flowers bloom beside it,
  The trees grow straight and high,
From one side to the other
  The little birdies fly.

The children long to cross it,
  But oh, no wings have they!
They wish to reach the flowers,
  But cannot find a way.

The carpenter builds quickly
  A bridge from side to side,
And now the happy children
  Can cross the river wide.

THE LATE COLONEL FRANCIS WAYLAND PARKER.

By Michael Anagnos.

THE unexpected death of Colonel Francis Wayland Parker, which took place in March at Pass Christian, Mississippi, has removed one of the foremost and most progressive educators of the present day and generation,—one whose loss is keenly felt and most deeply lamented in every part of the country.

Colonel Parker was a man in the highest, truest, and noblest sense of that word. He was no echo and no imitator; he was by nature a leader and an ardent reformer. He was a close student of the history and philosophy of education, an original thinker, an acute analyst of men and methods, an outspoken critic of systems and processes, a fearless fighter, dimly seeing through the smoke of battle, and a relentless denunciator of shams and of pretense to learning. He was as firm in conviction as a rock and as inexorable in judgment as fate. He was more than a prophet of the new education; he was one of its most prominent defenders and promoters. Indeed, he may be justly characterized as its peerless champion.

Impelled by the resistless spirit of true patriotism, Colonel Parker enlisted during the war of the rebellion as private in the army and won his spurs by bravery and gallant fighting for the preservation of the Union. At the end of the struggle he espoused the profession of teaching and devoted himself to the study of pedagogy with all the earnestness and assiduity which he could command. Here he found a most congenial field for the cultivation of his native talents, and soon he made his way from comparative obscurity to distinction, attracting first the attention of a city, then of a state, and finally of a nation.

For more than a quarter of a century, Colonel Parker has been an eminent educational leader, full of enthusiasm, of intellectual force, and of moral vigor. He was essentially an idealist, seeking to bring about a perfect order of things. His faith in the possibilities of the schools was sublime, but he condemned most unmercifully the ways and processes in which their work was carried on. He was invariably open to new light, always zealous to enter into larger boundaries of the vast kingdom of truth and never hesitating to express with courage and exemplary frankness the conclusions which a thorough investigation and a wise consideration had brought to him. He had limitless power in stirring things up and in bringing terror to the camp of dull and sordid conservatism.

Colonel Parker was passionately fond of children, and the thought of their proper training was constantly present in his mind. He strove strenuously to promote the cause of education, which was near to his heart and to which he devoted the best years of

his noble life. He undertook the Herculean task of eradicating all the noxious weeds and plants which had been allowed to thicken and become deeply rooted around the tree of rational education, sapping its vitality and preventing its normal growth and fruition. He actually revolutionized educational methods in the schools of the country. From first to last he had more ardent disciples than any other leader of his time.

In many respects Colonel Parker resembled Horace Mann. He took up the work of educational reform where the illustrious pioneer left it, and carried it forward vigorously and with remarkable success. He never forebore to expose error or proclaim the truth about the things that belong to education. His motto was truth, nature, improvement, progress. Like all reformers, he was inclined to be at times impatient and severe; yet the insinuation that he had a keen relish for destruction but had very limited constructive capacity is entirely groundless. For it is absolutely true that he was eager to put in the place of the empirical formalism and the antiquated methods which he was strenuously struggling to demolish, a new system of rational education, based upon the eternal principles which were proclaimed by Rousseau, vitalized by Pestalozzi, appreciated by Horace Mann and realized by Froebel. His plan, instead of being an illusory creation of imagination, as his opponents were prone to consider it, was broad, simple, sound and sane, typical of the man.

Colonel Parker has fought his last battle in the field of rational education and his struggle is over. No man in the United States has contributed of recent years so largely to the educational progress and prestige of the country. We can never think of him without remembering his independent and robust character, his splendid candor, his unflinching courage and his human instincts. He died as he had lived, speaking forcibly after his own convictions. His memory will be always cherished with admiration and love, while his great work and his devotion to duty will be a perennial source of inspiration and encouragement to those who strive to free the schools from the fetters of tradition and the whims of narrow-minded specialists, and to place them on a broad, liberal, and thoroughly scientific foundation.

Two boys, "toughs" by birth and experience, got into a quarrel that led to a fight, and Jamie got hurt and cried. Like a flash the quarrel was all over, and then the victorious urchin said, "Never mind, Jamie! Don't cry! Let 's go over to the public library (Buffalo), and Miss Fernald will tell us a story and then you 'll feel better. Come on, Jamie! They 've got picture books over there, and sliced bears and tigers; and when you get tired of looking, they let you draw some. Come on."

—*Journal of Education.*

SOCIAL WORK IN NORTH PLYMOUTH, MASS.

By Mary S. Bullard.

NOT far from the famous landing place of the Pilgrims an interesting and important social work is being carried on by the Plymouth Cordage Company. A large community of Italians, Germans, Swedes, and Americans has gradually gathered around the several mills in this neighborhood, resulting in the formation of a settlement containing hundreds of homes.

The various companies owning mills in this region have carried on to some extent a social work among the people in their employ, so it was a natural thing for the Plymouth Cordage Company to engage in the work of social betterment, and, in their kindness and generosity, to carry it forward and extend its scope. At the present time all who have any connection with the factory of this company have open to them avenues of permanent advancement and improvement through the library, the sloyd and cooking classes, the kindergarten and other departments of social work established by the company for their benefit.

The homes provided for the employees contribute to the neatness and comfort of the community. Pleasant roomy cottages, with hot and cold water and baths, have been built, and each has its tiny garden attached. Employees unable to secure these cottages live in the various tenement buildings or "blocks" scattered around the ponds and in the woodlands surrounding the settlement. Once a year, on Labor Day, an exhibition is held of the housework of the people, extending from the vegetable gardens to the women's needlework. Prizes are also awarded for the best kept yards, trees and the general appearance of the homes. Hundreds of dollars are each year awarded to those whose industry has earned the prizes.

Perhaps one of the most picturesque and notable features of the social life is that of the Loring Reading Room, a charming little library, situated on a hill overlooking the factories and commanding a wonderful view of the harbor, of Duxbury, and of the deep sea beyond. This building was presented to the people by Mr. Augustus P. Loring, president of the Cordage Company, the books being furnished by his wife.

Surely no gift could be more deeply appreciated, and none could have a more uplifting influence than this beautiful little building, whose tables are filled daily with eager readers, while the children's corner overflows with boys and girls of all sizes, who spend most of their leisure time, when the weather is not too tempting for outdoor play, in poring over their beloved books. On the open shelves

around the room are books in German, Swedish and Italian, as well as English.

As many of the library visitants have to be persuaded to enter the "world of books," beautifully illustrated volumes are provided which are a delight simply to look through. The work in connection with the library is very extensive. Personal visiting is carried on, and into the homes of those unable to get out, books and magazines are sent.

A large field between the office and the library has been converted into a baseball ground; and every Saturday afternoon during the summer months a game is played between the regular "team" made up from among the employees and a visiting "team" from some neighboring town. Great interest is manifested among the townspeople and hundreds of spectators fill the seats provided for them.

Last year, a brass band was organized in connection with the company. An experienced leader and enough proficient players to form a strong nucleus were found at once among the employees. Other employees at once made choice of instruments, and, by faithful practice, are now able to be regular members; so the organization is a strong one. A band stand has been erected on the ball grounds, and the music is an added interest to the Saturday afternoon game. The band also gives its services for the annual field day in September.

On the shore just below the works, two spacious bath houses have been built for the exclusive use of the employees, so that all may have the privilege of sea bathing during the warm weather. Two expert swimmers are kept there through the season to teach those who wish to learn to swim and to guard against accident. According to the record kept, about fifty-two hundred people availed themselves of this privilege last season.

A monthly "Chronicle" is printed in three languages,—German, Italian, and English,—and distributed to the employees. In this are given short accounts of the kindergarten, cooking school, sloyd school and other forms of work, hints in regard to the care of poultry and of the garden, names of books recently added to the library, and other matters of interest.

The Industrial School, in a little old-fashioned house situated near the entrance of the factory, is a veritable beehive of activity. In the basement of this building is the sloyd room, where one of the most interesting departments of the work is carried on. Here, four nights in the week, classes of ten boys each occupy the benches, —a different class each night,—thus affording instruction to forty boys during the year.

As one enters the room when the work of the evening is begun, and sees the bright eager faces of the boys, the earnest work and the models already finished, one cannot wonder that "sloyd night" is a joy to those fortunate enough to be received. Think what this training means to these mill boys! What accuracy, skill, and patience are developed, to say nothing of the artistic and elevating influences of this work.

The sloyd room, with its ten benches, is filled to overflowing, and at the long desk at the end are perched many small boys, too young for the actual work, yet patiently coming night after night. A little whittling and elementary sloyd are given to them, for who could turn them out? Said one boy, a stranger who had wandered in one night and was questioned as to how he came: "I saw the light." And so we must believe that many see, in the culture and discipline of the sloyd room, the "light" which shall brighten their whole life. In connection with this work there is also personal visiting. This is one of the strongest means for reaching the people, and one which constantly gives returns in renewed interest and appreciation of the work.

In an adjoining room classes are held in mechanical drawing, while upstairs, on the so-called first floor, is the cooking school. In the afternoons and evenings, girls and women in dainty white caps and aprons are busily working at the tables, and many good dinners and suppers are here prepared.

The benefit of these classes is obvious; for what people need more to know what to cook, how to cook, and how to economize than these who have so little to buy with? They need nourishing and well prepared food to fit them for their daily work, and these cooking classes extend rare opportunities for such knowledge. Many have been the benefits to those who have attended regularly.

The entire upper floor of this house is devoted to the kindergarten, where each morning between forty and fifty little four-year-olds gather, all of whose fathers work in the factory,—the only requirement necessary for admittance.

The foreign element largely predominates among the children; and as one looks around the morning circle, black-eyed Italians, fair-haired Germans and Swedes, and bonnie Scotch bairns are conspicuous among our own American children of Yankee descent.

The kindergarten has been in existence for two years, and a growing appreciation has marked the months as they have slipped by. The outlook of our kindergarten rooms is conducive to a healthy interest in the outdoor life, for from one side we look upon the brook, whose waters ripple and sing for us, while across the road lies a beautiful pond, around whose banks are gathered many of the homes of the children. From the side entrance we can catch glimpses of the blue sea; so we are rich with an abundance of water and woodland. Such surroundings are bound to tell upon the children, and, in their spontaneous activity, and joyous, natural life, they show forth the blessed influence of nature.

In the fall and spring, many are the walks we take. One, which is an especial favorite, is ten minutes from the kindergarten, and takes us into the pine woods, where early in the spring "under the leaves and the ice and the snow" the delicate Plymouth Mayflowers are found, followed later by the violets, until at last the open meadow which lies beyond the grove

is radiant in daisies and buttercups. This woodland of many acres is owned by the company, who have made it a beautiful natural park.

As the cold days come on, we enter more fully into the indoor kindergarten life; and the joyous participation of the children in the games, in the exercises with Occupations and Gifts, and in all that kindergarten offers to the little folks, gives clear evidence of the awakening power of Froebel's system. The kindergarten rooms, which were newly arranged for this second year, are large and cheery. Delicately tinted paper and dainty white muslin curtains give them an attractive, inviting appearance, suggestive of the welcoming spirit of those who give the children this kindergarten.

Aside from the morning work among the children, the most important feature is that which is represented by the monthly mothers' meetings. Coming in contact with the parents, through these meetings and the home visiting, has resulted in greater insight into the characters and temperaments of the little ones; while we, in turn, have been doubly enriched by the sincere interest and appreciation which these people so willingly give.

The mothers' meetings are of a purely social nature, owing to the fact that they comprise so many foreigners who understand but little English and nothing of each others' language. Therefore, music, games, pictures, and various other forms of entertainment are furnished, and the meetings have been largely attended and enthusiastically enjoyed.

It is in the visiting among the homes that we can do more toward leading the mothers to comprehend what the kindergarten stands for and what we are trying to do for their children.

Thus the social work moves on, each department being strengthened and enriched by the interest and coöperation of the people, this coöperative spirit being reflected back toward the company who are willing to expend the thought and money which are necessary to carry on such work.

THROUGH OBEDIENCE TO SELF-CONTROL.

By Caroline H. Paton.

"WILL you tell me," queried the Bachelor, as he stood meditatively before the open fire, "why children should obey their parents? There must be some good reason for it and I was brought up that way myself, but even up to the present day I have n't understood why."

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right," quoted the Father sententiously.

"That 's from the Bible, I believe,"

observed the Bachelor gravely, "I learned it in Sunday school as a child; but even the fact that when I minded my mother I was obeying Scriptural injunction did not wholly satisfy me. Looking back over my boyhood even in the light of mature judgment I recall many occasions when my will might well have supplanted parental command; and often nowadays when a case is brought to my notice in which there is a clash of parental and filial opinion, I find my sympathies all with the under dog. I do not see why children should invariably obey their parents. Neither do I understand that little phrase, 'in the Lord,' which you have just quoted in connection with the command. Obedience to caprice and injustice often results in a rebellious state of mind which makes it purely a case of obey your parents in the devil"—

"Oh, oh, oh! That 's really shocking, you know," exclaimed the Maiden Lady; "though I must confess that I myself have observed some of the unfortunate conditions which the Bachelor characterizes so harshly, and I have never understood what you might call the philosophy of obedience."

"Why, children *must* obey their fathers and mothers," interrupted the Mother eagerly. "If they did n't, one could n't manage the house at all and everything would go wrong because of lack of concerted action and"—

"There is n't any philosophy in filial obedience," objected the Father. "It is simply a necessity in the living of family life. It is an expression of respect and deference to age and superior wisdom. It is"—

"You 're not answering my question in the least," interrupted the Bachelor. "I know it 's right—it must be right for children to obey; but why? What living principle is involved, and has that phrase, 'in the Lord,' any vitality?"

"A higher principle is involved than most people realize," observed the Kindergartner. "Self-control, the very capstone of character, the most forceful and yet most charming element of personality, is directly in question."

"Do I understand you to mean that self-control is a direct resultant of filial obedience?" queried the Maiden Lady.

"No, not that it *is*, but that it might be. We have so little filial obedience in the present generation that if self-control could be acquired only along that path we might well fear for the future of the present generation. However, when humanity refuses to avail itself of Nature's kind permission to find a nice balance of mind, soul, and life through a series of discriminating experiments, a center of gravity is achieved for it through shocks and knocks. In such a case, however, the result accomplished is too often only the weighing of a mind shaken and injured by long years of rash experimenting. Self-control learned late in life is, in short, only the balancing of the unbalanced."

"One could fancy that you believed

that many who learn self-control only after wasting the best years of life might have acquired the habit in childhood, and might then have been privileged to realize in their own conscious and law-ordered development, life's great possibilities of usefulness and joy," thoughtfully observed the Bachelor.

"If you do you're mistaken," objected the Mother. "The Bachelor and the Father I know to have been very obedient boys; but I know, too, that they both acquired what self-control they now possess only after leaving home and through disobedience rather than through the opposite virtue."

"That's true," corroborated the Bachelor," though I didn't suppose other folks had noticed it. But just let the Kindergartner tell us how a boy is to learn self-control through obeying a parent who is capricious and unjust in his commands; who is vacillating in his wishes and who is domineering in his expression of them."

"He won't," responded the Kindergartner, "unless he yields obedience through consideration of the principle of filial respect involved, and that is something a young, unformed child cannot understand and is not likely to do. If you want a sermon you should preach it from the whole text and not from isolated clauses. The text to-night is, 'Children, obey your parents *in the Lord.*'"

The Bachelor had been listening closely, and after a moment's pause submitted: "You would make even a very young child understand obedience as a matter of principle rather than as a series of isolated and unrelated facts?"

"Yes."

"And you would lead through filial obedience to self-control?"

"Yes."

"Well," the Bachelor straightened himself slowly and moved across the room to a comfortable chair, "I don't believe the thing can be done, but I'd like to hear your theories."

The Kindergartner dropped her embroidery in her lap and settled back in the cushions of the big divan. "If I'm to deliver the discourse, I shall want to be sure all the way through that the congregation is with me; and shall beg the privilege of asking questions," she began. "First of all, whom shall a child obey?"

"His parents," came quickly from the Father.

"His teacher," from the Maiden Lady.

"It is absolutely necessary for him at times to give obedience to the housekeeper or nurse." The Mother looked troubled as she suggested it, for the question of obedience to servants was one of her greatest problems.

"Fact is, that a child should obey almost anyone who is older than himself or he'll get into trouble."

The Kindergartner smiled as the Bachelor summed up the case, and then ventured: "The child does n't owe obedience to any of these authorities except when they make their claim for his respect and deference with due consideration for a living principle of his own nature. The

only authority to which a child should yield obedience is that eternal law that 'lives and reigns in all things,' which is inherent in his own soul—the divine law of right and best."

"Do you mean that a child shall be a law unto himself, that teachers and parents are not justified in demanding obedience from him?" The Maiden Lady was fairly breathless.

"To the first query, yes; in so far as he can interpret and express for himself this innate principle. To the second, they are justified in asking obedience just so far as they hold themselves subjects and representatives of this law. Absolute, undeviating, instantaneous, unquestioning obedience to parents and teachers is the highest lesson a little child may learn, if only parents and teachers idealize their authority and demand respect for principle and deference to law instead of yielding to caprice and bossism."

"I like that," said the Mother, "but it frightens me. How dare I stand as a representative of that principle when in my own life I make so many mistakes! It 's a fearsome thing to attempt to stand in the place of God."

"Oh! my dear," exclaimed the Kindergartner, "that is just the reverse of the suggestion I wanted to give. You aren't to stand in the place of God, at all. You are just to get out of his place and give him a chance to do something. What the Bachelor said is true, although shocking. Too many children do obey their parents in the devil. They are forced to submission and are given no chance to think for themselves, and no practice in learning to love the right and to choose right rather than wrong. When the outward force which has held them to right doing relaxes its pressure, they go straight to ruin through ignorance and lack of the backbone which the mother and father should have built up during the periods of childhood and youth. The father and mother life is all-surrounding for the little child; and so long as the parents fail to find themselves in the great eternal principle of right and best, so long as they fail to help the child to find himself in that unifying principle and to find that principle in himself, so long as they limit him to their own narrow view of life through restrictive commands, just so long they do stand in God's way and retard the workings of his law upon the child for the accomplishment of rounded, self-poised manhood."

"'Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground,'" quoted the Bachelor.

"Oh! that is good," cried the Kindergartner, with cheeks aglow. "This is God's work. We are only the assistants, and are too often the fools who rush in where angels would fear to tread. Froebel says that our relationship to the children should be guiding, protective, cherishing, rather than commanding and arbitrary. By that reasoning, our commands should be very few and always of such nature as to enable the child to find in himself and for himself their reason and reward. Obedience to

such authority would establish in the child an understanding of, and a habit of lovingly yielding to, the principle of right which the arbitrary mode of government often renders wholly inert."

"Now I understand the phrase, 'in the Lord,' " commented the Lady.

"Yes, that phrase is all right," assented the Bachelor; "but you used a lot of adjectives awhile ago that I want explained or withdrawn. I wrote them down," he murmured apologetically, as he opened his note book and read: " 'absolute, undeviating, instantaneous, unquestioning.' Now is n't that a little heavy in its requirements?"

"Not at all," exclaimed the Maiden Lady, before the Kindergartner could reply. "Don't you see that the child is forming a life habit of yielding to right? Surely such a habit should be absolute, instantaneous, and undeviating."

"But, 'unquestioning,' — surely that 's too much. Why should n't the child know the reason for what he is doing?"

"If the child has, through repeated experiences, learned that the parents are limiting their authority over him by the eternal law which they themselves obey, he will intuitively understand that even when what they desire of him is puzzling, obedience to their superior wisdom and broader experience is right and wise."

"But there may be question in the child's mind as to the right and wrong of a thing. In that case is he to accept the mother's dictum to the violation of his own conscience?"

"Never." The Kindergartner was emphatic. "In most cases of that kind the mother whose point of view is the right one can enable the child to see the situation in the right light. In cases where absolutely unexplainable demands are made, she will say frankly and lovingly: 'My dear, I 'm sorry not to be able to explain this matter to you. I cannot, because you are too young to understand why this course is right and the other wrong; so you must just remember that I love you and that I would not ask this of you if it were not right and best."

"Would you generally give a child a reason for obedience?"

"Never, if I could help it. I should often help him to find the reason for himself, however, for two purposes. In the first place, to help him to become a thinking, responsible being, finding the law of his doings in his own consciousness. In the second place, to assure his confidence in my judgment and his belief in my love for him and to emphasize our unity."

"When would you give the reason, —before or after obedience was gained?" queried the Mother.

"Never before, if I could help it," answered the Kindergartner. "That would interfere with the 'instantaneousness,' you know."

"It 's a fine theory and well elucidated," applauded the Father, "but it 's too ideal to be possible. Just take a practical instance now and tell me how to gain this much adjectived obedience from my three, live, mischievous, irritable boys."

"Of course, the first step is loving

sympathy and coöperation," suggested the Mother; "I 've learned that much in the last few months."

"And the next is to make commands few and practical and to substitute often the unifying, sympathetic 'we will' for the irritating 'you must.' "

"Sometimes discipline will be necessary though," suggested the Father.

"If the conditions of authority have the right basis, and if they are insisted upon firmly and lovingly, there will seldom be other discipline necessary than an introduction to Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by and Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did." The Kindergartner had risen and passed into the hall as she spoke, and was lifting her coat from the hat-tree. "If you want any more you must sing it yourself," she laughed gayly.

"Oh, but you've stopped short of the vital point of your discourse. You've not rounded it up at all." The Father was standing with his back to the outer door to make sure of an answer. "How does it all lead up to self-control?"

"Why, don't you see? Don't you see?" she repeated. "It 's so easy! The little child learns to give obedience to one loving, just principle, instead of to dozens of unjust, irritable individuals. He learns to find the principle within himself and to give allegiance to it regardless of resistance or insistence from outside. At first he needs much assistance in doing this; but, gradually, less and less is required, until at last he becomes thoroughly self-poised and can be left to work out his own salvation."

"There would come eventually, then, a vanishing point for parental authority," observed the Father gravely.

"But don't you see, Father,"—the Mother spoke very softly—"the vanishing point of authority is to result in the rounding and perfecting of confidence and coöperation between parent and child. It will mean the beginning of the child's truly religious life."

"I am thinking of how we taught each baby to walk." The Mother was speaking to all now, but still softly, as if absorbed in her own symbolism. "One does not push or pull the baby, but gives him just the assistance he needs for support and balance, gradually decreasing the amount of help given and letting him so learn his limitations and powers that at last he can stand and perhaps take a few wonderful breathless steps quite alone. And then how much petting and praise and applause is given, and how he is encouraged to longer and more perilous journeys with the mother just near enough to keep him from serious injury, even while she allows the little bumps and tumbles that teach him the lessons he needs to learn."

The Kindergartner was smiling, although her eyes seemed very deep and thoughtful. "I could give you the theory," she said, "but it is the Mother who sees its depth and makes its practical, living application; and it is the Mother who is privileged as is no other, to enter into that holy of holies, the child's soul, to aid him lovingly and wisely in his early struggle for self-control."

By courtesy of The Southern Workman, Hampton, Va

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands,—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

HONEY, DON'T YOU CRY.

Honey, w'en de lonesome rain
  Drapping fum de sky,
All de sunshine drownded out,
  Honey, don't you cry!

Honey, don't you cry!
Sun 'll shine bimeby;
'Bleeged ter rain
On hill 'n' plain;
Honey, don't you cry!

Don't you know de lily feel
  Dusty, hot, and dry,
Liftin' up his empty cup?
  Honey, don't you cry!

Honey, don't you cry!
Sun 'll shine bimeby;
'Bleeged ter rain
On hill 'n' plain;
Honey, don't you cry!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE KINDERGARTEN IDEA.

By Arthur Chamberlain.

THE kindergarten has ceased to be a theory, it has become a fact; but it continues to need exemplification and explanation, for those who oppose the kindergarten most strenuously seem often to have but a hazy conception of its fundamental idea.

On the one hand, it is claimed that the kindergarten is little more than a day nursery, in which the children are amused but not educated; while on the other hand it is urged that the day nursery age is too young for the kindergarten. This inconsistency

betrays a lurking suspicion that there *is* a certain training in the work of the kindergarten, and it is not surprising that an opponent occasionally goes about on the other tack and claims that the child is subjected to undue mental strain.

As to this alarmist note, it may be worth while to recall the principle upon which kindergarten instruction rests; that it is education through the natural activities of childhood, not lessons learned by rote on the one hand nor a mere attempt to keep the child—in the familiar phrase—"out of mischief" on the other. In point of fact, the kindergarten teacher seeks to accomplish, with method, regularity and under favorable environment, what intelligent and loving parents try to bring about amid the many and varied duties of a household, usually without training and generally in a more or less desultory fashion. As at one end of the educational scale we have university extension, so in the kindergarten we have home extension,—the love and care of an ideal home applied in a direct and practical way to the education of the child.

In the happiest home, however, a child may be under certain educational disadvantages. The most judicious of parents will not be free from a certain partiality for their own children; to demand that they should is an absurdity, a fight against nature. A child in a large family may indeed have the benefit of companionship with his brothers and sisters, but he is not brought into touch with a number of children of his own age, with whom he can measure his growing abilities. Far worse is the "only" child handicapped, who must early learn to adapt himself to mature habits of thought and speech with a fair prospect of becoming an unpleasant little prig; or else turn out that most exasperating of despots, a spoiled child,—if, indeed, the little prig has not an equally good claim to that title.

But does the kindergarten educate? The best answer is: "Go and see." Here are little children marching, countermarching, going through a number of somewhat complicated evolutions. Is there no instruction gained in this? Do children instinctively move in regular, orderly columns of twos and of fours, in well-timed movements? Watch the same children during their undirected playtime, and see! Or take the work with blocks, when the children are in their seats. The teacher is telling a story, illustrating it by certain combinations of blocks, more or less suggestive in shape, of the different objects in the story. Notice the air of concentration with which the children attempt to imitate her movements, and the difficulty that the child often finds in moving the blocks into the required position, a difficulty not to be overcome without serious and persistent effort on the part of the child. Is this co-ordination of mind and eye and hand on the part of the child mere sport, or is it a genuine education of childish nature along the lines of the instinctive desires of childhood: action, construction, companionship?

As to the general effect of a properly conducted kindergarten—what may be called its atmosphere—it is a thing to be felt rather than described. The gentle and low-toned voices; the constant, insistent, persistent courtesy; the sense that the teacher is working *with* the children in loving companionship rather than for them across some gulf of uncomprehended desires, that the child shares in the conversation in place of being talked *at*.—all this is so restful, so free from the happily passing conception of the old-time "schoolmarm," so simple and yet not without its gracious dignity, that one can only wish that the same idea of intimate, well-bred companionship between teacher and pupil might be carried through all grades of our system of education.

Yes, the kindergarten educates body and mind and soul; but like every other good thing it can be abused and made ridiculous, and has sometimes needed to be saved from its friends. There are those who do not distinguish between the immutable principle and the normally fluctuating method. No wit as yet has been found sufficiently keen to construct any method in any department of human endeavor that can be counted upon to work automatically. A teacher must mix her method with the same stuff that Sir Joshua Reynolds used in mixing his paints—brains. To this she must add one thing more, a heart full of love for the children given into her care. Equipped with these, she will not unduly exalt any particular method; her methods will have the spontaneity of growth, they will be the outcome of an intelligent brain and a loving heart.

As for another stock argument against the kindergarten, that it makes education too easy for the child, one can only wonder at the muddle-headedness that finds the argument pertinent. A man, we are told, must make his own way in the world, he should learn as early as possible to shift for himself, he should become used to the game of scrabble and grab.

The point of view is not a high-minded nor alluring one, at best, but admitting it for the sake of the argument, what is its logical conclusion?

It would seem to be that the more difficult and incomprehensible the method of education can be made, the greater will be the profit to the pupil; and not a few of the older text-books —now, happily, obsolescent — favored, perhaps, this conception of the mission of education. That it puts a prize on pedagogical stupidity, that it revels in puzzle, trick and surprise in place of a clear and orderly unfolding of the subject under consideration, is only too evident to anyone in middle life who remembers the laboriously elaborate "working" of old-time examples in arithmetic; the hare pursued by the greyhound; the "carrying one" in the subtrahend in place of the logical diminution in the minuend. But if the aim of education is merely to present obstacles, why should there be any teaching? Why not leave the child to his own devices? Is there not a good chance that he will turn out a "smart" man?

There is this *laissez faire* theory of education, and its results in practice are not uninteresting. A street-Arab is shrewd, quick, cautious, alert, —so is the savage; so, pre-eminently, are the lion and the tiger. But neither street-Arab, savage, nor beast can stand before the civilized man, who adds to their abilities the results of a symmetrical training that arms him with weapons and devices undreamed of in their philosophy.

It is a little wearisome to be obliged to remind the advocates of the rough and tumble theory of education, over and over again, of the significance of that much abused word. Educators, dear Rough-and-tumbleites, do not regard the child primarily as a lump of clay, whether to be toughened by hard knocks or moulded into forms of use and beauty; neither—lest you should fall into an even worse blunder—as a rubber catch-all which increases in capacity through judicious cramming. They regard the child as possessing, potentially, all the powers appertaining to a being who is an immortal soul; they believe, implicitly, that those powers have their own laws of growth, that their growth is directly affected by the environment of the child, and they seek to learn those laws, to provide suitable conditions for their perfect effect, to create an environment that shall be in sympathy and not in conflict with them.

No enlightened kindergartner believes that the child is to be regarded from the pathological point of view, however necessary that point of view may be in dealing with an habitual criminal. She regards childish activity as practically normal; as the divinely appointed means of development, not a manifestation of innate depravity.

Moreover, if she has caught the true spirit of her work, hers will be the larger vision. Precisely as she regards the child as, on the whole, normal, so she will regard the great world for which she is training him. She will readily acknowledge that greed and selfishness are in the world, but she will not make the too common mistake of supposing that it is along the lines of greed and selfishness that the world has achieved its victories. Love, loyalty, courtesy, magnanimity—these she knows to be stronger than hate, treachery, selfishness and cruelty; and she will care more to develop the former in the child than to harden him for a wretched competition among those who put their trust in the latter,—"All frantic dust that builds on dust."

Knowing that the world is to become what the children are to make it, she will go on in her chosen work, secure in her trust that she is, in her own place and station, doing something to make the kingdoms of the world the Kingdom of God.

A GAME CLUB.

By Mary E. Burfitt.

On Tuesday afternoons, rain or shine, there is a crowd of little boys and girls waiting on the steps of the Alfred Corning Clark Neighborhood House on Rivington street, New York,—or the "White House," as it is called by the children. The eager, expectant faces show that a good time is in store; and when, promptly at four o'clock, the door is opened, these children go from the dirty, noisy, crowded street into a place that is quiet, peaceful, and clean.

There is a warm welcome for each small person as all troop into the big cheerful room where the good time is to be. There is here plenty of room to play, and play they do with all their hearts, for this is the Game Club, one of many clubs at the "White House," but one that means oh! so very much to these little crowded children.

Crowded,—I can think of no better word to use. They are always being crowded. In their homes, in their schools, in the streets, in their work and play, even in their sleep, these poor little souls are ever crowded. Small wonder that so many are stunted either mentally, physically, morally, or all three. But here at least there is plenty of room to breathe and to move, plenty of room to play.

For an hour these children have healthy, happy games. More playful children it would be hard to find. They are bubbling over with long-repressed life, for they have come right from the public schools where the most rigid discipline prevails. With all the freedom of the Game Club, there is, however, the gentle but firm guidance of their much-loved leader that makes things run smoothly and prevents the playfulness from becoming boisterousness and riot.

Then there is the story, which is listened to eagerly and is thoroughly enjoyed. Yes, the time seems all too short; and when it is over there is often a general cry of surprise. "Why! it can't be five yet," says one. "Oh! please, just one more game," begs another. And so it goes. The children love the Game Club and look forward to Tuesday—the day of its meeting. They beg to bring other children. Starting with only fifteen members last year, the club has this year fifty members in regular attendance.

The aim throughout has been to bring some sunshine into the lives of the children; to weed out the many bad, unhealthful games, and give in their place those which are pure and worthy to be played.

The selection of the games to be used takes a good deal of time and thought. They must be carefully arranged to suit the ages and needs of the children. A few of the kindergarten games, those which appeal to the older children, have been used with success. Among these are The Farmyard, The Transformation game, The Windmill, and others. Many of the old traditional games are played (some of them rearranged), and also bean bag games of various kinds, as well as running and jumping games, hiding and sense games, games of trial of strength and quickness, together with the rhythm games, loved by all children.

Singing games are pretty and much liked, but an hour a week is a very short time in which to have the children learn words, especially when many of the children are of foreign birth, and English is not easy for them: so only very simple and short song-games are used. A few minutes every week are spent in singing over the songs, and in this way the children learn the words by degrees.

The stories have been of many kinds. Those with a good deal of action are best liked by these children. There have been fairy and myth tales, hero stories and nature stories.

About three or four times during the winter, parties are given to which the mothers are sometimes invited. At such times simple refreshments are served to all. The children are as glad as can be to do their best in playing the games for their mothers to see, and the mothers are delighted with the club. Many have said after one of these parties: "Well! I just wanted to get up and play, too." They are anxious to have their children come; for, as one mother said, "It is such a nice, clean place for Charley, and I know where he is and that he is not learning badness on the street. If you could only keep him all day!"

Do not think that it is an easy task to take charge of even a few boys and girls of nine and twelve years in a game club, and have things run smoothly at first, for it is not. One of the main objects among these children of the street has been to get all they could for themselves and "get it quick," before some one was ahead of them. This, of course, was the attitude of some who came to the Game Club. They were not very kind to one another. Then there were also sneaking children and those who would cheat and lie.

Yes, there were many problems to face; but these have been faced and good influence has triumphed. The children are developing from noisy, excitable, selfish creatures into orderly, honorable and loving playmates.

In forming a game club I would suggest that the director should be a person of magnetism, who can help the children to govern themselves; she should also be a good story-teller, one who really has power to hold the interest of children; and last, but not least, she should have a pianist who can play really well.

I am sure that it is easy to see why a club of this kind is worth while; to

see that in helping the children in this their most impressionable age, we are helping to make a generation of better men and women.

One of our greatest educators has rightly said: "The plays of childhood are the germinal leaves of all later life."

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR AMERICAN KINDERGARTNERS AND OTHER EDUCATORS.

By Martha E. Tredick.

Blankenburg-Schwarzathal, a most picturesque German town, situated among beautiful wooded hills and by the side of a clear, sparkling stream, is the original home of the kindergarten. Here among simple, industrious people, Froebel put into practice his system of education, the influence of which has been felt all over the world.

The death of Ida Seele (Frau Vogeler) reminds us that those who worked with Froebel for the development of the kindergarten cannot remain with us. When they go from us, all that we can do is to treasure their memory, study their works, and gather together what has been left ungarnered of their personal and educational relics. This has been keenly realized by Fräulein E. Heerwart, who has devoted much time and labor to the gathering together of the kindergarten material, writings and personal belongings left by Froebel.

To keep these things together, to have them well cared for and yet placed in a way that they may be of use to educators, is one object in founding the Friedrich Froebel House. As this building does not yet exist, the objects already gathered together are arranged for exhibition in the house of Fräulein Heerwart in Blankenburg, who has allowed one of her rooms to be used as a temporary museum. This Froebel Museum is open to visitors every day for a small fee. Each visitor is asked to register.

One of the interesting repositories in the museum is a cabinet containing many things associated with Frau Froebel. Among these things are the last wristers she knit for poor children, a scarf of her own, and some cards on which were designs made of pressed flowers. She had made these cards for the purpose of teaching children not to destroy flowers as soon as they began to wither.

A box of work done by the kindergarten children of St. Louis, Missouri, is also exhibited. This work was sent to Frau Froebel, and was greatly treasured by her; and on this account has now a double value.

Near the cabinet is Frau Froebel's armchair with its two cushions just as she used them. On the wall hang the pictures of Froebel and his second wife. Surrounding the pictures are many of the palms and ribbons sent by noted persons or organizations at the time of Frau Froebel's death in 1900.

Two larger, box-shaped cases, with hinged glass covers, contain many things associated with Froebel; among these are his cuff buttons, and a small pasteboard case which he always carried with him, in which he kept the letter written by his godmother when he was christened at the age of two days. He always treasured this letter, and had it read to him a short time before he died. By the side of the letter is a small colored card, a gift from his godfather.

It was Froebel's habit to make small cardboard cases for the purpose of preserving little papers that he valued. These papers were carefully cut into a desired shape and each paper bore an autograph. There are several of these autograph collections. One contains the autographs of all his teachers in Switzerland; a second, of his teachers in Blankenburg; and a third, the autographs of all his relations. These collections have been carefully arranged by Fräulein Heerwart, who has written a set of notes about them.

In a small box are the wedding rings of Froebel's two wives, Wilhelmina Hoffmeister and Luise Levin.

Of objects connected with Froebel's work, there are many. The original wooden Gifts, made in Blankenburg, stand on a little table, and with them the crystal forms derived from the cube. There are one hundred cardboard squares, on each of which eight tiny cubes are so pasted as to show in all one hundred forms of beauty, made with the Third Gift. One hundred more cards with cubes show the same number of forms of life. The paper cutting done by Froebel is beautifully exact, and nicely mounted. All the Gifts and Occupations have been left fully worked out and illustrated. His diaries show exquisite penmanship and methodical arrangement. On the first page of one diary the names of the months are written in a column at the left; while in an opposite column are the names by which he loved to call the months; as: May, Flowering Life. One diary, written to his wife and a few friends, shows the development of his plans for the kindergarten.

On a large table in the center of the room are books,— first editions of his works. Also, carefully preserved in strong covers, are many manuscripts, and interesting letters. Most of the letters relate to his work. Some were written while he was a soldier in the war. The room next to the museum in Fräulein Heerwart's house is devoted to the kindergarten. Here, every morning and afternoon, the children come, carrying lunch baskets and shoe bags. Sitting on the benches in the cloak room they chatter merrily as they change their heavy shoes for little slippers before entering the class room. Then follows the singing of German songs and the joyful work of the kindergarten.

After a visit to Blankenburg, one realizes more than ever the need of the Friedrich Froebel House, for which Fräulein Heerwart has been working so earnestly, and for which, although she is now seventy years of age, she continues to work with unabated zeal, hoping that the building may be completed before she is called to leave her labor of love.

Interesting accounts have been given by others of the laying of the corner stone of this building, which is to be erected on land given by the town of Blankenburg, so it is not necessary to describe that here. The building will cost $12,500. Of this sum, $1,700 is now in hand; but no work will be done until the entire amount is raised.

The purpose of the building is manifold. In the first place, it is to be a memorial to Friedrich Froebel. This is the plan:—

1. Rooms for the Kindergarten and living rooms for the Kindergartner.
2. A Froebel Museum.
3. A Library of Kindergarten Literature.
4. Rooms for the President of the Blankenburg Froebel Society, and for Kindergartners seeking rest or recreation in the beautiful Schwarzathal region.
5. A Depository for Books, and for Froebel's Gifts and Occupations, in accordance with Froebel's original plan of 1843.

A special effort is being made this year for the raising of funds, and each kindergartner is asked to try to do something. June twenty-first, the sixtieth anniversary of Froebel's death, has been chosen as the day for new exertions; and the suggestion has been made that, beside individual gifts, appropriate entertainments, such as Mother-play tableaux, etc., be given on Froebel's birthday or at some other time during the spring, by kindergartens, training classes or colleges, for the benefit of the Friedrich Froebel House. Training classes about to graduate, or having graduated, might make a united effort. By each member's giving a little, the class or school could send a very acceptable donation. Much could be accomplished with but little work on the part of a few willing helpers. Cannot we kindergartners of the United States carry out some such work to show our appreciation of what has been done for the little children of our land by one who, when persecuted in his own country, said: "If they will not recognize and help me in my fatherland, I shall go to America, where new life unfolds itself freely, and where a new education will find a fertile soil"?

RECENT LITERATURE.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH. By Florence Hull Winterburn. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. $1.25.

The mother's instinct is pretty sure to keep her alert as to the prime importance of the physical well-being of the child; consequently, a welcome is always ready for books concerning the bodily health or the diseases of children. In the case of Mrs. Winterburn's book, the welcome will be lasting and deserved to an unusual degree. This is because the author is scientific enough and philosophic enough to take a broad, inclusive view of health, and because she is also skillful enough to present this view convincingly. The ten chapters treat of: The Health demanded by Modern Life, The Child and his Atmosphere, Educating the Nerves, Nature's Sweet Restorer, Nutriment and Growth, The Relation of Grace to Health, Vocal Expression, Culture of the Emotions, Defective Children, Recreation and Social Life. While the titles of these chapters indicate how much is included, and rightly, in the "health" of children, significant details are brought forward, their effects are shown, and wise suggestions are given for preventing, remedying or encouraging according to the need. Simple physical and vocal exercises are described here and there in the book. The influence of the mind and of the feelings is recognized in its full importance. Indeed, few authors are as successful in disclosing the interaction and mutual effect of spirit and body. We have commended Mrs. Winterburn's earlier books for use in mothers' clubs and classes. The Children's Health can be recommended unreservedly for this purpose; and we predict that the kindergartner who reads a chapter or so at each of her mothers' meetings, where the mothers are of the more intelligent class, will have full and interested attendance.

FOUNDATIONS OF EDUCATION. By Levi Seeley. Hinds & Noble, New York. $1.00.

Teachers can by no means read all the volumes put forth for their instruction; but if a young teacher or parent wants a sweet-natured helper in practical questions concerning the management of children in school and home, it is to be found in Professor Seeley's book. When reading it, the reviewer noted particularly the chapters on Politeness and Patriotism and a Summer Trip with a German School. (The trip, by the way, was through Thuringia, the scene of Froebel's labors.) Professor Seeley writes in a familiar, personal way, and his sincere devotion to his calling is evident in every line of his writing. In recounting his early experiences, he says, p. 98: "During that first term, an inspiration came to me that teaching is the grandest of all vocations, and that the opportunities which it offers for doing good to one's fellow men are unequaled by any other calling. And the same thought remains with me to this day."

WHEN MOTHER WAS A LITTLE GIRL. By Frances S. Brewster. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $0.80 net.

What happy, hearty child life is depicted in this reminiscent account of Mother's childhood on a Massachusetts farm! We cannot wonder that the children to whom these memories were related as they sat about the open fire in the twilight should feel that other boys and girls would enjoy the descriptions of the simple, free country life. The eleven chapters do not all deal with the pleasures of High Farm, however. "Mother" had some flittings out into the world, and gives a graphic picture of the New York city of those early days, and also of Western travel, and her experience in a maple sugar camp makes a thrilling chapter, including as it does the heroism of the poor "Silly Jim." Part II contains Cousin Lucy's stories — some myths retold and some nature stories — but these have not the charm of the first part of the book.

TOMMY'S ADVENTURES. By Emily Paret Atwater. $0.30 net. JACK-A-BOY IN BEAST-LAND. By Anna M. Clyde. $0.40 net. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

TOMMY'S ADVENTURES are with ants, bees, butterflies, crickets, and spiders.

While the facts of insect life and spider life are give with commendable accuracy, we find the chapter on butterflies a flagrant example of how not to write about nature. To be sure, we do use the butterfly in ordinary speech as the symbol of the trifling pleasure-seeker, and do speak of "butterflies of fashion"; but such thoughts and actions as are imputed to butterflies and flowers in this story should be entirely out of children's ken in human life, and should by no means be furnished to them as the interpretation of nature.

Jack-a-boy in Beast-Land is a more successful attempt at a combination of instruction and story interest. The aid of a fairy is frankly evoked in the beginning to enable Jack-a-boy to visit wild creatures of many lands in their homes, and the fairy element is a help to the reasonableness of the story, paradoxical as this may seem. At the end, however, the author takes to the feeble and hackneyed device of having all of Jack-a-boy's trip to Beast-Land a dream. Has not the informational dream story held its dreary way in children's books long enough?

Where was the Little White Dog? By Margaret Johnson. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. $0.75.

Some of us remember the Peter and Patty stories which appeared in the magazine *Babyland* years ago, and which were the forerunners of other stories told almost as much by pictures as by words. You will soon discover the special enjoyment afforded by Miss Johnson's work if you and a little child read one of the stories together, for the child not only delights in "reading" the little pictures but follows the course of the story more easily by their aid. The little white dog gets into many surprising places, but, of course, returns to his little master safe and sound at the end of the book. These stories and others of the same sort by Miss Johnson have been published in *Little Folks*, a children's magazine edited by Ella Farnam Pratt.

Pussy Meow. The Autobiography of a Cat. By S. Louise Patteson. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $0.60 net.

"Feline stock is bound to rise. It is becoming the fashion now to have real cats in schools and kindergartens, instead of mere pictures of them."

The number of books recently written about cats seems to indicate that feline stock has risen a good deal already, and this new "autobiography" will not have a depreciating effect. Cat troubles and pleasures as experienced by Pussy Meow the narrator, or by some of her friends, are told of in no little detail; and many hints as to the proper treatment of the "fireside sphinx" are interspersed among the incidents of cat life. The book has the good wishes for success of many noted cat-lovers, in its mission of making people kinder to dumb creatures.

Youth's Companion Series. The Wide World. Northern Europe. Ginn & Co., Boston. $0.25 each.

These two volumes belong to a series of geographical readers now being issued. They are compiled of short sketches formerly published in the *Youth's Companion* and delineate the life and customs of mankind in various lands. They are written in popular style; and while the information conveyed is too scrappy to be of much value, some of the customs and incidents are sufficiently picturesque to make a vivid impression upon the reader and consequently to stimulate his interest in foreign countries. In these days of the New Geography, the need of supplementary geographical reading is not as great as it was when the study was more concerned with maps and figures than with the realities of physical geography and the earth as the home of man.

The Laurel Classics. The Merchant of Venice. Edited by Frederick Manley. C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston. $0.40.

That a book like this can be bought for forty cents is a marvel, indeed. In addition to the play itself it contains a valuable essay by Frederick Manley, enlightening notes, a glossary, and a list of important books and articles in which The Merchant of Venice is discussed. This edition is intended for school use; but with its pretty red cloth cover, gilt top, black type and good margin, the volume will doubtless be kept in the student's library long after school days are over. How much better it is that the portions of great literature studied in our schools should be provided in more durable form than in the paper-covered volumes which become shabby almost at once, and are soon worn out! The Laurel Classics Shakespeare will tempt to ownership, and ownership will tempt to re-reading; hence such editions as this are of great benefit to the public.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

EDGAR S. WERNER PUBLISHING AND SUPPLY CO., NEW YORK. The Delsarte System of Expression. By Genevieve Stebbins. $2.00. Graded Physical Exercises. By Bertha Louise Colburn. $1.00.

GINN AND COMPANY, BOSTON. The Youth's Companion Series. The Wide World. $0.25. Northern Europe. $0.25.

CLAYTON F. SUMMY CO., CHICAGO. The Very First Lessons at the Piano. By Mrs. Crosby Adams. $0.75.

GEORGE W. JACOBS AND CO., PHILADELPHIA. When Mother Was a Little Girl. By Frances S. Brewster. $0.80 net. Pussy Meow. By S. Louise Patteson. $0.60 net. Jack-a-Boy in Beast-Land. By Anna M. Clyde. $0.40 net. Tommy's Adventures. By Emily Paret Atwater. $0.30 net.

DANA ESTES AND CO., BOSTON. Where Was the Little White Dog? By Margaret Johnson. $0.75.

EDUCATIONAL READINGS FROM RECENT PERIODICALS.

EDUCATING THE DEAF-BLIND. By Ruth Everett. FRANCIS WAYLAND PARKER. By Wilbur S. Jackman. American Monthly Review of Reviews. April.

A SEASHORE LABORATORY. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Harper's Monthly. March.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN FRANCE. By J. C. Bracq. Educational Review. April.

BACK-YARD GARDENS AND WINDOW BOXES. By Eben E. Rexford. Lippincott's Magazine. March.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Helen Keller. Ladies' Home Journal. April.

EVILS OF SOUTHERN FACTORY LIFE. By Jesse Armon Baldwin. Gunton's Magazine. April.

THE FUTURE EVOLUTION OF THE KINDERGARTEN. By James L. Hughes. THE CHILDLESS KINDERGARTNER. By Anna Hamlin Wikel. Education. April.

THE PENSIONING OF SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

The Teachers' Retirement Fund was a prominent subject of discussion at the annual meeting of the New Jersey State Teachers' Association, held at Trenton during the recent vacation. Dr. Poland, superintendent of schools in Newark, urges strongly that teachers give more general and hearty support to this movement, since the teacher realizes better than anyone else the need of support for old and infirm teachers. From a strong article in the *Newark Sunday Call*, we extract as follows: —

The pensioning of teachers is a measure that has never, until recently, had the serious attention of even a small portion of the thinking people of the United States. * * Sooner or later, Americans will begin to realize the genuine necessity for evolving some plan for retiring public school-teachers on an annuity. Until that time comes the teacher herself must do all she can to help on the movement * * toward the time when communities themselves will take the matter in hand by giving her aid. * * The average citizen is apt to think that the pensioning of teachers does not concern him, and any article upon the subject which falls under his notice in his newspaper he is apt to pass over as having no interest to him. It is this idea that must be combated. The people must be brought to realize, somehow, that the pensioning of teachers concerns them vitally.

A "tried New Jersey Educator" admits that to pension teachers would open the door for movements to pension policemen, firemen, and other public servants; but he says that with policemen and firemen the situation is different, since they are much better paid than the teachers. If the community paid the teachers sufficient to make it possible for them to set aside a fair sum each year, matters would be different. To pension teachers (assuming that the pension funds were supplied by the city or state, largely) * * would be the greatest economy and would accomplish sound benefit to the pupils as well as to the teachers. If a class is watched over by a teacher who is old, who is not only unable to maintain proper discipline but is powerless to teach her pupils as they should be taught, who is the loser? The child.

Who, then, is most directly concerned in the removal of that teacher and in the supplying of a young and capable teacher in her place? The parents, naturally. * * Good teaching in childhood works an incalculable good, which never exhausts itself until life is done. Bad or even indifferent teaching works more harm than any sociologist in the land can ever determine.

What is to be done, then, with teachers who are old and incompetent? * * The superficial answer is, "Put her out. Why don't the superintendent and the board of education put her out?" Oddly enough the answer comes from the people themselves, the very ones who are the most harmed by the presence of incompetent teachers. Time and again, when the board of education in this city has taken steps to remove faithful servants from the schools, the people have arisen and cried, "Thou shalt not!" with such an emphasis that the unpleasant work was put a stop to. As one man put it the other day: "It is a high tribute to the spirit and nobility of the American character that it will not stand idly by and see the old and the infirm servant of the people pushed out of her position to make room for younger and fresher material." The very men who have gone into the board of education determined to use their influence to oust incompetent teachers have been the quickest to realize that to do so were not only a cruel thing, but flying in the face of public opinion.

Many instances come to mind where efforts have been made to get rid of old teachers in this city when the teacher was glaringly unfit, and in very few cases were the removals accomplished. The most strenuous efforts are made to save an old teacher when it is noised about a neighborhood that so and so is booked for dismissal. Grown men and women, former pupils, flock to the distressed teacher's support with a devotion that is stirring to contemplate. Men of power and influence are enlisted; often such men are numbered among those who sat at the old teacher's feet, as it were, many years ago. The impressions and affections of one's childhood cling the longest, often they make the deepest and the most lasting impressions. The man in power is appealed to to save the teacher from a harsh board of education. In an instant he is back in memory to his childhood; innumerable scenes and incidents flock to him. He remembers how this old lady, now pale and trembling in the face of what to her is genuine disaster, bathed his bruised head with cold water after a hard fall in the school yard and comforted him; how she taught him two and two, such dreary drudgery then, of so much value to him ever since. She it was who told him the wonderful story of Washington crossing the Delaware, or of Patrick Henry's speech appealing for "Liberty or Death"; she it was who started him on the right track to become a good American citizen. Some other teacher might have done it, but this is the woman who really did it. So he goes forth raging, and he finds dozens ready to join him. Do you think he fails? Not once in twenty times is the teacher removed. She must stay and stay she does. No, it simply can't be done; old teachers cannot be removed unless their incompetence makes it little short of criminal to maintain them in the class room. * *

Now, if the people themselves oppose with so great vehemence the removal of teachers for age, may not the people be called upon to do their share in preparing some way for caring for these same teachers other than maintaining them in class rooms? Putting the sentimental view of the subject aside for the moment, would it not be the best business policy to retire these teachers and pay them half salary for the remainder of their lives? The people would then be paying a salary and a half in such instances, but since they will not consent to the removal of the teacher without pay, would it not be wisest to procure far better instruction than the old teacher can possibly give and pension the old teacher? If you let the old teacher remain in the class room you are doing your children harm; if you put the old teacher out you are doing a cruel if not a wrong thing; which horn of the dilemma?

The way at present in this state is to make the other teachers pay to sustain the old teacher so that your children and mine may have a better teacher. Is that really honest? Is it fair to the younger teachers? Should not you and I bear some part of the expense? If we are not willing to pay the old teacher half salary out of the city or state money, should we not split it up between the teachers who belong to the Retirement Fund Association and ourselves? Might we not pay a quarter salary ourselves and let the younger teachers make up the other quarter?

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

Items of news and reports of the work for the news departments are solicited from kindergartners in all parts of the country. Copy should be received before the tenth of the month to insure insertion in the next issue.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Successful Year.

The current year has been a thoroughly successful one in the work of the Cincinnati Training School for Kindergartners.

Miss Mina Colburn of Jamestown, N. Y., has been installed as principal, and much that has been helpful and inspiring has been brought to the work.

The work in art and manual training has been noticeably successful and several most interesting lectures, single and in course, have been heard.

Mr. Hamilton Mabie was delightful and suggestive. Miss Mari Ruef Hofer was with the school for a course extending over a week.

Miss Caroline T. Haven gave three helpful and interesting lectures.

A course of lectures by Mr. Guthrie of Cincinnati on Browning supplemented the class work in Browning, and Miss Colburn invited friends to enjoy a charming evening with Mrs. Ida Benfy Judd of New York. She gave a fine rendition of Saul, as well as selections from George Eliot, Ruth McEnery Stuart, and others.

Miss Emma Roedter of Cincinnati gave a most enjoyable recital of piano music, showing its development from the classic period to modern times. This was under the auspices of the music department of which Miss Ida Guing is in charge.

All interested are hoping to have, as a climax, four lectures by Miss Blow. The subjects are: A Plea for the Study of Great Literature, Realistic Literature for Children, The Mother-Play Illustrated by the Family Song, and Fairy Stories, as well as a lecture on Dante, given under the auspices of the Woman's Club, at which the pupils of the training school will be guests.

Toronto, Ontario.

Reports from Ontario Kindergartners.

The Ontario Educational Association met in Toronto on April 1, 2, and 3. Miss Anning presided in the Kindergarten Department. Tuesday morning was devoted to Practical Methods of Developing the Ideals of the Mother-Play.

Miss Jones of Kingston and Miss Boyd of Toronto gave their experiences in developing the Weathervane. Miss Thompson of Aylmer told how the Tick Tack with its underlying idea of order had proved helpful to her children. Miss Dent of Toronto dealt with the Pigeon House experiences and Miss Johnston of Berlin outlined the development of the Star Songs in her kindergarten. Miss Lyon of Ottawa told of connections made by her children in the Morning Talks.

The papers showed that original work is being done in different places. Each paper was followed by a general discussion, those present suggesting different methods used to illustrate the same subjects.

On Wednesday morning Miss Louise N. Currie, supervisor of Toronto public school kindergartens, gave a very interesting account of the Summer School held last year by the Chicago Kindergarten College. Miss Brenton's paper, Physical Training in the Kindergarten Games, was intended as a report of a short course given in London in October by Miss Fanny L. Johnson of Boston. Questions and discussion followed, and Miss Emma Duff of Toronto, a specialist in gymnastics, promised to give some exercises later in the day, which were found helpful. Wednesday afternoon was devoted to practical basket-making with rattan and raffia, under Miss Laidlaw's direction, and the afternoon session proving too brief, the first hour on Thursday was also spent in hand work.

The rest of Thursday morning was devoted to papers on The Training of Defectives. Methods used in teaching the deaf and dumb were described by Mr. Geo. F. Stewart of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville, and Miss Winifred Messmore of the Ontario Institution for the Blind, Brantford, gave an interesting paper on Kindergarten Training for the Blind.

Miss Beartrice Thompson of Berlin, whose children are not mentally deficient, but are of mixed races, chiefly Polish, often unable to understand English, detailed some of her difficulties and successes.

The officers for this year are: President,

Miss Louise N. Currie, Toronto; director, Miss Edith A. Anning, Belleville; secretary-treasurer, Miss Jean R. Laidlaw, London.

Youngstown, Ohio.

Plans for Extension of Mission Kindergarten Work. The Christ Mission Kindergarten Association of Youngstown has been incorporated under the laws of Ohio and the charter has been returned. At a meeting of the members of the association held in March an organization was effected and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. C. F. McBride; first vice-president, Mrs. A. N. Hurd; second vice-president, Mrs. S. A. Miller; secretary, Mrs. Frank B. Hood; treasurer, Mrs. Mary B. Cornell; trustees, Mrs. Robert Paisley, Mrs. James McKay, Mrs. Smith Crawford, Mrs. W. W. Griffey, Mrs. Jos. Rigby, Mrs. Richard Milligan, Mrs. H. C. Corbett, Mrs. E. C. Webb, Mrs. J. B. Marble.

The work which in the future will be conducted by the new corporation is not entirely new in this city. For a number of years past it has been executed in a small, but effective way, by a band of earnest women who formed the nucleus of the new organization. Work in the past has been confined to the eastern part of the city and principally among the children of foreign residents. During the week a free kindergarten has been conducted and on Sunday afternoons a union Sunday school has been held, the members of the mission band taking part in the work.

Recently John C. Wick became interested in the work and announced to the ladies that he would donate to the band four lots, located in various parts of the city, and would contribute $500 to the erection of suitable buildings on each of these. Each of these buildings he would further endow with an additional $100 annually for maintenance. He stipulated that it would be necessary for the band, in order to receive this money and these properties, to become incorporated and secure through solicitation or in any other manner certain amounts with which to complete the work.

One of the objects of the March meeting was the perfecting of plans whereby the balance of the great amount of money desired could be raised. The kindergarten has been conducted by Miss Blanche Van Alstine. In the future, with the additional buildings, other kindergartners will be needed.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The meeting of the National Educational Association at Minneapolis, July 7–11, will include a joint session of the Kindergarten and Elementary Departments, joint sessions being considered by the executive to benefit many more teachers, by enabling them to hear two points of view on subjects of common interest. At this session, agriculture and gardening in relation to the school and kindergarten will be discussed, also the use of myth and history for children. At the special kindergarten session it is proposed to consider language in relation to the kindergarten in a variety of aspects, for instance, hindrances to its development; helps, especially in the kindergarten; Froebel's view of the relation between thought, material, and language; and the need of kindergarten students for work in English.

C. Geraldine O'Grady,
President Kindergarten Department.

Minneapolis has many attractions to offer the kindergartner visiting the N. E. A. The cool, northern country will be a delightful place to spend part of one's vacation, and many tempting excursions will be offered. Lake Minnetonka, a most attractive lake, with one hundred and fifty miles of shore line, is within a half hour of the city. The park system of Minneapolis has many natural attractions, not the least being the chain of three small lakes, all within the city limits. It is a city of beautiful homes and fine drives, and is connected with St. Paul by steam and electric car lines.

The famous flouring and lumber interests will prove great attractions. A few hours away is Duluth, center of great shipping interests.

Excursions are now offered into the great West and Northwest, which will be especially attractive to Easterners, and other trips will doubtless be planned.

Former meetings of the N. E. A. are guarantees for the excellence of the programs offered. These will shortly be ready for publication.

THE CHICAGO QUESTION.

The Chicago board of education, under pressure of public sentiment, has been compelled to change front on the kindergarten question. Some weeks ago the board adopted a resolution to close the public school kindergartens in June, because of a lack of funds. This aroused a storm of protest. Several hundred resolutions,

adopted by churches, clubs, and societies, as many personal letters from individuals directly interested, and 750 petitions with 20,000 signers were sent to the school management committee.

They came mainly from people in moderate circumstances, representing all denominations and all nationalities — Jews as well as Christians, colored people and white — all voicing the same protest, all asking that the public school kindergarten be continued.

The board of education could not afford to ignore such a manifestation of public feeling, and a resolution was recommended providing that "if the kindergartens be closed in September, they be re-opened not later than January, 1903, but sooner if the funds will permit."

This was opposed on the ground that the board might not be in a position to fulfill the promise when the time expired.

A later resolution was proposed by Mrs. Isabella O'Keefe providing for an immediate restoration of the kindergartens, sufficient money to continue them being taken from the high school fund.

Mrs. O'Keefe made a strong plea for the kindergartens. "The most important step in the educational system of this city," said she, "is the first step. If the first step is not taken no other is taken, and the first step should be taken in the right direction. What chance have the majority of the children in this city to reach high schools? On the other hand, see how little chance the child of foreign-born parents has to get a start, even for the few years such a child can attend school.

"It is generally known that but twenty per cent. of the children go to school more than four years. A still smaller percentage of the pupils ever reach the high school. It can never be looked upon as just that a few children should be prepared for college at the expense of the many who need some start in life."

EDUCATIONAL PIONEERING IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS.

Berea's first teacher came to the mountains of Kentucky in 1855. The people had subscribed the necessary logs, but there were freshets and delays, so that when the "college" was finally completed, and fifty strapping young men and women enrolled as freshmen to begin the alphabet, only seven weeks remained before the instructor must return to his own college studies.

But the teacher rose to the occasion, and determined to give those young people something worth while in those seven weeks. He had no precedents, and he threw all preconceived notions to the winds. He sat up nights devising short-cuts, and sifted over all the knowledge he possessed to find which was really of greatest importance. The pressure of that seven-weeks' course taught him to select and to invent. He boldly jumped the alphabet, drew a cow upon the blackboard, wrote the name beneath, and launched out in a lecture upon the animal kingdom.

Results followed. The whole region blazed with educational enthusiasm, and when the seven weeks ended, his pupils could use the third reader, repeat the ten commandments and the law of love, explain the chief glories of America, and conduct a social gathering or a debating society with propriety.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

It is cheering to find how the people of the mountains respond to education of the right kind. I love to recall the capture of my first moonshiner. I was lecturing at the little schoolhouses, and the people began to tell me of a mighty man whose dominions I was approaching. He had built his log castle at a point where three counties joined, so that on occasion he could move rapidly from one jurisdiction to another. He had killed a neighbor here and an officer there, and, in the jocular phrase of the mountains, "had so much lead in him he dassen't go in swimmin'." This distinguished individual attended my lecture and listened with rapt attention. Evidently the subject of education was new to him. He followed me up and heard the same speech over again in the afternoon. The next day, as I came up to my schoolhouse miles away, there was his familiar gray horse fastened to the hanging limb of a beech tree. He heard that speech for the third time, and the result was that he closed his still, moved with all his "plunder" to Berea, and put five children in school — the eldest being already in the penitentiary. That family was interrupted just in time.

The typical backwoods boy was Abraham Lincoln. He differed from his neighbors in that his mother had six books. Lincoln has hallowed the log-cabin, in a way, as Christ hallowed the manger. And I can never pass one of those humble dwellings without thinking of the possible Lincoln that it holds, and stiffening up my resolution to do all that in me lies to put some educational light into every mountain home. — *George Goodell Frost, President of Berea College.*

REPORTS OF KINDERGARTEN WORK AND PLANS FOR SUMMER SCHOOLS.

A kindergarten of seventy-five children is now connected with the American Mission at Sholapur, India, and their teacher, Miss Mary B. Harding, has opened a training class for native women. Miss Harding writes that there is little or no kindergarten literature in the vernacular, and has asked permission of Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) and Miss Nora Smith to translate into the Marathi language their series of kindergarten books called The Republic of Childhood. The educated natives are taking great interest in Froebel's philosophy, and are eager to have their women trained, that they may open kindergartens in connection with their own schools. Mrs. Riggs and Miss Smith have gladly consented to the translation.

The kindergarten at Alta Social Settlement, Cleveland, O., held its monthly meeting March 21, with sixty-four mothers present. Each meeting has shown a very gratifying increase in numbers, and this last was marked by an interest and spirit that has never before been shown by the older women of the settlement, which is made up almost entirely of Italians. A short talk was given them in their mother tongue, explaining the purpose of some of the kindergarten work, after which the mothers were invited to join in the games. After music and refreshments each was given a daffodil as an Easter gift, and all went away expressing themselves as greatly pleased with the meeting. This is the largest kindergarten in Cleveland, having one hundred children enrolled. It is under the direction of Miss Lois Day, Miss Newpher, Miss Jaeger, and Miss Godderis.

At the March meeting of the Springfield, Mo., Kindergarten Association, the president, Mrs. E. M. Shepard, spoke of the interest manifested on all sides in this new organization. The first week of the kindergarten, under the new association, proved a most successful one. In the pay kindergarten twenty-three have been enrolled, and several more have applied for admission. The public kindergarten, under Miss Edna Perry, has also had a successful beginning. If there is a demand for it, a third kindergarten may be opened in the fall, at some central point, and two kindergartners will then be employed. The board now has on hand funds enough to pay the first month's expenses. Besides nearly one hundred and fifty who have pledged themselves for three dollars each to sustain the kindergartens for one year, there have been donations which were most acceptable — seventeen chairs and two tables, a load of coal, and a large assortment of pretty colored paper for the use of the children.

The Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Kindergarten Association depends entirely upon its own resources, as the city appropriates no money for it, and its income has thus far been sufficient to keep the association out of debt. The reports read at a recent meeting of the executive committee show the receipts from entertainments, lectures, etc., during the last twelve months to have been the largest since the association was organized about ten years ago.

The Louisville, Kentucky, Free Kindergarten Association is much gratified over the passage of a bill enabling the school board of the city to establish kindergartens in the public schools. There are at present ten kindergartens in charge of the association, four of which are in school buildings, and it is expected that the school board will assume the support of these at an early date.

Supt. W. H. Elson, writing of Endowment of Elementary Education, and referring to the splendid new primary school building, equipped in best modern fashion, that Mr. F. T. Howard has presented to New Orleans, says: "Why is it that elementary education has not appealed to philanthropists as offering a rich field for beneficence? Obviously for the reason that its importance in a system of education is undervalued by the people generally and by the philanthropist in particular. We show our low estimate of the importance of this period by placing inexperience in charge of children, as though almost

anyone could teach a primary school. The child at this age is far from maturity, the material is plastic and the outcome is too far off to impress us with its deep significance. Somehow or other we become more deeply solicitous of the outcome as the age of maturity approaches. We look for the finished product and unwittingly act as though we believed that now is the important period; that training here counts for more than at earlier periods. * * * We need to reassure ourselves of the crowning importance of the elementary school period as a factor in determining and shaping the final outcome in character and citizenship. When we do this philanthropy will see its greatest possibilities in the domain of the elementary school. In the business of making men and women — the highest interest society has — every period is important but especial significance attaches to the growing period of childhood."

A delightful meeting of the St. Louis Froebel Society was held at the new Horace Mann school, Saturday, March 22. In response to the many queries made in regard to the pictures of Our Friends in the album displayed at the last meeting, the morning was devoted to short biographical sketches of their originals, the special contributions of each to the service of education being made a feature of the story. The speakers were Miss McCulloch, Miss Campbell, Miss Mason, Miss Tobias, Miss Hough, Miss Longman, Mrs. Hayden Campbell, and Mrs. Ketchum. The most recent visitor was Mrs. Jessie Gaynor, who came to sing her songs for a Children's Hour. The talk relative to her life and work was the last on the program and Miss Mamie Flynn, who gave the talk, provided a sufficient number of typewritten copies of Mrs. Gaynor's charming little song, The Gingerbread Man, to supply all those present. There was a general participation in this song and Miss Flynn's contribution to the program was highly appreciated. At the close of the meeting there was a general inspection of the building and its excellent art collection.

The regular monthly meeting of the Kraus Alumni Kindergarten Association was held at The Tuxedo, New York city, April 12. Subject, Danger of Over-Stimulation with Young Children, by Prof. Earl Barnes.

The board of education of the public schools of Toledo, O., has opened twenty-five kindergartens in response to the popular demand. It will be interesting to know that all of the kindergarten directors except one are graduates of the Misses Law's training school and that all of the assistants are pupils in training at that school. The conscientious and faithful work of these unpaid assistants has won the commendation of the school principals in all parts of the city.

The annual meeting of the Minnesota State Kindergartners' Association will occur Saturday afternoon, April 19, at the Teachers' Training School, when the election of a president, secretary and treasurer will be held, followed by the reading of papers and general discussions of the work of the past year. The officers at present are Miss Stella Wood, supervisor of the Minneapolis training school, who is president, and Miss Pitman of the St Cloud normal, who is secretary and treasurer. There will be an informal reception after the meeting and an observance of the anniversary of the birth of Froebel.

The Cleveland, O., Day Nursery and Free Kindergarten Association celebrated its twentieth anniversary at the Colonial Club, March 13, with a reception, preceded by a well arranged program. The association was organized in 1882, and incorporated in 1894. Its purpose is to give to the children of working parents loving care, and to alleviate the burdens of the working mother. For a fee of five cents a child is kindly cared for and fed for a day. There are in all five nurseries and eleven kindergartens placed in vicinities most convenient for mothers and children. The appreciation of the work is proved by the average daily attendance of four thousand children during the year 1901. In addition, the association supports a training school, which is affiliated with the Chicago Kindergarten College, and stands for all that is substantial and progressive in the modern educational thought.

The *Ethical Record* for March contains two articles of special importance to educators, one an interesting paper by Miss Gill, the Dean of Barnard College, on College Education for Girls, and the Demands of Domestic and Social Life, in which she puts forward the novel proposition that girls should be allowed to break their college course for a year at the end of the second year, in order to meet the needs of their social life, and gain from it the important educational results which it may yield. The second article is a continuation of The Outline of a Course of Ethical Instruction for Schools, the work of Primary Grades being sketched.

The third regular meeting of the Jenny Hunter Alumnæ Kindergarten Association was held March 8, in the chapel of the Normal College, New York city. Owing to the absence of the president, the first vice-president, Miss Carolyn A. Wilcox, presided. All present joined in singing the Froebel Hymn, after which Miss Nora Smith spoke on The Art of Story Telling. The Song of the March Wind, by members of Miss Hunter's training class, was followed by an original story on Wind, by Miss Smith.

At the March meeting of the Philadelphia Society of Froebel Kindergartners, Mrs. Constance Mackenzie Durham read an excellent paper on Two Aspects of Child Life, the aspects referred to being those of the home and the school, which should work together in unity.

A kindergarten has been established in connection with the Leila Nursery at New Haven, Ct.

The annual convention of the thirty-four mothers' clubs of Brooklyn was held March 18 in Association Hall. Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, director of kindergartens, presided, and Mr. Frank L. Babbott of the Brooklyn Kindergarten Society gave the address of welcome. One of the most interesting addresses was by Mrs. Charles N. Chadwick of Brooklyn, whose topic was The Mother a Kindergartner. She urged mothers to study and use the kindergarten system in the home, emphasizing that it was a system not of materials, but of principles, and these principles may be as easily and valuably applied with home materials as in the public kindergarten.

Miss Fanny L. Johnson of Wollaston, Mass., gave the first of a series of five lectures to the kindergarten training class at the Dewey school, Concord, N. H., April 7, on Physical Culture. On April 12 the class was addressed by Mrs. Ellen Geary of Boston upon Kindergarten Plays and Games.

Miss Fannie Bailey opened a kindergarten in Memorial Hall, Marion, Ia., March 31.

The April number of *Education*, the monthly magazine edited by Richard G. Boone and Frank H. Palmer, and published at 50 Bromfield street, Boston, gave special attention to the kindergarten in honor of the Boston meeting of the I. K. U. The article by James L. Hughes on The Future Evolution of the Kindergarten is one of that good writer's best, and presents sound views on the subject of the uniform kindergarten program. Anna Hamlin Wikel writes earnestly yet entertainingly on The Childless Kindergartner. The number is recommended to all kindergartners.

A kindergarten club has been organized at Syracuse, N. Y., with the following officers: President, Miss M. C. Stewart, supervisor of the kindergarten teachers' class; vice-president, Miss Anna Flanagan, supervisor of kindergartens; secretary and treasurer, Miss Fannie Sherwood, assistant at Willard school. Thirty-five kindergartners are the charter members of the club.

A kindergarten class has been added to Public School No. 16, Tompkinsville, N. Y. Miss Irene Meagher is in charge.

A kindergarten has been established in Waynesboro, Pa., by Miss Ada Hutchins.

The kindergartners of Orange, East, West, and South Orange, N. J., met in the high school building, March 13, for the purpose of organizing a kindergarten association. Miss Margaret McCloskey, supervisor of Newark kindergartens, spoke on Kindergarten Games and Stories, after which a preliminary organization was formed and an executive committee chosen.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR THE

International Kindergarten Union Meeting

April 23, 24 and 25, 1902.

An interesting announcement of the Sharon Summer School of Nature Study has recently been issued. This school is especially designed to furnish teachers of elementary science and nature study with such a broad training in the principles of biology and physiography as shall aid them in their work. Opportunity will also be offered to obtain a familiar acquaintance with the common representatives of certain groups of living things and with their natural history, habits, and interrelations in ordinary life. The courses offered will be elementary and non-technical in character, and are intended for beginners, although those who have made some progress in the study of trees, flowers, insects, birds, and mammals will find some opportunity for enlarging their knowledge under expert guidance. The school is conducted as a private enterprise, chiefly by members of the instructing staff of the Biological Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and, by special arrangement, the use of the biological laboratories has been secured for the indoor work. The center for the outdoor work of the school will be at the Sharon Biological Observatory, Sharon, Mass. The director is Mr. G. W. Field of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.

The twelfth and last class of the series in the study of Froebel's Mother-Play was held at the Philbrick Kindergarten, Savannah, Ga., March 29. Mother Goose rhymes were analyzed and discussed and the reading of the papers in which a rhyme was made into a Mother-Play was a feature of great interest.

The summer term of the Kindergarten Training School, under the auspices of the Grand Rapids, Mich., Kindergarten Association, will be held from July 7 to August 30, with Mrs. L. W. Treat, principal. The program includes the regular beginning and advanced kindergarten work, suggestions for mothers' meetings, physical culture, music, illustrative drawing, primary methods, and science work. A course in manual training and domestic science is also offered. The lectures, by prominent educators, are always attractive features.

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At the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute this year the kindergarten and connecting class departments will be in charge of Miss Anna E. Harvey and Miss N. L. Roethgen, Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N. Y. The course includes thirty lessons covering four weeks beginning July 8. The first week will be devoted to kindergarten topics, the second to the kindergarten and connecting class. The connecting class work of the third week will include Reading, Language, Writing, Phonics, and Number, Raffia Work, Sense Games, and Trade Games. The fourth week will be devoted to hand work of kindergarten and connecting class. The course in psychology and pedagogy is free to all who have a course ticket in any department of the institute. It consists of a series of daily lectures in the morning, at 8.30 o'clock throughout four weeks. William N. Hailmann, Ph.D., superintendent of schools, Dayton, O., and formerly United States superintendent of Indian schools, will take the first week, on Current Educational Problems. William T. Harris, LL.D., United States commissioner of education, will give five lectures during the second week. His subject will be: The Psychology of Education. H. H. Horne, Ph.D., professor in Dartmouth College, will give ten lectures.

MEMORIAL EDITION OF "TALKS ON TEACHING."

In order to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of Colonel Parker, the publishers will issue a special memorial edition of the wonderful Talks on Teaching, a book that, as United States Commissioner Harris well expressed it, is "as gold." The usual price is $1.00, but in order to put this great work within reach of every one, it will be mailed to any part of the United States, postage prepaid, for sixty cents per copy, bound in cloth, and giving in addition to the present contents a biography and tributes from eminent educators. The publishers further offer to set aside ten cents on every copy sold of the special edition for a Parker Memorial Fund. If the response of teachers is half as liberal as it ought to be, there will be a considerable contribution derived from this source toward a fitting monument to the great school reformer. The fund will be administered by a committee of well known educators. In this way every teacher will be enabled to secure a copy of the most valuable book on methods of teaching to be found in the English language at about one-half its regular price and at the same time contribute toward the Parker Memorial Fund.

THE PET LAMB.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

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THE IDEAL OF NURTURE.

By Susan E. Blow.

THE distinctive merit of the kindergarten is its proclamation of conscious nurture as a universal and compelling ideal. We may outgrow all the instrumentalities through which it now seeks to embody this ideal. We may increase and improve its Gifts and Occupations. We may create new and more beautiful plays, pictures and stories. We may, in time, call forth a genius who will write a more profound and tender Mother-Play. But to Froebel must belong forever the glory of having first appealed to humanity to consecrate itself to the high privilege of nurture and of having defined so clearly what nurture implies that the imperative ideal can never again cease its knocking at the gate of conscience.

The name which Froebel gave to the institution he founded suggests the ideal he was seeking to embody. Gardens are not wild nature but "nature mingled with man's mind." The gardener recognized that each plant is a plastic energy which obeys an inward though unconscious ideal. He can modify plants only as he influences them to modify themselves. Planting them in prepared soil, granting them their requisite supply of heat and moisture, giving them plenty of room to grow, watching, tending, grafting and, if need be, pruning them, he aids them to vent their energies in such ways as to secure their healthy development.

This analogy suggests the first specification in the Froebelian ideal of nurture, which is, that nothing shall be poured into the child, but that the privilege of the kindergartner is to incite him to pour out himself. Giving expression to what is in him, he shall begin to discover what he is. Piqued by the contrast between the object in his mind and his crude product, he shall freely submit himself to the drudgery necessary to acquire skill. Stimulated by production to investigation, he shall produce himself as student, and seek with reverence and docility to appropriate the rich treasures of human experience.

Thus play, or self-expression for the mere sake of self-expression, marks the earliest period of development; constructive work or the production of consciously planned objects characterizes the second period; study, or the temporary ascendency of the learner over the doer, distinguishes the third period; while the goal of the whole educational process is the man or woman capacitated by assimilation of the wisdom of the race for the highest practical efficiency and the most resolute and loving self-devotion.

The kindergarten receives the child at the climax of that first period of development during which the free energy of the soul vents itself in the form of play. Its distinctive feature is that into the form of play, which is the form of freedom, it pours those rational ideals which are the substance of freedom. Through this infusion of the ideal it makes play the first instrument for conquest of the external world and the spontaneous self-incitement of the soul to self-mastery.

Had Froebel only emphasized the fact that mental life, like physical life, works from within outwards, and that play is the highest reach of childish activity because it is "self-active representation of the inner life from inner necessity and impulse," he might have become the greatest of educational anarchists but he could never have been the wise and tender apostle of nurture. His claim to our admiration and gratitude is that having recognized that since mind develops through self-expression we must not pour into the child but help him to pour out himself, he advanced to the farther question: What self shall the child pour out? and answered unequivocally: He shall pour out the rational self which is implicit in every human being,—that self which is defined in the course of history, revealed in art, literature, and religion, incarnated in institutions and interpreted in philosophy. Latent in each child of man is that generic humanity which has wrought all these marvels. Therefore in their spontaneous play little children try to repeat the typical deeds of mankind. Their attempt is self-defeating because it is blind, and their plays are not pictures but caricatures of human effort and achievement. Taught by his genius what children were trying to do, Froebel came to the help of nascent humanity with the ideal of nurture and the instrumentalities of the kindergarten. By wisely abetting the child's efforts to dig, sew, weave, build, dance, sing, model, draw and paint, he made these traditional games and occupations a means of approach to the practical and fine arts and a primal revelation of will as the power which converts matter to human uses and informs it with human ideals. Then, seizing upon those initiative plays wherein the children of all nations and all times have tried to picture the domestic, social, industrial, political and religious life into the midst of which they are born, he evolved a series of dramatic games through which the playing child begins to discern the lineaments of his generic selfhood and

thus to recognize the difference between what he is and what he ought to be.

Reverting to the analogy of the garden as a place where human intelligence assists the struggle of nature we may remind ourselves that inferior plants are improved by grafting upon their stock a scion or branch of some more highly developed plant of identical or nearly allied type. Grafting does not diminish the energy of life within the plant but utilizes it to a finer result. It enables the wild brier to produce garden roses, and the crab-apple tree to yield large and luscious fruit. The superiority of the grafted plant is due to the fact that the scion is allied in the form of its energy to the stock upon which it is grafted but has already developed the higher potencies of this energy. In exact analogy with this procedure the kindergarten grafts upon the instinctive plays of universal childhood the higher realization of their own ideal and thus while preserving unimpaired the form of freedom makes play the first means of revealing, developing and confirming the colossal as opposed to the petty selfhood.

It is because Froebel's apotheosis of play is not yet generally understood that too many existing kindergartens caricature his method and too many critics confound his ideal with the practice of his blind or half-seeing followers. Any person who asserts that the kindergarten is a place where children should play what they choose, as they choose, proves that he has mastered but one aspect, and that the less original aspect, of Froebel's thought. Recognition of "the deep meaning that lies hid in childish play" is as old as Plato, and in Froebel's own time this meaning had been brilliantly disclosed by many great writers. No educator to-day questions the value of free play. No educator denies that through the untrammeled exercise of his own proclivities the child reveals and establishes his individuality. No educator challenges the assertion that without free play the child would lose all originality and become a mere machine. No educator refuses assent to the proposition that in his free play the child should not be interfered with, but should be left to exercise his powers according to his own caprice. On the other hand, no disciple of Froebel who has the least insight into Froebel's educational ideal will claim that free play belongs in the kindergarten. The child does not need the kindergartner to help him do what he pleases, as he pleases; neither does the kindergartner need two or three years of training to enable her to accomplish this feat.

To deny that Froebel attempted to rationalize play is our first offense against the great apostle of nurture. Our second and more heinous offense is the claim that in later periods of education he wished to preserve even the form of play. In common with all educators worthy of the name, he recognized the ineradicable distinction between play and work; but he advanced upon other educators through tracing the process by which childish play passes over into work and by creating the kindergarten to

assist the evolutionary effort of the mind. If we accept the formula of science that all differences of kind result from the gradual accumulation of differences of degree, we must recognize that Froebel has done original and valuable service in abetting the process of mental evolution; and if we study fairly the results of his method as carried out in the best kindergartens, we shall be convinced that it increases power of attention and love of work.

The tendency to transform the kindergarten into a play room where children act out their own caprices is simply one manifestation of a spirit visibly at work in many other spheres. In our family life it is depriving children of their only natural and inalienable right,—the right to pass the period of childhood in an atmosphere of love, faith, and obedience. Parents are so afraid of attacking the child's freedom that they make him an anarchist, and foster in him from the hour of birth the feeling that his whole little world must adapt itself to his whim. The worst faults are met with timid protest, and righteous indignation against all that is base, cruel, and impure is as dead as that faith in a moral and militant universe whence it originally proceeded. From a home where his caprice has been his only law the child too often passes into a kindergarten where caprice is both theoretically and practically extolled as the great instrument of education and where nothing is required of any mother's darling but that which he himself elects to do. From this caricature of a kindergarten he is promoted to a school whose teachers, beguiled by the seductive word "interest," relax moral discipline and lose all power to incite attention. During the whole progress of his so-called education he is reading books which celebrate the exploits of detached and self-sufficient boyhood and youth. What wonder that by the time he is sent to college or thrown out into life he has confounded the idea of freedom with the idea of omnipotence and has been confirmed in the ruinous fallacy that the universe exists for his sole behoof.

The original germ of the pestilent malady which has attacked our family and school life, and whose ravages, were this the fitting time and place, might easily be shown also in our industrial, political, and religious life, is a sometimes conscious, but more often sub-conscious, definition of freedom which preserves the form of freedom but destroys its substance. No man is free who does not himself decide freely what he will do. No nation is freely governed which is not self-governing. No church respects the freedom of the soul if it imposes upon its votaries uncomprehended dogmas. True:—and yet no man is free who, however freely he chooses what he will do, chooses to do evil; no nation is free which has not raised in rational laws bulwarks against human passion; and no religion is free save one that knows and declares the true God,—the Being Himself eternally free and eternally the conferrer of freedom. Mere spontaneity without rational ideal is the freedom of Caliban, "Freedom,

freedom! hey day, hey day! freedom!" It is the freedom which Tennyson describes as "Freedom free to slay herself and dying while they shout her name." It is the freedom which Goethe satirizes in Auerbach's cellar, where boon companions filled with wine declare they feel like swine, "so cannibalic jolly"; upon which Mephistopheles sarcastically comments, "See, now the race is happy, it is free." It is the freedom destroying freedom whose dialectic has been once for all traced by Shakespeare, a freedom wherein—

> "Each thing meets
> In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
> Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
> And make a sop of all this solid globe.
> Strength should be lord of imbecility,
> And the rude son should strike his father dead;
> Force should be right: or rather right and wrong,
> Between whose endless jar justice resides,
> Should lose their names and so should justice, too.
> Then everything includes itself in power,
> Power into will, will into appetite;
> And appetite, an universal wolf
> So doubly seconded with will and power,
> Must make perforce an universal prey
> And last eat up himself."

The truth is that no man knows how to be free until he has been educated for freedom. From its original slavery to the sensations stirred by organism and environment, mind emancipates itself through commanding itself to attend to one thing and neglect all others. Hence the individual is capacitated for intellectual freedom through the athletic discipline which constantly raises attention to a higher power. In like manner he is qualified for moral freedom by that warfare between his lower and higher nature incited by directing his attention to moral ideals and he has achieved such measure of political freedom as he now enjoys through that age-long struggle which has defined the rights which political freedom implies. Political liberty does not mean "do as you please," any more than does moral or educational liberty. Political liberty means the right of each individual to be secure in his person, house, paper and effects; it means freedom of speech, of the press and of religion; it means even for the criminal the right of trial by a jury of his peers; it means for all citizens education and the possibility of participation in the governing power. We are so accustomed to all these specifications in the idea of freedom that we sometimes forget that they do not come by nature, and ignore the fact that until a people learns them it cannot be free. Let us remind ourselves that for a single implication in the idea of freedom (the relationship between taxation and representation) our Revolutionary war was fought; and that because we ourselves violated in practice a principle of freedom which we had proclaimed, our land was drenched with blood during four terrible years of civil conflict.

Substantial freedom is never a dower. It is always an achievement. When, however, any individual has himself learned how to be free, he can nurture other individuals into free-

dom; and when a great people has learned how to be free, it can nurture less advanced people into freedom. Such nurture is possible because all ideals of freedom, whether intellectual, moral, or political, are concrete definitions of that self-shaping energy which is the true self in every individual and which in all individuals is alike. What do we mean when in our Declaration of Independence we affirm that all men are born free and equal? Surely, through the coercion of heredity and environment all men are born unfree. Surely, through differences of natural endowment and opportunity all men are born unequal. Shall we therefore confess with Rufus Choate that the great instrument from which we date our national life consists, after all, of mere "glittering generalities," or have we eyes to discern with the Seer of Concord its "blazing ubiquities"?

Strange as it seems to all who have learned to know their true selfhood, most of us confound our selfhood with the nature with which we were born. Really, this so-called nature is nothing but the matter which is given to the individual to transform precisely as the whole world is given to man collectively. The mere deposit of ancestral deeds in nerve cells and brain fibers is not *you*. *You* are the energizing spirit who is to seize upon this given material and build therewith. Even the character you build is not *you;* for, incited by false ideals, you may build a character which, later, you the wise judge shall condemn to be torn down. Your nature is what your ancestors made by deeds. Your present character is what you have made by deeds. Your true self is the self-making, self-unmaking energy which teaches some nerve cells new reactions, which atrophies others by disuse; which refuses to be bound by past failures, which scorns to be the slave of past successes; but which, ever young, fresh, radiant with divine activity, achieves the peace of eternal self-creating.

With insight into this truth we know that the author of our great Declaration was right, although perhaps he may have written better than he knew. By nature man is a slave, nevertheless he is born free in virtue of his power of self-making. From the point of view of endowment and opportunity, inequality is the law of our life; nevertheless, since each man is a self-shaping energy, all men are equal, and before this supreme and final equality the greatest temporary inequalities vanish. Enlightened by this truth we know that the immaculate conception is no isolated miracle of history, but the perpetual miracle of human experience, and that every man claims with right "heredity from God." Therefore to free the meanest slave the hero may gladly shed his blood; therefore to redeem the cannibal the missionary may wisely accept the possibility of martyrdom; therefore in consciously nurturing the divine self in the little child, the mother and kindergartner may enter into a joy unspeakable and past finding out.

The thesis I have been maintaining is that freedom and nurture are correlative ideas, and that because man

is a free self-shaping energy he can be educated to realize the ideals of freedom. If, however, I have succeeded in pointing out the difference between mere spontaneity and rational freedom, you will anticipate the statement that the converse of my thesis is also true and that the child, the savage, the ignorant man, the evil man, need nurture not because they are free but because they are unfree. Hence the aim of nurture itself is to lift its object beyond the need of nurture. When the child matures, when the ignorant man learns, when the evil man reforms, he passes out of the realm of nurture into the realm of justice, which, granting him absolute liberty to choose his deed, holds him accountable for the choice he makes with all its consequences. The youth ready to undertake his share of the world's activity enters as member into the great institution of civil society, to come under its stern law that he who will not work shall not eat. He enters social and political life to come under the sterner law which metes to him the reward or penalty for his every deed. The great problem of all education is by nurture to capacitate for freedom; and in proportion as the capacity for freedom is developed, to deliver the object of nurture even from its own influence. With this problem our greatest educators and greatest statesmen are wrestling to-day.

Since, however, the world will always have its infant individuals, and for many ages is sure to have its infant races and nations, I hold that while Froebel achieved a practical revolution in the education of little children by embodying in the kindergarten games and Gifts the ideal of conscious nurture, he began a far greater revolution by his definition of this ideal and by his appeal to all mature humanity to accept its privilege. The deepest implication of his thought is that correlation between the ideal of nurture and the ideal of potential as opposed to actual freedom, which I have tried to indicate. Since the child is a self-making energy he cannot be molded by external pressure into the image of an ideal that exists in the mind of the educator. Since he is not only a self-making energy but possesses likewise a nature deposited by ancestral deeds, and since he himself is blind to the difference between his true selfhood and his merely natural proclivities, it is a parody of education to claim that he shall determine what he is to do and how he is to do it. But since the self-making energy which constitutes his true selfhood is in every individual and is the same in all individuals, since it is defining itself in history and revealing itself in human institutions, the educator who knows its nature can influence its manifestations and thereby help the child to a higher and more balanced development. It follows that those who would enter upon the privilege of nurture must themselves be nurtured into nurturers; and the implicit logic of Froebel's life reached its explicit conclusion when in his reverent age he stood among the eager girl students to whom he declared his ideal and in whom he fanned to flame the spark

of self-consecration. At Liebenstein the great apostle of childhood became also the apostle of womanhood. Through the kindergarten he had transfigured the nursery and the elementary school. With the establishment of the first kindergarten training school he began a movement whose final triumph shall be the conscious education of maidenhood for the supreme vocation of womanhood.

Are we not all beginning to feel that there is some crying defect in the education we give to young women? Do we not sometimes wonder why, since the majority of women are to be wives, mothers, and home-makers, we fail to prepare them for these vocations? Does it take long years of practice to master a musical instrument and yet may any woman by mere natural instinct play upon that most delicate of all instruments, the soul of a young child? Is good housekeeping a gift of nature, or may it be that the waste in some homes, the unpalatable and indigestible food in others, the want of artistic taste in others might be prevented by a better education? May it be because we do not teach young women the things they ought to know that the unrest of women waxes every day and that impulses and tendencies which are developing an increased momentum threaten to make the men of all civilized races nomads without families and without homes? And, finally, must there not be something radically wrong in an education which is obscuring in the minds of young women the ideal of "sweet reasonableness," which is quenching in their hearts the impulse of self-devotion and which is taking from their manners that gracious courtesy and charm which are the outward and visible signs of modesty, gentleness and self-control?

Men of science have made us familiar with the fact that when for the first time a mother forgot herself in caring for her babe, nature emerged from darkness into the morning twilight of her last and greatest creative day. The light which in that silent and dateless moment dawned feebly in the heart and upon the world, now blazes in the solar ideals of ethics and religion, and kindles countless responsive flames of patriotic service, philanthropic devotion and pious self-surrender. Consciously repeating the unconscious process of social evolution, Froebel places the little child in front of the great army of advancing humanity, and in his cry: "Come, let us live for the children!" utters in articulate speech the ideal whose blind impulsion set in motion the drama of human history. The feebleness and helplessness of infancy called forth the impulse of nurture and created mothers. The dependence of mother and child called forth in man the impulse of protection and created husbands and fathers. The close and constant intercourse between members of the primitive family quickened a sense of parental, filial and fraternal obligation and stirred in the depths of the human soul its first faint presentiment that "man is made of social earth." Since all higher institutions have been evolved from the family, and since the creator of the family was the

baby—evidently the baby was the founder of civilization, and civilization should do all she can for him who has done so much for her. Or, to be serious, since blind nurture was the moving force in the original drama of social evolution, may not a conscious and compelling ideal of nurture qualify us to re-enact this drama in a higher form, and may not the prologue to this new drama be the dedication of woman through a sufficing education to her supreme vocation?

Those who are familiar with the work of the best kindergarten normal schools know that they give something which students do not get either in school or college; and there is developing so strong a sense of the value of this distinctive gift that I expect in the near future either to witness the invasion of the girls' college by the kindergarten, or to behold a general evolution of kindergarten colleges which shall supplant all institutions where that impulse of nurture which originally created woman and which must give her forever her distinctive type is ignored in her education. For while the true woman craves higher education and rejoices in the expansion of her personality, she is unwilling "to deck herself with knowledge as with a garment, or to wear it loose from the nerves and blood that feed her action." The kindergarten training school says to her: Learn all you can, be all you can and then use all you are and all you know to uplift, fortify and illuminate that nurturing activity to which nature has devoted you, for which history has prepared you, and to which you are forever called by the appealing voices of the feeble infant, the helpless child, the erring youth, the despondent toiler, the sufferer racked by pain, the mourner sinking in a flood of sorrow, and the sinner heartbroken by the vision of what he is in the light of what he ought to be. Thus lifting the aboriginal impulse of womanhood into a conscious and compulsory ideal, the kindergarten satisfies both the new and widely felt craving for self-culture and the radical feminine need of self-consecration. When I am in my most hopeful mood, I dream of a great college for young women where this phase of the Froebelian ideal may receive a more adequate development than has been possible hitherto. The city that first establishes such a college will take the next great step in the forward march of education.

Froebel did a great deed when, having clearly defined the ideal of conscious nurture, he sought its practical embodiment in the kindergarten. He did a greater deed when, recognizing that through nurturing activity mere feminine humanity is lifted into womanhood, he established the first kindergarten training school. But he did his *greatest* deed, when, having risen to the thought that nurture was a duty obligatory upon man no less than woman, he declared that the final goal of all education was to nurture nurturers. "Answer me," he says, writing to fathers and mothers, "answer me but one question: What is the supreme gift you would bestow on the children who are the

life of your life, the soul of your soul? Would you not, above all other things, render them capable of giving nurture? Would you not endow them with the courage and constancy which the ability to give nurture implies? Mother, father, has not our common effort been directed towards just this end? Have we not been trying to break a path towards this blessed life? Has not our inmost longing been to capacitate our children for this inexpressible privilege?"

Much educational practice is feeble and vacillating because neither parents nor teachers know just what they want to do. Froebel is splendidly consistent because his ideal never wavers. Recognizing that one great object of education is the nurture of nurturers, he takes every step with his eye fixed upon this goal.

In view of the grand privilege to which the new age invites the world, must we not recognize that the farthest sweep of Froebel's prophetic vision is that the ideal of nurture is not exhausted in its application to infancy and early childhood, neither does it bind the conscience of woman while leaving unbound the conscience of man. Indeed the more heroic work of nurture must be done by men or must in large measure remain undone. Every great nation harbors in its midst savages, barbarians, pagans and, worse than all of these, degenerates of many kinds. Nevertheless, while all varieties of intellectual and moral type coexist in the modern world, that world as a whole is inspired by a new ideal. Past epochs of civilization granted freedom and opportunity to individuals and to classes, and their proudest achievement was the production of great personalities. But no ancient nation dreamed of claiming for all men freedom and opportunity to seek life's highest ends. To-day we flout the idea that the world exists for the benefit of an elect minority, and demand for the whole of humanity every right that we claim for ourselves. This demand of our own souls can be satisfied only as we consecrate ourselves to new duties, and supremely to that duty of loving nurture through which alone men can be capacitated for freedom. The savages in America must be nurtured into civilization. The pagans in America must be nurtured into Christianity. Nor is our duty done if we limit our nurturing activity to our fellow-countrymen. We stand at the dawn of a new era, an era wherein great Christian nations are called upon to devote themselves to brave and loving nurture of barbarous and arrested peoples. To refuse this call by selfishly exploiting such peoples for our own advantage will mean to forego our supreme privilege. To respond to the appeal of the new historic era by a universal extension of the ideal of conscious nurture will mean the realization of man's long dream of a golden age.

The supreme value of the kindergarten, or rather the supreme value of that great Froebelian movement of which the kindergarten is one phase, is that in boys and girls, maidens and mothers, men and fathers, it fans the

flame of service by ever new revelations of the ideal of nurture,—nurture of the child, nurture of the feeble, nurture of the ignorant, nurture as the supreme duty of great nations. Thus it consciously universalizes the impulse which set in motion the drama of history. As blind nurture created the family, enlightened nurture shall uplift and transfigure the family. As from the original family were evolved the cruder forms of civil society, state and church, so from a transfigured family life and an education penetrated through and through with the ideal of nurture shall proceed a healthier organization of industrial life, nobler states and a purer and more divinely illuminated church. To transfigure all human life through the ideal of nurture is to be the consummate achievement of the new age.

I have made confession of three articles of the kindergarten creed. We believe in conscious nurture of the free self-activity of childhood. We believe in the consecration of woman to a nurturing life. We believe that men and nations should participate in woman's supreme privilege. The fourth article of our creed gives the reason for, the justification of, all the others. We believe that God is the supreme nurturer, and that the world is the cradle wherein he nurtures infant humanity so that it may grow into his image. "I count it," says Emerson, "a sufficient explanation of that phenomenon we call the world, that God would educate a human soul." The nurturing activity which satisfies Omniscient Love through all eternity may well appeal to what is likest God in the human soul.

The final source of all ideals of life is the character of the Being from whom the universe is supposed to originate, by whom it is sustained, and approximation to whom is the impulsion under which it moves towards its far-off goal. Thus the despotisms of Asia are imitations of the despotism of Brahma, and the mental arrest of Asia is an object lesson on the blight of intellect by the doctrine of a supreme principle which is not akin but antagonistic to human personality. Such freedom as occidental nations have thus far achieved is the direct outcome of belief in a social and self-communicating God, ever calling forth from the abyss of nothingness souls free like himself, and to whom he gives an infinite universe as a theater of activity and an instrument of education. To know such a God is to be inspired with the correlative ideas of freedom and nurture. For only the free soul can be nurtured, and only conscious nurture can respond to the need of the free soul. It will always be true that

> "He only earns his freedom and existence
> Who daily conquers them anew."

It will always be true that the "Eternal Womanly," or that divine nurturing activity whose fairest natural analogue is mother-love, makes possible the struggle for freedom and assures to it a certain victory.

SOLIDARITY.

By William Roscoe Thayer.

Shepherd on Dakota's hills,
  When you drive your flock to shearing,—
Sailor on the Carib Sea
  As your ship is southward steering,—
    Guess ye where the goal may be?
    Fleece and freight shall come to me,
  Spite of distance and of veering.

Hands shall pass, but none shall keep,
  Till into the hand intended
Drop the unknown brother's gift,
  And the service-chain be ended.
Spin and weave, then; sow and reap;
Drive the furrow through the deep;
  Work of one with all is blended.

Cease the feud of hand and brain!
  Tell me, which in worth exceeded,—
Who first made the duty plain
  Or who best the duty heeded?
    No true worker works in vain;
    Each shall have his wage again;
  All are noble, all are needed.

—*The Christian Register.*

THE IMPROVEMENTS WHICH THE KINDERGARTEN HAS SUGGESTED IN HIGHER DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION.

By Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University.

I HAVE not had time to write out what I should have liked to read to you to-night; so that I am obliged to speak from a short brief; but I hope I shall be able to put clearly before you some of the elements of that unity in education to which President Pritchett has referred, and also to point out some of the ways in which the methods of Pestalozzi and

Froebel have been carried throughout the higher education.

I must confess at the start—for a speaker before such an audience as this ought to explain in some measure his own frame of mind in reference to the subject in hand,—that I have never found the philosophy of these two educational geniuses either very clear or very attractive. It is the practical methods they both had opportunities of exhibiting which seem to me to have given them their fame, and to have been introduced gradually through many grades of education. Their opportunities of putting into practice the principles they professed were certainly not good; but they nevertheless did demonstrate through their own personal efforts the importance of their theoretical doctrines, and did enlist a large body of teachers in the furtherance of their ideas. Thus their ideas are commended to us through their practical work rather than through their writings, their psychology, or their philosophy of education.

Now, I believe that there is a close relationship between the practical methods which these two men brought into use for little children and the principal reforms in the higher education which have taken place during the last fifty years. This relationship, this unity, is what I want to point out in some detail.

The first doctrine to which I ask your attention is what these men called the sanctity of the individual. This is the fundamental idea of all the best reforms in education that have taken place within my lifetime, —the sanctity of the individual, the dignity of the child, and the need of attending to the individual capacities and powers of each child. It is a curious thing that a great religious teacher in this city, whose career was in large part contemporaneous with that of Froebel, had a precisely similar idea as the foundation of all his teaching. The dignity of man was the constant theme of William Ellery Channing. The idea is identical with that of Froebel; only Froebel applied it to little children, and Channing to the whole human race.

This proposed attention to the individual in the kindergarten has resulted in putting before the kindergartner a smaller number of children than is put before the teacher of a primary or grammar school,—as we say in New England,—the teacher in the first eight grades. Here we touch the most important object of reform in the entire school system of the present day, and the kindergarten has set the best example in the United States on that subject, save only the advanced classes in the very highest institutions of education—the real universities. I say this diminution of the number of pupils to the teacher is the main educational reform now before the American public. It is fundamental and urgent, because the present task assigned to a teacher in the first eight grades is usually one that it is absolutely impossible to perform. I maintain that the kindergarten has in this respect taught a fundamental lesson to all other grades of instruction.

Next I come to the institution of

the assistant to the kindergartner in a well-organized kindergarten,—perhaps we may call her a nurse, or a maid, if you please. Whatever we call her, she is an invaluable part of the organization of the kindergarten, and she has been copied in all well-conducted universities in our land. We have one hundred and forty-four such assistants in Harvard University at the present moment, and we only have one hundred and forty-two professors and assistant professors combined. These figures do not mean that every professor in Harvard University has an assistant. There are some who have only a few advanced pupils, and so do not need any. There are some who have many assistants. But that is the proportion between professors and assistants in Harvard University; and you perceive that it closely resembles the proportion in a good kindergarten.

What is the object of these assistants in universities? The kindergarten, carrying out the principles of its founders, insists that each individual child shall exercise its function, practice its faculty, do something, instead of only committing to memory something,—do something with eye and hand. That is exactly what the assistants in the university endeavor to make the students do. I suppose most of you understand fully what is called laboratory work in the sciences. This laboratory method has now extended far beyond the natural sciences. We use assistants in all sorts of subjects at Cambridge, expressly to induce the student to do something himself, and to show him how to do something,—to show him how to work, how to use his tools in the laboratory, how to use his books in the library,—to show him constantly how to bring into exercise his own faculty, how, in short, to exhibit what Froebel called self-activity.

Now, that is the best way to teach in this world, and almost the only good way,—unless, indeed, you may sometimes teach adults by telling them, five hundred at a time, how you do things, or possibly by showing them *en masse* how somebody else does things. It is a rare professor that can do that. A few adults out of five hundred may perhaps learn a good deal in that way; but they are exceptional people that can learn anything valuable by distant observation, by listening, by being told about a thing, or how somebody else does a thing. Almost everybody needs to do the thing himself,—to get practice in the exercise of his faculty.

I say, therefore, that the kindergarten has set the example for the mode of teaching which has come into high schools, colleges, and universities during the last forty years. Do you appreciate how recent this mode of teaching is in the higher institutions of education? It has all come in since the private kindergarten was first introduced into the city of Boston. There was not one assistant in Harvard College forty years ago,—not one,—nor in any other university of this country. All of this sort of teaching has been instituted since the introduction of the kindergarten into the United States.

The kindergarten emphasizes the

training of the eye and hand, and of all the senses indeed, in little children. Can we see no extension of that method of training in the school system of to-day? How long is it since manual training schools came into use in this country? How long is it since there were mechanic arts high schools? How long is it since in the higher grades of education it was perceived that the mind was opened by giving accurate training to eye and hand? How long is it since it was perceived that what we call manual training is also mental training of high value? All since the kindergarten was established in the United States.

Another fundamental principle with Froebel was expressed by him in a single excellent phrase: "Man, particularly in boyhood, should become intimate with nature." Now, that is gospel truth in education all along the line,—not for childhood only, but for the high school period, for the college period, for all our lives. The nature study in our schools to-day is based entirely upon that principle enunciated by Froebel; and, moreover, the kindergarten introduced these studies for little children before the American schools introduced them for children of larger stature and greater age. Think how recent is the introduction of nature study. The last ten years have seen great improvements in that direction. When I was a boy in this city I went to the best school in the city—the Boston Latin School,—and then I went to what was supposed to be the best college in the country at that time—Harvard College. Now, imagine it! I never had the first opportunity to touch a single branch of natural science until I was in the second year of Harvard College; and then I was invited to learn a natural science out of a book, without one particle of laboratory practice, without seeing any of the objects of study except on the professor's table at a lecture an hour long. Can anything be more benighted than that? And yet here is a man before you, who in youth went through that experience in the intelligent city of Boston and the intelligent city of Cambridge, and has suffered all his life from that neglect of Froebel's teaching. Nature study, therefore, is of recent introduction, and the importance of it was pointed out, emphasized, and shown in practice by Pestalozzi and Froebel.

I suppose we all agree, friends and foes of kindergartens alike,—there may not be any foes here, but they exist—that the main object of education is to learn to apply one's self, to learn not to hear any sounds about you foreign to the subject in hand, not to know what is going on in the room, but to concentrate every power on the task of the instant, or on the idea you want to grasp, or on the thing you want to make. The power of concentrated attention is the main result of good training. That result involves, of course, what is called inhibition,—the power to exclude from attention irrelevant things. What is the effective method of training that power—the power of application, the power of inhibition? The educational philosophers whose work we

have in mind to-night said that the way to teach a child to apply himself was to interest him, so that he could not help applying himself, so that he wanted to apply himself, so that he must apply himself to accomplish his desire. Interest the child; win him; win his attention; win his interest in you and in his task of the moment. Application trained through keen desire to apply one's self will become a mental habit.

Now, that was an extraordinarily novel idea at that day. The methods in use were quite the opposite. The common method was: Set the child a lesson; tell him to learn it; fill him with fear that you are going to hear him recite his lesson; torture him in some way or other if he does not succeed. That is no exaggeration; that is a mere description. What was communicated to the child in that method? I suppose some power of application was given through fear; but when you use in a child a motive power which will not apply to him when he is a man, you have not helped him much to do his work as a man. The motives to which you appeal in childhood ought to be motives that will last. Now, the motives to which systematic education has generally appealed are not motives which last, and that is one reason why education gets on so slowly in this world, and why its fruits are so meager.

I remember going into a Moslem school in Tangiers, a barbarous town of twenty thousand inhabitants, in which at that time (1887) there was not a wheel of any sort—not even a wheelbarrow. The door was wide open, and I stood in the doorway. The floor was of earth, with some straw upon it. An old man, with a long white beard, sat cross-legged on a slightly raised wooden divan in the middle of one side of the room, and around him was arranged a semicircle of children. The children were about twelve feet from him—all of them. In his hand he held a long flexible rod about ten feet long, and with his arm extended he could reach any child in that semicircle. And he did reach them. What was going on was simply the repetition to him of sentences from the Koran. He dictated, and the children repeated aloud together. The children were committing to memory phrases from that extraordinary book which is at once religious law and civil law to the Moslem. And that was all that ever went on in that schoolroom,—the training of the memory, with the attention compelled by a stick long enough to reach every child. Now, no initiating power could be got into those children in that way; no motive was presented to them which was applicable in them in after life; and, if you think of it, the picture of that school will supply you with the reason why the Moslem peoples are unprogressive.

I have heard the objection made to the kindergarten—and of course to all the developments of the kindergarten policy which have lately taken place in the higher grades of education,—that it was absolutely necessary, as the world is, that children should be trained to do things they do not want to do, that they should be forced to do habitually, or regu-

larly on command, the very things they least want to do. Why? Because that is what they will have to do out in the world. That is the allegation. The defect in the argument is that forced repulsive labor is not what men and women ought to have to do out in the world. It is the motive for work that makes all the difference between slavery and freedom, between misery and happiness. It is the lot of us all to labor; but men and women who labor without an interior motive of interest and love are not free, and as a rule they are not happy. Now schools, at any rate, should be conducted on a principle that will last, and will tend to make men and women throughout life free and happy.

We are indebted in all grades of instruction to the kindergarten for another great educational improvement. It seems strange that no one should have attempted before Pestalozzi and Froebel to carry out practically on a considerable scale a method of education which recognized that healthy children are restless, and that their attention cannot long be held to a single subject. That is so obvious; —but then, all great discoveries seem obvious after they have been made. Now, what have the higher grades of education got out of this wisdom of the kindergarten in recognizing this fact in human natural history? They have got out of it a very important shortening of what is called the "period" in the grammar school or the high school curriculum. I am sorry to say that the universities lag behind in this respect. They still have a theory—it is not always carried out in practice—that a lecture should be an hour long; but in the best organized schools of our country at present the recognized period has come down to forty minutes, which is an immense improvement over the old order. The period in schools is not short enough yet. Now this shortened period ought not to have waited for Froebel; for it might have been inferred not only from the nature of children but from the nature of adults. If you reflect upon the intellectual listenings which are well established in the world as sources of profit and pleasure, you will find that they are generally short, or, at any rate, much broken by variety. Take as an instance, a concert: how a concert is broken up into parts of very different quality! Nobody ever ventured to write a symphony, for example, that was not divided into at least four parts of different time and different flavor. How broken is an opera, or a play at the theater,—broken into acts, and these acts into scenes, and never calling for a long period of sustained attention! And if we go into more serious things, and observe the religious rituals of the world, are they not instances of the easy repetition of phrases with which sacred ideas are associated, but also of rapid change of posture and action? How broken is every ritual! This is true in all religions. Consider the rituals of the most elaborate churches in our own land: you will hardly find five minutes given to a single process,—to a reading of the Bible, to an alter-

nate reading between priest and people, to a chant, or to a prayer. The churches have thoroughly recognized the fact that adults are capable of but short periods of real attention. It is just so in the Moslem church. Go to evening prayers in the Mosque Suleiman at Stamboul, and you will find that not only has the ritual all the forms and method of the English ritual, for example, but beside the numerous changes of bodily posture which the English service demands, it uses the bodily position of prostration. Taking this position and recovering from it are decided awakeners—particularly for elderly people. In churches which permit long sermons we are all familiar with the preachers' devices for keeping or reviving attention—with the alternate raising and dropping of the voice, the division of the sermon into heads, and the interjection of story, parable, or poem. I say, therefore, that the observation about little children which Pestalozzi and Froebel made applies forcibly to much older children and to adults. When a university lecturer talks for one hour to five hundred students assembled before him, he has no idea whether any considerable proportion of his audience are attending to him or not. He has no means of knowing what they are thinking of. After a few minutes the minds of many of them are entirely absent from the scene. Their minds are gone; their bodies remain present, encumbering the room. That is the experience of all lecturers whenever they address a large audience. They cannot tell whether any considerable proportion of the audience is really attending to them or not. I think it doubtful how much longer you can attend to me, although the topic may present some peculiar interest for you. Now, can anything be imagined stupider in education than the demand for a long period of attention from children under eighteen? Can you think of anything stupider than that? Can you think of anything less profitable, on the whole? For the habit of inattention is a thoroughly bad one. The habit of keeping half an ear open to what the teacher is saying, while the mind is on the last meal, or the next one, the new doll or knife, the football field, the river, or the last novel or magazine, is a bad one indeed, a habit the formation of which should be avoided by every possible precaution on the part of the devisers of school systems.

Another objection I have often heard made to the kindergarten, but which is really the reason for the extension of kindergarten methods to other grades of education, is this: in a kindergarten the teacher and the assistant are constantly showing the pupils what to do and how to do it. They are actually explaining to the children how to do things. Now, the children ought to learn to do these things themselves. What is the use of this "showing how"? Is it not an enfeebling process? Will the child ever learn to do anything himself, if he is always shown what to do? That is rather a fundamental criticism, perhaps. The answer to it is this: that process of "showing how" is the

one good way of teaching, and the way through which we learn best all our lives,—the way we never can dispense with. Happy are they who avail of it to the end! In the upper grades of education at this moment the process of showing how has been developed to a very high degree. I will illustrate that statement with medical education. The method applies, of course, to every laboratory subject, to every scientific subject, to every language subject most emphatically, and to every subject in which a skillful use of books needs to be made. But my time is short, and I will limit myself to an illustration drawn from medical teaching.

In the first place, it is only since the kindergarten was invented that there has been any medical teaching which was comprehensive and generally effective; and that is the principal reason why the medical profession never existed at all until the early part of the nineteenth century. The world knew rare medical geniuses, and the barber-surgeon, but never knew the soundly educated physician until well into the nineteenth century. Why? Because the methods of the medical school were impossible methods by which to learn a natural history subject. In the year 1854 I was a lecturer at the Harvard medical school in Boston, as a substitute for a professor who had suddenly withdrawn. I was astonished to find that the medical students—and many of them could barely read and write—were expected to go to six lectures in succession, of one hour each, with a different subject at every hour, and with no possibility of doing anything themselves,—only listening and looking until they could neither hear nor see aright. Consequently, when the class came to me at twelve o'clock, they were a difficult set of men to lecture to. Now, medicine is a subject that has to be learnt with eyes and ears and fingers,—with every sense, in fact, highly developed and skillfully trained. How do we do it now? By showing every individual medical student how to do through his own senses a thousand things which can only be learnt by having one skillful teacher take one attentive pupil and guide him in actual practice on the body of a living patient or on a dead body. That is just what goes on in every good medical school of the world today. One student at a time is taken in forty different subjects by one teacher at a time, and is personally shown how to do everything that a physician or a surgeon needs to do. How else could a young man learn to auscult the chest, for example, and come to know the normal sounds, and what every abnormal sound indicates, and what may be safely inferred from it? These things cannot be learnt except from the subject, from the living subject; they cannot be learnt except through being shown by an expert just what to listen for, just what sounds mean health, and just what sounds mean disease. How do you suppose a young surgeon learns how to cut into the abdomen, find the diseased spot in the intestine, cut out that piece, put the ends together, reunite them, put back the intestines, and close the cut he has made into the

abdomen? That is an operation requiring multiform skill,—the keenest sight, the deftest touch, coolness, calmness, and precision. He learns it simply and only by being "shown how" by a man expert in these operations. He sees it done. He assists a master at the doing. He tries it on a dead body, then on a living animal. At last he gets able himself to risk it on a living man, but only through much showing and long practice.

If anybody ever advances to any of you the argument that a kindergarten cannot be good for a child because the children in the kindergarten are shown what to do, appeal to every sort of medical instruction that is good for anything in this world. Ask your physician how he learnt what he knows, and how he learnt to do what he does. He must have followed the kindergarten method developed and carried on to the highest grades of education. When you encounter this objection to kindergartens, inquire of yourself and of your opponent how you or he learns anything in this world after you are grown up, when you are an adult. Is it not almost always by being shown how? Is there any time of life when we cease to need to be shown how? I have never arrived at that age; I have never yet reached the time when I was not thankful to be shown how, no matter how simple the thing I knew not how to do. I am grateful to anybody that will show me how to do anything better than I now know how to do it. For instance, I have had to handle letter-books a good deal, —those exasperating, very thin pages, which it is so difficult to separate one from the other. You know the ordinary mode of doing it (with saliva on the thumb or fingers). I was never equal to that, and therefore I have spent much time—often when in haste—in detaching these leaves that insist on sticking the one to the other. Five years ago a much younger friend saw me struggling with a letter-book, and said to me, "Let me show you how to turn those pages"; and he took a pencil on the end of which was a little bit of rubber, and showed me how the rubber took hold of one single thin page, so that by lifting it with the rubber a little, or pushing it toward the back of the book, you easily detach one page from another. I have been thankful to that friend ever since. He showed me how to do easily something which I had always done with difficulty.

It is the test of a growing mind, of a mind that has not stopped expanding, that it is always ready to be shown how to do a thing that it has not yet learnt to do well. Indeed, I am quite convinced that it is not in this world alone that we may reasonably mean to be grateful for being shown how. There is another estate to which we are told that only those who come as little children are readily admitted; and I suppose that most of the persons in this room—most of the older persons, at any rate,—have already a clear vision of the kindergartners whom they would like to have take them by the hand, when they emerge—somewhat bewildered and apprehensive, perhaps, — into the new Garden of the Lord.

VACATION.

By Henrietta R. Eliot.

"What shall you do this summer?"
"Nothing!" I staunchly said,
"Neither books, nor trips, nor conventions
Shall claim my tired head.

"I shall lie at length in the sunlight
And count the pine-tree plumes,
And fill my senses with silence
And the odor of clover blooms.

"I shall stand and stare like the cattle
At the rim of the earth and the sky,
Or sit in the lengthening shadows
And see the sweet days die.

"I shall watch the leaping squirrels
And the patient creeping ants,
And learn the ways of the wee wood-folk
On their unmolested haunts.

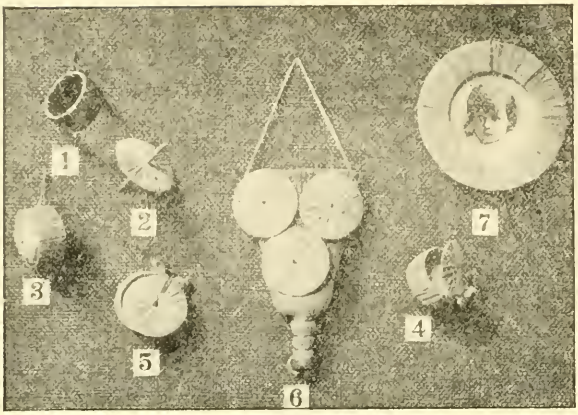
"And perchance in the hush that follows
The struggle to be wise,
Some truth that was coy beforetime
May take me by surprise."

—*Youth's Companion.*

RAPHIA IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Jane L. Hoxie.

OVER and over again, lured by tantalizing thoughts of the artistic possibilities of raphia, had we placed it in the hands of our little flock. Over and over again had small fingers struggled bravely with strand and braid until little brains grew weary and childish faces sober with disappointment. It was of no use,—strive as we might, raphia work was not a success in our kindergarten; and at last, with many backward looks of regret, we were about to turn to less attractive but more manage-



able material, when the thought came to mind which was the beginning of a whole series of delightful raphia possibilities. As a result, we discarded the troublesome braid, and inaugurated, in its place, a system of winding.

Our first attempt, in this new manner of using our material, resulted in a simple napkin ring. (See Fig. 1.) To make this ring, a section, about an inch wide, was cut from a pasteboard mailing tube, and strands of dampened raphia, one at a time, were wound about it until the pasteboard was completely covered. The end of the last strand was passed through the eye of a large needle and secured as any ordinary thread is fastened.

We next produced a top, one that would really spin, all made by ourselves in the simplest manner possible. A circle, one and one-half inches in diameter, was cut from moderately stiff pasteboard. A hole about the size of a common lead pencil was then made in the exact center of this disk. A large worsted needle, No. 18, was threaded with raphia, and this we passed over and over the pasteboard, going through the center hole each time, until the disk was completely covered. A short piece of rattan reed, sharpened at one end, was passed through the hole, and we all began to spin an artistic and original top. (Fig. 2.)

The next form was made by combining our napkin ring and our top disk, which we accomplished by sewing the disk all the way around one of the edges of the ring. Thus a little box, without a cover, was formed. A piece of cotton wool and a scrap of silk, fastened into the box, completed a pretty pincushion. (See Fig. 3.)

With a ring and two disks, a covered box for stamps or small trinkets was made, as shown in Fig. 4.

Two top disks fastened together by a small bow of raphia, and furnished with two or three leaves of colored flannel cut somewhat smaller than the covers, produced a dainty pen-wiper or needlebook. (Fig. 5.)

Three pasteboard disks, each about three inches in diameter, covered with raphia, fastened together as shown in Fig. 6 and backed with pasteboard, gave us an exceedingly attractive whisk-broom holder.

A twine box was made by fastening six disks together in the form of a somewhat cubical shaped box.

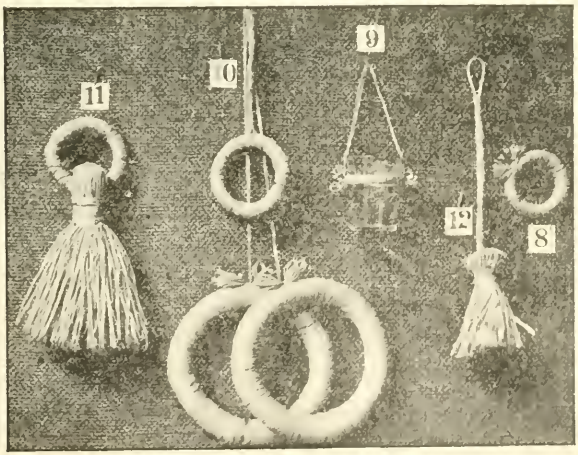
The idea of the disk as foundation was carried still further, and thus Fig. 7 shows a picture frame on a

pasteboard foundation. The circle is six inches in diameter and the center hole three and one-half inches, leaving a ring one and one-fourth inches wide to be covered by raphia. This form was backed with a square sewing card fastened at the corners, and the picture was simply slipped into the frame.

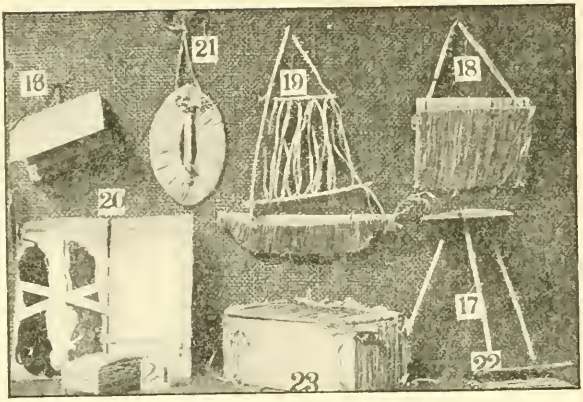
Leaving the flat ring and disk series, which might be carried out almost indefinitely, we passed on to diverse and similar forms a shade more difficult. Another napkin ring was made by winding several strands of raphia at a time about a ring formed of a kindergarten slat, previously cut the desired length and securely fastened together. (See Fig. 8.) This ring is rather more attractive than the flat one of our first experiment.

A dainty match receiver was fashioned by covering a slat ring with one thickness of raphia, tying little bows on opposite sides of it, making a loop for hanging, and inserting a tiny medicine glass in the ring. (See Fig. 9.)

Continuing our winding still further, we made two large and one small ring. These we fastened together by strands of raphia and ornamented with bows, thus forming a serviceable and attractive towel rack, as seen in Fig. 10. The foundation for the large rings was made of a rattan reed wound several times around and fastened securely before being covered. Several strands of raphia were used at a time in the winding.



In Fig. 11, a really useful whisk broom is shown. The handle is a ring like that of Fig. 8, while the brush part was made of many strands of raphia, cut about fourteen inches



long, tied securely in the middle, passed through the ring and tied down in the manner to be observed in the picture.

A little broom for sweeping or dusting was made of a piece of rattan reed, twenty inches long, doubled and wound with raphia, for a handle. The lower part consists of many five-inch lengths of raphia firmly fastened to the base of the handle by winding, tying and sewing. (Fig. 12.)

In figures 16 to 24 are seen respectively a notebook, a table, a letter holder, a boat, a mending case, a thermometer, a needlebook, a handkerchief box and a stool, all made on the same simple plan of winding.

Last of all we fashioned a raphia doll, suggested by similar dolls of cord and corn husks. It is very simple, being made somewhat after the manner of the whisk broom; strands of the raphia, however, must be separated from the main portion to form arms and hair, before the tying down at the neck and waist. Ink dots furnish suitable features, or beads may take their place if preferred. Figures 13, 14 and 15 show the result of some of our struggles to create a suitable kindergarten family.

Raphia is easily colored with "diamond" dyes, and beautiful soft effects are thus produced, if care is exercised. This gives a pleasing variety to the work.

Ribbon bolts and pieces of ash splint make desirable foundations for boxes and rings, and pieces of rattan reed, both round and flat, may be used.

In most cases, the raphia will be found to be more manageable if wet and allowed to become partially dry before the winding is attempted.

This material, which is sometimes called tye grass, may be obtained from a wholesale florist or a firm carrying kindergarten supplies. It is inexpensive, varying in cost from ten to twenty cents per pound. It recommends itself on account of its artistic possibilities, its strength, and its pliability.

Our series of raphia work seems valuable because of its simplicity, its blending of the useful and artistic, its possibilities of independent effort on the part of the child, and because of the fact that it develops manual skill without undue strain of eye or hand.

In view of these advantages, it would seem desirable to use raphia in the kindergarten, even though by so doing we supplant, in a measure, some of the more traditional but less profitable materials.

A SUMMER BEDTIME SONG.

By Lillian Howard Cort.

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
How the little robins on the cherry branches swing,
Singing such a joyous song to sun, and earth, and sky,
While the yellow butterflies and bees are flying by!
Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
How the little robins on the cherry branches swing.

Sing, sing, how shall I sing?
Like the happy brooklet as he wakens in the spring,
When ten thousand merry sunbeams, dancing overhead,
Shine away the icy chains that bind him to his bed?
Sing, sing, how shall I sing?
Like the happy brooklet as he wakens in the spring.

Sing, sing, when shall I sing?
Just when little robin tucks his head beneath his wing,
When the yellow butterflies and bees have gone to rest,
And the drowsy chickens nestle 'neath their mother's breast?
Sing, sing, when shall I sing?
Just when little robin tucks his head beneath his wing.

OUR FOUR-WINGED VISITORS, BUTTERFLIES.

By Elizabeth Newby.

"Invite the eye to see and heart to feel
The beauty and the joy within their reach."

THE child has an inborn love for nature and will respond to its influence with eagerness if allowed communion with this silent teacher of God. By means of the garden beds so often an adjunct to the kindergarten, the whole process of the development of plant life from seed to seed again is brought to the child. With a little forethought, the life history of the butterfly can easily be brought to his notice also, for its entire sequence of processes takes so short a time that each stage may be observed while the last is still fresh in the child's mind. I have tried giving this experience to the children, but before describing our experience in detail, I will give a few facts relative to the life of butterflies.

Butterflies are found wherever that plant life abounds that is necessary to sustain the life of the caterpillar,—even in the Arctic regions and high mountains. The eggs of butterflies vary in form and are deposited sometimes singly, sometimes in small clusters, sometimes in one cluster.

From these eggs come the larvæ or caterpillars. Caterpillars are variously ornamented, some being smooth-skinned, others hairy, others having horny projections or spines. There is a great variety of colors among them. Molting is a natural process in their growth. The majority of caterpillars live on vegetable food. The length of time spent in the caterpillar state varies greatly, from a few weeks to ten months, and even longer in the Arctic regions.

The larva or caterpillar stage is followed by the pupa or chrysalis stage. The forms of chrysalides vary greatly, but a general likeness will be found in the different families and sub-families. Many butterflies remain in the chrysalis state for only a few weeks, while others hibernate in this state.

The imago, or perfectly developed insect, represents the fourth or last stage in the life history of the butterfly. The rapid change after the butterfly leaves the chrysalis is very interesting.

We began our collection of butterflies with the well-known *Anosia Apchippus,* or common milkweed caterpillar. We found it on the under side of a milkweed leaf. Breaking off the leaf, we carried it, caterpillar and all, to the kindergarten and put it into our glass jar. The caterpillar soon showed signs of being sleepy, and in less than two days we had a beautiful chrysalis. This caterpillar is of a greenish-yellow color, with bands of glossy black. Its skin is thin and loose, thus admitting great freedom of motion. It has black fleshy appendages, about the thickness of heavy thread, before and behind.

The caterpillar attached its anal extremity to the glass jar by means of a button of silk which it spun; then, moving itself in a shrugging fashion, it finally rolled itself up. Half an hour later its outer skin slit, and, this being soon discarded, we had our first glimpse of the chrysalis,—a pale green one ornamented with what appeared to be dots of pure gold. This transformation was watched by us with great joy, and we looked forward eagerly to the time, a fortnight later, when there would come forth from the chrysalis a gorgeous butterfly.

The *Anosia Apchippus* (or *Plexippus*) butterfly produces many broods during the season. It is believed that in the autumn these butterflies migrate to the South, and that the appearance of these insects every summer signifies a northern migration. It is said that they do not hibernate in any stage of development and that heavy frosts destroy the caterpillars and chrysalides. Great swarms of these butterflies are seen at the migrating time.

One morning when we were at work in our garden bed, we found a green

caterpillar on a nasturtium leaf. It was quickly transferred to the glass jar and the children gave it plenty of fresh leaves to eat. The caterpillar was a little over an inch in length, green in color and striped longitudinally with darker shades of green.

On the morning of the second day, the caterpillar began its preparation for its coming change. After crawling over the glass, leaving in its course a fine line of silk which issued from its lower lip, it settled down and began to toss its head from side to side. As the silky stuff left the spinning tube and came in contact with the air, it stiffened into fine threads. This process was continued until the caterpillar was securely fastened to the glass. Then began the splitting of the skin down the back. The next morning this old skin was pushed off by contraction and expansion, and the chrysalis began to form. By noon this chrysalis had become hard. It was then green dotted with black, but on the following day changed to a yellowish brown, dotted with a brownish black.

About a week later the butterfly began to try to free itself from the chrysalis, moving it from side to side. These movements continued at intervals of from fifteen to thirty minutes during the forenoon. The next morning our butterfly was out, but the wings were dripping wet.

The upper wings were white, with black across the tips and having two round black spots. The lower wings were sulphur yellow on the under side and white above. When both pairs of wings were closed they appeared to be sulphur yellow. Near the body, on the upper side, they were lightly dusted with black.

The glass jar was damp from the wet sand in the bottom of it, so the butterfly's wings did not dry that day; but early the next morning, when the glass jar was carried out into the yard where the sun could shine directly upon it, the yellow butterfly opened its wings to enjoy the sunshine, and then flew up out of the mouth of the jar and away into the free air amid the clapping of little hands.

As the butterfly flew away, I told the children that perhaps it would come back to lay its eggs on our nasturtiums. In due time we found a cluster of these spindle-shaped eggs on a nasturtium leaf and left them to hatch, but watched them carefully. One morning, how great was our delight to find, in the place of these eggs, small green caterpillars! They were carefully taken to the glass jar and fed for many days with fresh nasturtium leaves. The caterpillars ate voraciously and grew very fast. This continued until their skins had become too small, when they ceased eating and attached themselves to the glass. Then, after remaining quiet until the following night, they discarded these old skins. The change to the chrysalis state, however, was not made in our presence, nor did we see the butterflies emerging from the chrysalides, since these interesting operations, unfortunately for us, took place in the night time. Nevertheless, the children were delighted when they found the yellow butterflies, and were

happy in giving them their freedom. These butterflies were of the Family *Papilionidae;* Sub-family, *Piernae;* Genus, *Pieris;* Species, *Pieris napi.*

Our next butterfly belonged to the Brush-footed Family (*Nymphalidae*). The caterpillar may be distinguished by the way in which it carries its fore-feet when walking,—these being folded up against the breast. This caterpillar was found under an elm tree and brought into the kindergarten by one of the children. Its food plants are the elm and hop vine. The butterfly is one of our commonest, and, in the Middle States, is a double brooder. It hibernates as a butterfly, coming forth with the warm spring breezes in time to sip the sap of the sugar maples.

The caterpillar was one-half an inch long, reddish black in color with longitudinal stripes of white. The branching spines on the head were reddish black, while those on the anal end were nearly black. The other branching spines were orange colored at the base, changing into yellow For three days after its capture, the caterpillar was very quiet, as if sleeping; but on the fourth day a change appeared. It had a new and different looking coat. Its branching spines were now of a mahogany red and it had become fully an inch long. After this change it returned to the eating of the elm leaf, nibbling along the edge of the leaf as before, and in two or three days more its length had increased to an inch and a half. The head, at this stage of development, was a wine red. The two spines on the head were red at the base, changing into black; and the two spines at the anal end were black. In three days more it had grown to a length of two inches; but, this size being reached, it refused to eat any more.

After watching these changes, which covered eleven days, we found our caterpillar, on the twelfth day, hanging from the middle rib of a sycamore leaf, to which it was fastened by the usual tuft or button of silk. A small branch from a sycamore tree had been put into the jar for some other caterpillars.

This caterpillar was now preparing for its change into a chrysalis. We soon saw the outer skin split lengthwise and then watched the caterpillar as, wriggling, it forced the skin off. This required about ten minutes. The front part of the chrysalis was mottled with black, white and mahogany, while the back part and sides were light brown; but by the next day the whole had changed to a dark brown like a faded leaf. The chrysalis had strongly marked projections and ornaments of golden spots.

A week later the chrysalis had changed its color to mahogany and black, and in another day more, out came our butterfly while we were watching! As soon as its wings were dry, we carried the jar into the yard and the little creature flew up into a maple tree, remaining there for more than an hour; but when the sun came out from under a cloud, the butterfly flew away. Its fore-wings were sickle-shaped. On the upper side they were of a bright fulvous tint, spotted and bordered with dark brown, with pale blue on the edge.

It belongs to the Family *Nymphalidae;* Genus, *Grapta;* Species, *Interrogationis.*

The Zebra Swallow-tail is one of our prettiest butterflies, as well as one of the most interesting on account of its polymorphism. We found the caterpillar on a papaw tree. It had a naked body, pea-green in color, with transverse markings consisting of black dots and narrow stripes of yellow and one broad velvety-black stripe. This caterpillar molted once during the twelve days intervening between the time we caught it and its passing into the winter chrysalis. This chrysalis, fastened to its support as the others had been, by means of a silk button, was about one inch long, and was rather stout, with low prominences.

It was not until the following spring, during the first week in April, that our butterfly awakened, but we then had the pleasure of seeing it leave the chrysalis and fly away into the sunshine. Its wings were black, marked transversely with broad and narrow whitish stripes. The hind-wings extended into very long tails, and had two red spots on the inner margin. These butterflies will be found fluttering around the blossoms of peach, apple, and wild plum trees. They appear before the young shoots of papaw, but as soon as these make their appearance the female deposits her eggs. The eggs are laid singly, are pea-green in color, and oblate-spheroidal in form. This swallow-tailed butterfly was of the Family *Papilionidae* or Swallow-tail; Sub-family, *Papilioninae;* Genus, *Papilio;* Species, *Marcellus* or Winter.

LARKS.

By Katharine Tynan.

All day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

—*Selected.*

KINDERGARTEN ACTIVITIES.

By Katherine Beebe.

CHAPTER V.

MUSIC.

I NEED not recapitulate here any of the theories of the twentieth century kindergartner regarding the quality of the music to be used for and with young children, or the proper methods of its presentation. I simply want to pass on to any who may be interested some few of the musical ideas of the present day which we have tried and found good.

Of course we use all of the accepted song books; but we find that we draw most frequently from those of Eleanor Smith, Mrs. Gaynor, and Carl Reinecke. In instrumental music, those of us whose technical attainments are of the simplest have found great help in the Katherine Montz's book; while those who have been more fortunately and carefully instructed revel in the collections of Clara Anderson, the two Morans, Marie Ruef Hofer, and others of the same sort. The five simple melodies by Mrs. Crosby Adams which begin with "What the bells say" have long been a boon to many of us. They are so simple and expressive as to make delightful "quiet music," and the touch of fitness which we are enabled to enjoy in using What the Bells Say at Christmas time, Singing and Swinging during bird time, and The Rocking Chair and A Lullaby during the first weeks when we are emphasizing the connection between home and kindergarten, is only equaled by our satisfaction in using The Happy Farmer in harvest time and singing Home, Sweet Home, every day just before dismissal. The children seem to enjoy and appreciate "piano singing," and we feel that they are learning something every day of what music should express to them and for them. The little book called Mother Goose Songs without Words, by Mrs. L. E. Orth, has helped us and them in a very delightful, simple, and natural way. We keep this book for a birthday treat, and it is most interesting to watch the lights and shadows on the little faces as the piano tells the story of Boy Blue, King Cole, or Bo-Peep. Some follow the melody with lips or hands, others only with expressive eyes.

Our friends the Brownies often get into the piano. Of course whatever we big mortals do they love to imitate; so, when we are learning a new song, the same music softly played on the upper notes tells us that they are at work and following in our footsteps. Often our ten fingers become as many elves and make shoes, march,

dance, shoe horses, or shear sheep, as the case may be, without a sound but with great deftness and speed. At the last note, they whisk away into the folded hands and are seen no more —until next time.

Of course we play on various and sundry imaginary instruments. The baby's music box can be easily imitated on the highest octaves of the piano, as can the mouth organ on the lower ones, and a drum on two very low bass notes. Everybody knows how to make banjo music by putting sheets of paper on the stretched wires. This we enjoy at rare intervals, as well as playing on the violin, the harp, and the humble but familiar hurdy-gurdy. We have had, on occasion, a whole German Band, led by Johnny Schmoker of old-time fame and happy memory. We often make use of real drums, and, on gala days, trumpets and even zithers have lent splendor to our processions.

Our musical guessing game we consider a great success. On a choosing day the name of the song is whispered to the teacher at the piano, and from the first note or chord the other children must guess what the song is to be. Occasionally two or even three notes have to be given, but it is wonderful how often one note or chord is all-sufficient. The children play this game much better than we do, and have never failed to grow very fond of it.

WHY?

By Robert Haven Schauffler.

If the wren can cling
To a spray a-swing
In the mad May wind, and sing and sing
As if she 'd burst for joy—
Why cannot I
Contented lie
In His quiet arms, beneath His sky,
Unmoved by Life's annoy?

—*The Independent.*

ROWING.

RUTH WILLIAMS. CONSTANCE MORSE.

1. Oh, the sun is so bright, And the sea is so blue, If I
2. See the birds fly a - bove, And the fish swim be - low, And the

go for a row, Would you like to go, too?
boats that sail by As we mer - ri - ly row.

Row, row, row, row, O-ver the water we

stead - i - ly row; Row, row, row, row. O - ver the waves we go. . .

Kindergartners who attended the charming game festival of the Garland Kindergarten Training School in Boston during the recent I. K. U. convention will recognize this "Rowing" as one of the original song-games played by the students on that occasion.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of the I. K. U consisted of seven sessions with full programs and two business meetings, and several social gatherings. Of formal addresses there were more than twenty; other speeches were called forth in the discussions, and five excellent talks were given at the College Club reception on Saturday afternoon.

That so extended and full a meeting offers an overwhelming amount to be reported is evident; but we trust that our readers will feel that KINDERGARTEN REVIEW has dealt generously with them in giving so large a proportion of the addresses in full, several having been stenographically reported expressly for our pages. That the papers are desired was evinced by the many requests for their publication in the REVIEW. We have complied with these requests this month so far as our magazine limits would allow, and can promise another rich sheaf in our next number (September). The discussions and full report of the business meetings have been purposely omitted from our pages, since we understand that they are to be published from stenographic notes in the Union's Annual Report. No kindergartner ought to fail to read that report when issued, for it promises to be of unusual value, containing, as it doubtless will, these racy and excellent discussions, important business referring to changes in the constitution and other matters affecting the general policy of the Union.

INVITATIONS come from Thuringia for American kindergartners to meet some of their German fellow-workers for a special day of celebration at Liebenstein and Schweina on June 24. Fräulein Eleonore Heerwart and other kindergartners of prominence are to assemble at Liebenstein, a beautiful resort teeming with memories of Froebel and Madam von Marenholz, and where, possibly, a few English kindergartners may also be found to add to the pleasure of the occasion.

The drive from Liebenstein to Schweina, by way of Altenstein and Marienthal, is a memorable one to take; and to take it in company with a Keilhau-trained kindergartner, one who was in personal touch with the leaders of the first Froebelian days, is an opportunity of which kindergartners who are going abroad may be glad to avail themselves. This year being the fiftieth anniversary of Froebel's death, the pastor at Schweina is to hold a commemoration at Froebel's grave in the picturesque little hillside cemetery. Such a service, held by Germans, is sure to have sentiment lavishly expressed. The singing children, the wreath-laying, the spoken testimonies of love and discipleship, together with the place itself, will give vivid and lasting impressions to those who are present, such as they will always congratulate themselves on possessing. On June 21 of this fiftieth anniversary year a commemoration is also to take place at Blankenburg, with the hope of raising more of the needed funds for the building of the Frau Froebel Memorial House, in this place where the first kindergarten in the world was established. A few Americans have contributed toward this memorial, but only a few; and yet America is grateful for all that has come to her from Froebel and the kindergarten. If kindergartners in different centers would collect their mites together, or if kindergarten associations that have not given would vote an offering toward the erection of the international kindergarten headquarters, how it would help and what cheer it would give to Fräulein Heerwart, the chief promoter of the enterprise! At an advanced age, she is devoting all her time and strength to this undertaking. The money is to be collected before the building is started. The ground has been donated by the town. German kindergartners receive disgracefully low salaries, but they are giving steadily their contributions of small sums. Our International Kindergarten Union, in voting this year its gift of more than five hundred dollars, has honored itself and expressed in some degree the gratitude of American kindergartners for all that they have received from Germany through Froebel. Fräulein Eleonore Heerwart's address is Blankenburg-Schwarzathal, Thüringen, Germany. Money can be easily sent by post office order.

Germany has six Blankenburgs and three Blankenbergs. The little town in which kindergartners are most interested lies at the entrance of the Schwarza valley and this must be indicated in the postal address,—Blankenburg-Schwarzathal. To reach

it by rail from Cologne tickets should be bought by way of Eisenach, Dietendorf and Arnstadt; from Dresden, by way of Liepzig or Halle, through Grossheringen and Jena.

"HAS it ever occurred to you to go to the National Educational Association meetings?" Try asking public school teachers this question, and if the answer is as generally negative as some questioners have found it, you will wonder how the immense attendance at the annual meetings is made up. Noting that the best men of the times, our educational philosophers and sages, our scientists, our steady-burning old lights, our brilliant new lights, find time and inclination to go to the meetings year after year, it seems strange that there should be many a public school teacher (leaving out the great number whose physical or financial condition renders attendance inadvisable) who take no notice whatever of this great gathering of fellow-workers, and to whom the idea of attending it never occurs. If you are one of these indifferent teachers, is not this year of grace 1902 the time for you to connect yourself with this splendid professional body—"one of the most important of all forces for the betterment of the race"—and to find how well worth while it is to take this opportunity for gaining a vivid impression of the vastness of the nation's educational work? For that is what one does gain who is on the scene of the N. E. A. gathering, who studies the program (a wonderful conspectus, in a way, of the educational system), and who attends either departmental or general meetings, or both. This year's convention being at Minneapolis, the Western teachers have the advantage of propinquity, while the Eastern teachers have the allurement of Western wonders to counterbalance the greater effort and expense which attendance would entail upon them. Minneapolis kindergartners and the officers of the kindergarten section are already alert and eager for the July assembly; and the partial program, printed elsewhere, is an urgent invitation in itself. May it prove persuasive to many!

WHAT is mischief? Primarily, hunting employment. The first mischief is not premeditated but comes accidentally and incidentally while the child is endeavoring to patch out the neglect of its elders in providing it with legitimate employment. The habit once gained, there is perhaps enough of the humorous in the child's make-up to induce him to repeat the act for pure mischief.

—*Bessie L. Putnam.*

NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION.

Boston, April 23–25.

Boston's Convention visitors did not have to console themselves with any philosophical adage about the weather during the recent sessions of the I. K. U., for with a little sea tang in the air to brace one up, and a brilliant sunshine to put one in a hearty glow, with trees, shrubs and early blossoms bursting into spring beauty, what more could have been asked of New England weather at this time of the year? To be sure, the thunder showers of Saturday morning could have been dispensed with, coming as they did just at the time when the pleasure-seekers were to embark on their respective tours. But the guests were mainly undeterred by the rainy outlook and were rewarded with fair weather in the afternoon.

Early in the week delegates began to arrive and kindergarten visiting was begun. The public kindergartens and a fine exhibit of kindergarten work were open daily during the convention, and the visitors availed themselves quite generally of this opportunity to gain some personal knowledge of the spirit and results of Boston methods.

By Wednesday the number of delegates and other kindergartners, including those of the vicinity, who were hoping to participate in the week's pleasures was nearly two thousand. It is deeply regretted that ampler provision was not made for the accommodation of this enthusiastic multitude in the choice of auditoriums; but the size of the I. K. U., with its increase of hundreds each year, and the local interest aroused by its meetings, are difficult to realize until the last moment. Pittsburg, where the next convention is to be held, will doubtless profit by the experience of Chicago and Boston, and be duly bold in providing seating accommodations for her I. K. U. audiences.

THE FIRST SESSION was held in Arlington Street church on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock. Miss Laliah B. Pingree, as chairman of the local committee, gave the address of welcome on the part of the local kindergartners, saying that they had been welcoming the guests in spirit ever since the invitation to meet in Boston had been accepted.

"Your coming this year marks a period in the history of the kindergarten in Boston. Twenty-five years ago this summer Mrs. Shaw established the free kindergartens, which she carried on with rare devotion until they were adopted by the School Board ten years later. What uphill work it was then, with the indifference of the public, the apathy and hostility of educators, the inexperience of the kindergartners, and, more trying than all, the sentimentality of many of its advocates! We are slowly but surely triumphing over the prejudices of those early years. What we need now is a more complete recognition of the principles of the kindergarten and greater ability to apply them. If the kindergarten movement lags to-day it is because we lack the power to demonstrate clearly and effectively its educational possibilities. If this gathering shall in any degree send us away with greater insight, with a keener appreciation of the importance of the work, with a sober appreciation of the need of more thoroughly educated and better equipped women for the work, it will do much."

Mr. Edwin P. Seaver, superintendent of public schools, was then introduced as "a friend who had never failed us," to whose unfaltering faith and staunch advocacy the success of the Boston kindergartens is largely due.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By Edwin P. Seaver.

It is my pleasant duty to meet you here in Boston, and, in behalf of the city, to offer you a most cordial welcome. You have come from many and distant places

to a city which has always been generous in her appreciation of educational effort, and, in particular, has given strong support to the kindergarten movement. This support was not given from a passing gush of sentiment, but rather from a mature conviction that the kindergarten had proved its worth by an abundance of good fruit. Our people may have been somewhat slow in convincing themselves of the worth of the kindergarten as a factor in public education—if so, that is their characteristic—but the conviction once formed was strong and abiding. And never has this conviction been stronger than it is today, both in this city and in all the region round about.

As a knowledge of kindergarten principles has spread, and as the beneficial effects of kindergarten practice have been more and more observed by the people, so has public support of the kindergarten increased and its place in the public educational system grown secure. How to continue to hold a generous public support, how best to fill and presently to enlarge the place already accorded to the kindergarten in the public educational system, are practical questions of the highest moment to all kindergartners and to all who are interested in the prosperity and success of their work. It may not be out of place, therefore, for me to offer you a few considerations on this matter from a public school superintendent's point of view.

In the first place, it may be noted that the kindergarten will do well to keep right on vindicating, objectively, its character as a distinctively educational institution. It must distinguish itself clearly from the day-nursery on the one hand and from the children's play-room on the other. It is neither a charitable provision for the children of the poor nor a convenient arrangement for amusing the children of the rich; but it is a wisely devised plan of early education intended to be used by all the people, rich and poor alike, for the training of their young children. In this, its true character, the kindergarten will hold public confidence so long as it employs highly intelligent teachers able to comprehend and to accomplish its purposes.

In particular, there is always the question of expense to be met in any public enterprise. In the case of the kindergarten it does no good to show or attempt to show that education in a kindergarten is cheap, or that it can be made cheap; for, if good, it is not cheap; it costs as much as education in good primary schools, sometimes more. Therefore, the only conclusive answer the kindergarten can give to the question of expense—always a perfectly legitimate question—is given by proving itself to be worth all it costs. If this can be done, we may be sure the people will cheerfully pay for it. There is nothing more wasteful and extravagant than bad kindergartens; nothing more truly economical than good ones. The day is surely coming, though it may be somewhat distant, when all children will begin their public school life in the kindergarten. We may believe this, because the proportion of those who do so now is growing larger every year. This growth depends on the inherent worth of existing kindergartens and also on the recognition of that worth by the people.

The kindergarten appears to be an excellent bridge for leading the child over from home life into school life; or, dropping metaphor, shall I misuse your technical terms, if I refer to the kindergarten as the "mediation between the opposites" of home life and school life? To be a real and valuable mediation, the kindergarten must do two things.

First, it must not only partake of the nature of the home—resemble the ideal home in many particulars—but must enter into vital relations with the actual homes of the children. This it does through mothers' meetings, through visits to the homes, and in other ways. Some one has said that the kindergarten is about the best scheme ever devised for the education of parents. So it is, if it uses its relations to the home in the best way.

Secondly, the kindergarten should grow into close and vital relations with the primary school. Here is a work which, speaking generally, is as yet only begun. Much time and thought and effort will be required to accomplish it fully and well. In far too many instances, according to my observation, is the kindergarten regarded as a thing apart by itself, set in juxtaposition but not in vital connection with the primary school. This view seems to prevail not only with many kindergarten teachers but with many primary teachers as well. That such a view should be taken by many can hardly surprise us, considering how recent the kindergarten is and how ancient the primary school, and also how the traditional aim of pri-

mary school instruction differs from the aim of kindergarten instruction. These aims, it is true, can never become identical, but there is no reason for their being antagonistic. They must be reconciled; and, when the mediation which the kindergarten seeks to make has been completely worked out on the side of school life, these aims will be reconciled. Then the mistaken views which now prevail will have been replaced by a truer conception of the relation between kindergarten and school.

Ever since the kindergarten became an important factor in public education we have heard and read much about the need of closer relations between the kindergarten and the primary schools. Sometimes we hear a note of regret that closer relations have not come into existence long ago, as if one might expect such relations to create themselves and grow spontaneously. Sometimes we hear the primary school criticised because it or the lower part of it does not throw away its own distinctive character and become itself a kindergarten. On the other hand we hear the kindergarten criticised because it takes on no more of the traditional character of a primary school.

Now all such criticisms are based either on ignorance of the true theory of education or on a misapplication of theory to facts. A few experiments at unification are tried and they fail, so the experimenters jump to the conclusion that the theory must be wrong, forgetting too easily that the conditions under which the experiments have been tried may have received insufficient attention. For example, many of us remember an article which appeared in a well known magazine some time ago, and which purported to be written by a primary teacher who had had some discouraging experience with children from a certain kindergarten. The article was racy and amusing enough, but superficial withal, and even flippant. It also revealed some things which the writer very likely did not intend to disclose. She made it evident, assuming the correctness of her observations, that the kindergarten her children came from was a bad one, but that her own methods of dealing with children in her own primary school were even worse. She blamed the kindergarten for not being a primary school, but did not see that she herself misunderstood the true theory both of the primary school and of the kindergarten. She belonged to the great class of those who cannot see education beginning anywhere else than in learning the alphabet and the multiplication table.

Again, I have known kindergarten teachers to try to please their friends the primary teachers by teaching in the kindergarten the first steps in reading and the first steps in arithmetic, hoping in this way to prove that children really do make progress in the kindergarten. But this procedure only relinquishes the credit that belongs to the kindergarten for doing its legitimate work well, and reaches out for the praise of accomplishing something beyond its own province. The mistake arises from forgetting the fact that the arbitrary symbols of reading, writing, and arithmetic have no proper place in the child's course of instruction until after the ideas and processes for which those symbols stand have become familiar to his mind through an orderly course of experiences. These idea-giving experiences it is the function of the kindergarten to provide. The children there become familiar with numbers, but not with figures, with spoken words and their meaning, but not with their written or printed forms. When the stock of ideas thus gained through experience is large enough, and not before, the work of associating these ideas with the purely conventional and arbitrary symbols of reading, writing and arithmetic may begin. This last work is as characteristic of the primary school as the other is of the kindergarten.

But why, in the nature of things, let us ask, should two intimately connected and mutually dependent educational processes—that of providing children with idea-giving experiences and that of associating ideas so gained with symbols—be confided to different teachers and different kinds of schools?

The answer must be, theoretically,—that is, in the nature of things,—that there is no reason why these two processes should be so separated, and that there is every reason why they should be united; but historically it has happened that the kindergarten, which does chiefly one kind of work, has been placed side by side but not in organic relations with the traditional primary school, whose work, as commonly conceived, is wholly of another kind.

Now the true and effective mediation of these two kinds of work will be found in the teacher who does both under a true conception of their proper relations.

The true teacher is the solution of our problem of mediation. The true teacher is something more than a kindergartner, something more than primary instructor; she is both and something more than both. The true teacher, having prepared herself by acquiring the necessary technical skill, will teach with equal effect whether in a kindergarten or in a primary school.

The difficulty, at the present time, is that most of the teachers now in service have been prepared for their work by acquiring only one kind of technical skill, either that required for the kindergarten or that required for the primary schools. These teachers should be succeeded in their places by a new class of teachers trained to both kinds of technical skill and ready to be either kindergartner or primary teacher by turns or both together. In the persons and in the work of such teachers will the kindergarten and the primary school be brought into close organic relations, and our problem will thus find its solution.

But this process of gradual substitution is likely to be a long one. Teachers trained in the old way will, many of them, hold their places a long time. And it is only right that they should; for they have done and will do excellent work. Teachers trained in the new way to be both kindergartners and primary teachers are not yet numerous. The normal schools have only lately turned their attention to the training of such teachers; but some good beginnings have been made. Also there is a visible tendency in some quarters to prefer teachers with kindergarten training in making appointments to the first primary grade. These are indications that organic relations are beginning to be formed between the kindergarten and the primary school.

That such relations may grow stronger and stronger and may be fruitful in beneficial results both for the kindergarten and for the primary school is the great hope we have for the education of young children in the future. And that so desirable an end may be greatly promoted by your convention here in Boston this year, and elsewhere in other years, is the hearty wish I have to express as my closing word.

Applause of heartiest kind was given as the Union's greeting to its president when Mrs. Alice H. Putnam of Chicago stepped forward to respond to the Boston salutations. After giving grateful thanks for the royal welcome that had been accorded, Mrs. Putnam referred to the growth of the I. K. U. since the first meeting in Boston in 1895, when the Union was a mere babe in arms, so to speak; to the usefulness of the I. K. U. in bringing kindergartners together from all parts of the country and, to some extent, from other countries, and fostering a feeling of sympathy and unity: and to the free expression of ideas encouraged in the various discussions. She also recalled the sad fact that two educators greatly revered by kindergartners had entered into the larger life during the past year,—Colonel Francis W. Parker, widely known as a promoter of the new education, and Miss Mary J. Garland, a pioneer in the kindergarten work of New England. Mrs. Putnam reminded the workers of to-day that although these two leaders are no longer present with us in the body, neither height nor depth can separate us from their love and usefulness, which, we have faith to believe, continue even yet and reach us in ever-expanding circles.

After a little preliminary business, Mrs. Putnam, as chairman, requested the corresponding secretary, Miss Fanniebelle Curtis of Brooklyn, to call the roll of the Branches, each Branch being expected to present a three-minute report through one of its delegates. These reports give a bird's-eye view of kindergarten advance in many centers and strengthen a general feeling of fellowship. Lack of space forbids more than the barest mention of a few of the characteristic facts.

The Branch with the largest number of members reported this year is the Kraus Alumnæ, 900 strong. Several Branches tell of kindergartens which they support; two, of objectionable kindergarten rooms which they have renovated and placed under almost ideal conditions. The large amount of settlement work carried on modestly by various Branches speaks well for the public spirit and energy of kindergartners and is a natural branching out of their interest in the home. Playgrounds and summer schools under the supervision of school boards or associations are being established in gratifying numbers. The St. Louis Under Age association (formerly the Isabel Crowe association) has added to the benefits it has previously bestowed, the new one of a public bath, where

mothers can bathe their children in the afternoons.

A large number mention growing affiliation between kindergartners and teachers of other grades through the sharing of lectures, discussions, and social pleasures. At Cincinnati, 146 primary teachers are taking Saturday morning lessons at the kindergarten training school. The plan of having all students in public normal schools receive one year's kindergarten training is spreading, and Dayton has now fallen into line in this respect. Enlarged courses and higher standards are reported in the training school of one city, and better program making on the part of the kindergartners of another. Indianapolis rejoices in the carrying out of the new law which requires that every town in the state with a population of over six thousand shall be taxed one cent on every hundred dollars for the support of public kindergartens. She is proud of the progressive spirit of her state legislature. Louisville hopes to introduce six kindergartens into the public school system in the autumn, the laws of Kentucky having recently been changed so as to make this possible. The Pittsburg and Allegheny association receives $25,000 each year from Pittsburg toward the support of kindergartens, and from Allegheny $90 each month for every kindergarten established in that place; and it can scarcely keep pace with the demands for them from public school principals. Three new ones are to be opened in the autumn.

The Pennsylvania State Kindergarten association, comprising eleven smaller associations, meets by turns in different cities, aiming to elevate and unify the standards of training schools and kindergartens. The delegate from this association was sent to the I. K. U. by her school board, with expenses paid and a liberal allowance of pin-money! Each year brings the announcement of one, at least, of these fairy-tale happenings, in which a school board plays the princely part, and the I. K. U. always enjoys not only the good fortune of the grateful delegate but the generous courtesy of the school board as well.

The Chicago Free Kindergarten association is raising a fund of $1500 in honor of Miss Anna E. Bryan, the interest to be used each year for some purpose decided upon by the executive board. Louisville has founded a scholarship in honor of the same beloved leader. Chicago Kindergarten Club reports the kindergartners banded together as never before, in this year of anxiety and trouble. They are now doing all in their power to secure the continued support of kindergartens in public schools. Press and pulpit are helping nobly. Grand Rapids rejoices in having a newly-elected mayor who was a former vice-president of its kindergarten association. Admirable courses of lectures on educational, literary, and social subjects by some of the ablest lecturers in the country have been enjoyed by cities and towns large and small in every direction. The good received from Miss Blow's lectures is acknowledged with enthusiasm.

A report of some kindergarten work done in South Africa was given by Mrs. Robert H. Chapin, a niece of Miss Susan E. Blow. Mrs. Chapin said:—

When we landed in South Africa in '95, it seemed to me that I heard an inarticulate cry,—the cry of the young for guidance, the plastic for form, the awakening for revelation. One felt that there was a force struggling for freedom; but there was not, apparently, in that force any power of self-direction. It may be that Africa shall be free; but England must be the kindergartner to teach her faith and self-activity. The present war has been the result of two dreams,—a dream of imperious maternity on the part of England and a dream of independence on the part of Africa; and strangely enough, the conflict of these two dreams is likely to bring about the realization of both. England is trying a great new experiment in education. We have had paternal governments in the past, based on authority; we have tried, in America, fraternal government, based on equality; and now England is trying a maternal form of government. A mother serves what she creates, and this England is trying to do. Africa was full of needs in '95 and is full of needs to-day; but we hope that England will answer those needs now unhindered, as she could not do then.

When I questioned myself as to what could be done in Johannesburg in the midst of the vice and confusion, the first step toward helping the nation seemed to be to try to take care of the children. I was no kindergartner, but kindergartens were imperative. Fortunately, in making the acquaintance of the primary teachers, I found one who had taken the kindergarten course in England, but who was not teaching. She consented to take charge of a kindergarten, and that very

day I secured from an American missionary, Mr. Goodenough, permission to use his chapel in the mornings for a kindergarten. In two weeks we had thirty children in attendance. In three months an assistant trained by Miss Hockley was able to carry on this kindergarten and a second was inaugurated, with Miss Hockley training her new assistant and supervising the old. She traversed the two miles between the two kindergartens on her bicycle every morning, giving part of her time to each, and instructed in theory in the afternoons. The missionary's wife and I helped all that we could. At the end of a year, when I was obliged to leave for a time, three kindergartens, five teachers and a hundred children were left in charge of Miss Hockley and a committee of ladies. Returning after an absence of three years, I found in existence five kindergartens with ten teachers and nearly four hundred children. These were all free, and were supported partly by the Boer government and partly by English capitalists. There was no difficulty in raising the money. My argument was always: "Kindergartens will keep the children out of the streets. They will relieve the mothers in the morning hours when they have work to do. They will help to amalgamate this conglomerate people and overcome race difficulties by bringing the children together at an early age." Recently I have had a letter containing the information that Mr. Sargent, the English commissioner of education for the Transvaal, wishes to have kindergartens in all localities under his jurisdiction and to have ours put in his charge. This would seem advisable. But I have had a dream that the I. K. U. might be willing to support one model kindergarten in Johannesburg so as to have the American standard represented there. Perhaps this dream will come true!

THE PUBLIC MEETING, on Wednesday evening, was held in Huntington Hall in the Rogers Building of the Institute of Technology. Mrs. Putnam opened the meeting by saying: Sociologists and educators are joining hands to-day in an effort to find in the human being himself a better basis for life. We are learning that manual work is a moral and intellectual factor as well as a physical necessity in right living. We are learning that *things* express to the child more than words, and that through images and figures which have been wrought into form by the pupil himself he has a clearer idea of their content and worth. She then introduced President Henry S. Pritchett of the Institute of Technology as one standing at the head of an institution which "gives value to that which is of value."

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT PRITCHETT.

It is my pleasant duty to-night to repeat to this company anew the cordial welcome which it received this morning. I am here not to make an address, but simply to offer once more the hospitality of the city of Boston. There is to be had in New England the most cordial welcome that man or woman can have in this country; and there is such a thing, not only as social but intellectual hospitality, and we have them both in Boston.

Goethe says somewhere, "Tell me the thing that is new, reveal to me the truth I have not known, make clear to me the thought which before has been indistinct and obscure, and I will praise you." This is a sort of intellectual friendliness, of intellectual hospitality, an attitude of mind which welcomes either a new idea or an old idea with a friendly spirit.

It is in some such spirit that we welcome you to Boston to-night. We shall be most happy for the new ideas which you bring; we shall be most grateful for the old ideas which you make fresh; we shall be most hospitable to all the ideas with which you are good enough to favor us.

I wish also to repeat this welcome on the part of the institutions of learning about Boston. If the idea for which the kindergarten stands has been significant at all, if it has had power in the world, it has been not so much because its great founder dealt with children, not so much because he instituted a series of schools which should make child life more pleasant and more hopeful, but also because the system which he introduced has brought in a new conception of unity in education, a new conception of the fact that there runs through all training a certain thread of consistency, a certain true ideal of purpose, a certain unity of instruction, whether the person to be instructed be a child or an adult. If there is one service which may well be rendered to education in the United States to-day, one service which needs the doing

above all others perhaps, it is that there should come into our educational effort some conception of unity of purpose, something which may bring together under common impulses, under common purpose, all the varied efforts of instruction and education which have been so fruitfully pursued in the last twenty-five years. If your association can help in that respect, if it can bring to us a new conception of that unity of purpose which runs through all education, we shall thank you most heartily and most fervently.

Professor Ladd says in his book on Higher Education that while there are American universities, no one can tell what an American university is. In a certain sense that is true. The name "university" in the United States does not necessarily mean a certain kind of work or a certain kind of institution. The name is borne now by some hundreds of schools in this country, and it has been in many cases adopted on that principle of faith which Paul expressed so well when he said, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for," and more particularly, I think, when he said it is "the evidence of things not seen."

There has, however, in the last twelve or twenty years, come into our stronger institutions—those few which really deserve the name of university—a conception different from that which is held in Europe, a conception of a university consisting of a graduate school resting upon a college and sometimes upon a scientific school as well. That which interests those of serious thought to-day is, "Will there be found in this institution that spirit of scholarship, that spirit of devotion to the scholar's work, which shall not only crown it as a place of instruction but shall serve also as an inspiration for all institutions which come below it?"

In the university itself one finds very different kinds of conceptions as to what the university ought to do. Some sciences are represented, others not represented. Theology seems to have dropped out altogether. I am rather inclined to feel that in the end we shall be compelled to take it into the technical schools as a branch of applied science; for, after all, if theology is the science of religion and if religion stands for the divine life in the individual human soul, then there is no science which needs to be applied more directly and more quickly than that of theology; and if the technical school stands for work in applied science, I do not see why theology might not well find a place in the technical school.

In the study of this unity of purpose which ought to run through our educational system, science may furnish at least one consideration which ought to be of great service, and that consideration is one that comes out of the very nature of scientific study itself. What is the scientific method, and what is the scientific spirit? Do they stand simply for the expertness which brings about a given result, or is there a principle deeper than all this utilitarian application which may serve as a basis of educational effort? I think if one examines the scientific man, whether an individual explorer in science, a great master in science, or that larger number of scientific men who stand back of both of these and yet share somewhat of their spirit and effort, he finds that the underlying principle in all scientific work is not the ability to observe, not the ability to pursue with untiring energy this or that investigation, not the ability to carry the results to the greatest refinement,—it includes all these, but it includes one thing more, and that is an intellectual sincerity which not only follows the truth but is willing to follow the investigation and the truth which that investigation brings out whithersoever it leads. And if there is to be a study of our manifold system of education which may hope to bring out in this twentieth century some sort of unity of purpose, which may reach from the kindergarten to the university, and bring about a more generous, more uniform, and more systematic effort to educate, then science may hope to contribute this much toward it: that in that effort there may be brought the scientific method—the method which stands for intellectual sincerity, the method which asks not only to know the truth, but also to follow the truth wherever truth may lead. If we examine our educational system under such a spirit, we may hope to come to a plan which may not only fit men for citizenship, but may through their scholarship fit men for that life which leads to the highest form of spiritual freedom.

The next speaker was President Eliot of Harvard University. In presenting him, Mrs. Putnam referred to the gradual application which is being made by parents and teachers of the principle of

self-activity for which Froebel stands, and of the greater thought that is being given to the place which work, mental and manual, holds in relation to the essence of man and to his destiny. She said that kindergartners, always glad to hear great men on great subjects, were especially happy in listening to those who stand beyond the immediate field of the kindergarten, because truths were often thus presented to them in a larger perspective, enabling them to make their own work better and to connect it more vitally with that which is to follow.

After the appreciative applause given to President Eliot's address (see page 590), Mrs. Putnam introduced Miss Blow as one whose labors of love and devoted study in and for the kindergarten were known throughout the East, West, North and South, and who had organized the first public school kindergartens in America. Miss Blow was most cordially received and delivered her masterly paper with beautiful clearness and force. This paper, on The Ideal of Nurture, is the opening article in this number of KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.

While this program was being carried out, the people who had been unable to get into Huntington Hall were accommodated in an adjoining room, thanks to the alert kindness of Dr. A. E. Winship, editor of the *Journal of Education,* and the Union's "right hand man" in countless ways throughout the convention. President Pritchett was so obliging as to repeat his address to this overflow audience, Miss Bertha Payne of Chicago having held the meeting together until his arrival. Dr. Winship then reported some parts of President Eliot's address, and Miss Laura Fisher read a slightly condensed version of Miss Blow's paper.

TWO ROUND TABLES, if the large numbers in attendance would not prohibit the use of that term, were held on Thursday morning, the first one at nine o'clock in the chapel of Emmanuel Church, Mrs. M. B. Page of Chicago leading. The addresses follow.

HOW SHALL WE RAISE THE STANDARD FOR INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN THE KINDERGARTEN?

BY CALVIN B. CADY.

In the first place, I want to suggest a reformation,—the reformation of the conception of music as being instrumental or vocal. Those are convenient terms and rightful terms; but they carry with them, as they are used, a very false impression. Music is music. Geometry is geometry, whether you use colored chalks or a lead pencil, or whether you put sticks together in making your demonstrations. Music is music. The mere instrument of your objectification of thought is not what determines the thing. Let us look upon music as music, whether you propose to manifest it with one instrument that you call a vocal apparatus, or another instrument that you call a pianoforte, or another that you call a violin, or whatever it may be. That has nothing to do essentially with the fact that music is an idea in itself, involving certain elemental ideas which must be conceived before they can be brought forth.

Again, it seems to me that another reformation is quite consistent with this, and that is, to reform the thought that music in the kindergarten is to be an accompaniment of or an incitement to various forms of action,—cutting grass, sowing seed, and various genuflections of the body. Not that I would separate music from those things in practical operation. It is certainly pleasanter for people to march when the drum is going, and there is something in certain forms of musical thought that does lend an element of helpfulness to the child as he goes through his motions of mowing the grass, turning the spinning wheel, etc.; but that is not the essential function of music, and the child must know that that is not the essential function of music. To me that is one of the most important points in the reformation, as the basis for the elevation of the standard of music.

Again, it seems to me that music must be separated from another misconception, and that is, that it is something by which to picture things to people, to tell stories, to give the child an idea that he is galloping through the air on a broomstick, or that he is pursuing a rabbit with a gun. While there may be certain elements in certain forms of musical thought that may lend color to that idea, music actually does nothing of the kind, never can do it, and never was made to do it. It is not what music was intended for, and music does not grow out of any such conception. Its origin is not to be found in those things, however much you may associate it with them. To me that is another essential reformation.

Another reformation in the conception of music has to do with the idea that it is something for coddling the feelings of the children, for cultivating a lot of emotionality which comes to be, in the majority of cases, sentimental bosh with no true feeling in it. There is no idea in God's universe that does not carry with it the heart of man as well as the head of man; but to put music up as a special means of awakening and cultivating superficial emotional feeling is to me a very pernicious thing. I use that word advisedly. It has had a pernicious effect throughout all the history of music. And you know that out of that pernicious effect has grown the stigma that attaches to the name of musician in so many thousands of cases, a stigma that should not attach to it, and would not attach to it if music were understood to be what it really is.

On the other side, I bespeak now for music in this reformation the cultivation of music, on the part of the child, for music's own sweet sake. I mean that music must be recognized as one of the infinite ideas involved in the consciousness of man because involved in the eternal mind of God; and that its own self is the thing to be known, understood and loved, cultivated and developed. All our ideas form one brotherhood in consciousness, and you cannot touch one idea without vibrating millions of strings in human thought and feeling. Consequently, when you touch a beautiful thing like music, you touch thousands of responsive chords in the child's heart. The essential thing, then, is to bring the child to love music not because it cultivates his emotions, not because it helps him to mow grass better or to march better, not because it tells him any story but its own sweet story,—its own beauty and loveliness and goodness,—but because it is just as distinct and definite an idea as any other idea in the universe of infinite love and intelligence.

Now, let us consider some things which may seem to be more practical than this, although this to me is the most practical,—some things that we may do, perhaps. I want to bespeak a reform, first, in one aspect of the vocal music, so called. Most of the children, when they go to the kindergarten, have had experience in language. They have been able to ask their mamma for cookies; they have been able to say that they wanted to go out to play, that they wanted to do this, to do that. They have heard language in the family for some time previous to their entry into the kindergarten. You present to those children a verse of poetry, and they are able to take it in. They may not know what it means, just as they may not understand whether a horse has horns or not; that does not have anything to do with it. They take in the sound of the words and are able to repeat them, and they repeat them quite fluently. Now, a mistake is made right there, because of the facility with which the child takes in the mere sounds of words and repeats them. We are apt to think that the child takes in a melody with just the same clearness and positiveness; but that is not so. The average child in the kindergarten does not take in an abstract thing like a melody in any such way, because he has had no experience like that. He has not known how, he does not know how, to listen to a melody. There has been no initiative in his own consciousness to the utterance of melody as there has been to language. His desires for different things that he loves,—for flowers, for his cookies,—all his home relations and larger social relations have been an initiative motive toward the use of language. He comes to that problem in the kindergarten in an entirely different condition of thought from what he does to the problem of taking in a melody. Because a few of the children seem to catch the melody quite clearly, and because you know that they are singing something of the same melody, because as a whole there seems to be a general effect like that melody, you seem to think that the child has caught the melody really; but my experience in connection with many children from the kindergarten has proven to me that the music of the kindergarten has had a confusing effect upon the majority of the children, and that they do not so readily catch melodies as many children who have not been in the kindergarten at all.

This is no criticism of the kindergarten, *per se*. I am simply noting points that need to be looked after very carefully in the kindergarten work. In regard to the vocal music, see to it that the child is given melodies that he can think of actually as melodies, no matter whether he thinks the words with them or not. Begin to find out whether the children do really conceive melodies; wheth-

er they are able really to think a melody clearly and positively,—because that is the simplest thing in music to think. If they cannot think that, they cannot think anything, so far as music is concerned; because they have not got any music until they get the melody. The reformation that I wish to suggest in regard to what is called instrumental music is that the music selected should be simple. *Simple;* but that is not to say inane. Simplicity and inanity are entirely different things. I mean simplicity in this respect: that the child is able to grasp it. Do not throw at him, as it were, a whole paragraph of Shakespeare's "To be or not to be" at one fell swoop and expect the dear child to take it all in and understand it; but present him with a simple statement, a simple melodic statement, that he can get some idea of. The instrumental music that is used in the kindergarten must be simple in respect to melody.

As I have said, my idea is that you ought to get the children to love music for music's sake, that is, to understand music in itself. If a child listens to some musical composition and goes away without the slightest impression having been made upon him of the melody, how can you expect him to understand anything else? You say, "Well, why not rhythm?" That is all right, but that is not music. I am talking of music. If you are giving him music for the purpose of cultivating a mere sense of rhythm, that is one thing; but we are talking about raising the standard of music, not of rhythm. That needs elevating badly, but that is not now the specific thing. So I say let the music be simple, so that a child can know that there is melody in it, that he can begin to feel it, to take it in, to sing it possibly, or at least to sing snatches of it, and go home and report it to his parents just as he would go home and report a part of a story to them. But no, we are apt to give the child something that we think will excite his imagination, that will suggest to him that he is on a skating party or on a hunting expedition, and make him go home and tell his mother whether they were hunting hares or horses or kangaroos, instead of making him go home and report music by singing bits of melody, showing that he has caught actual music.

Simplicity, then, does not mean inanity. We must select music that has musical integrity, musical purity, that quality which we attribute to literature when we speak of good, strong, healthy literature. Take the music, for instance, of such a dear old man as Carl Reinecke, a composer who is familiar to every kindergartner, I believe,—certainly as familiar as Hans Christian Andersen is in literature, and who can be paralleled to Hans Christian Andersen as perhaps no other man that I know of in music can be. Reinecke is the Hans Christian Andersen in music. Now, the music which such a man as Reinecke presents to us is simple, simple so that a child can get some grasp of it; but oftentimes even Reinecke's music is too strong meat for the children. We have sometimes got to take a simpler form of thought still than that. But it does not need to degenerate into anything that is namby-pamby or silly. There is plenty of pure, sweet, strong, healthy music in the world to-day, brought forth by strong, healthy musical minds, that can be found for the children.

Let me illustrate this point of simplicity and strength. I know of Schumann's "Papillons" being chosen for playing to children, because, the word "butterflies" being on the outside of it, the children were supposed to be able to know and understand and like it. You might just as well throw Hamlet at the children in Shakespeare's original form, just exactly. Schumann wrote the music before he ever put the word "Papillons" there, just as he wrote all of his kindergarten songs before he put names to them; and he had to hunt very hard, as he wrote to the lady who afterward became his wife, to find names for them; and was not always certain that he had found the right names, either. So that shows how absurd it is to think that, Schumann put up a picture before his mind when writing these. They came to his mind as butterfly effusions,—that is, mere pastimes of the hour, —but some of them are very deep.

Music for the kindergarten, then, must be able to associate itself with child experience, as distinct from adult experience. Convinced of this, what should you consider next? I want to have you, next, destroy the idea that anyone is good enough to play to the children. You might just as well say that any picture is good enough for the children. The distorted pictures that are often given to the children at the pianoforte are about equal to the distorted pictures that you see in the Sunday newspapers and on the

billboards. That it is better to give the children anything rather than nothing at all is the worst kind of a lie. You might say the same thing in regard to the billboard pictures and the Sunday newspaper pictures! But we know that that is not true at all.

We must insist, therefore, finally, that the one who goes to the kindergarten to present music to the children should be a musician, and that involves a great deal. It involves the ability on the part of the individual to think music truthfully, so that he shall not batter the children's ears with thousands of false tones; and he must at least have skill enough to present the tones. I sometimes think it would be a great deal better if pianolas were put into the kindergartens, for then all the tones would certainly be there, every one of them, and they would be there at the right time, too! The music must be presented on the part of the individual intelligently and not merely literally. He must not only put in all the tones, but he must understand the melody and the harmony and the rhythm and be able to put them together logically, presenting some logical thought, as well as mere passing of tones. He must be able to present it poetically. He must understand the character and the heart of music.

In response to Mr. Cady's request for questions, Mrs. Page asked what Mr. Cady thought ought to be done when kindergartners who were acceptable in all other respects had had no musical training. To this Mr. Cady replied by making a parallel inquiry: What are you going to do with anybody in the kindergarten who is trying to do something with mathematics and yet does not understand mathematics? How shall we raise the standard of music in the kindergarten? *Study music.*

Miss Patty S. Hill of Louisville, Kentucky, prefaced the reading of her paper by saying frankly: "I think it is rather cruel for training teachers to be asked to tell what kind of people training teachers ought to be, and I find that supervisors feel the same way about their subject! Trying to deal with mine in an absolutely impersonal manner, I found, when I had finished, that I had walked over myself rough shod! We must bear in mind that the standard is necessarily an ideal one, and that no people realize as do training teachers themselves, how far short they fall of the standard which they hold steadfastly before their own minds."

WHAT SHALL BE THE STANDARD OF REQUIREMENTS AND EXPERIENCE FOR TRAINING-TEACHERS?

By Patty S. Hill.

In handling so delicate a problem as this, we have to bear in mind that the standard referred to is necessarily an ideal one; and that no people realize as do training teachers themselves how far short we fall of the standard which we hold steadfastly before our own minds.

Training teachers, like all other weak human beings, have to strive to approximate this ideal as nearly as possible and to keep an even balance between their humility and their courage in their daily effort to climb nearer to the ideal standard.

In turning this subject over in my mind there seemed to be three absolutely necessary requirements and experiences for a training teacher to even approximate the standard of what a training teacher should be.

First. She should have a good, all-round education before she begins her professional preparation in the training class.

Second. She should have the fullest and most thorough professional preparation possible in a first class training school.

Third. After graduation, she should have a full apprenticeship in working with children under a broad-minded supervisor, where she can show her ability to accept suggestions from and work under a supervisor, while maintaining her own individuality and freedom in so doing.

It seems to me that we, who are training the training teachers of the future, should have our eyes open to discover the distinctive features and possibilities of future training teachers who shall be better than ourselves.

What are the distinctive earmarks by which we may hope to find future training teachers? Of course, each of us has her own individual ideas along this line; but, if you will pardon me for being personal, I will tell you of some of the methods I am using in the "still hunt"

for the training teachers of the future, taking the three absolute requirements and experiences given above, in the order presented.

First. I watch with peculiar interest the young women who enter the class with the best educational equipment—for example, our college women; because this college equipment is in itself good soil from which future training teachers should be expected to grow. Yet, although this is true, it is often a disappointment to find that, while conducive to this future, it does not by any means insure it.

I think the good education (not necessarily a college education) before professional training to be quite essential; because the future training teacher should not receive her first great conceptions of life and truth from her kindergarten training, but rather find it verified there with opportunities to apply it in her kindergarten training. Her point of view will necessarily be broader, and she will never be tempted to think that the kindergarten contains all of truth, as her less fortunately equipped classmates are tempted to do by their first glimpses of those great inspiring truths of life which the kindergarten training almost invariably reveals.

Second. Under the second head—that is, the thorough professional training in a first class training school—come daily opportunities to discover the qualities of future training teachers.

Let us watch for the scientific grasp of the general principles of genetic psychology and pedagogy, an ability to evolve sound methods in the light of these truths, to see small things from a large point of view. Even in the training class she must prove her ability to think for herself, not accepting without a challenge all the statements made by the authorities studied or by the training teacher.

She must manifest a generous, broad conception of theory, combined with a practical common sense in its application to practice.

She must give evidence of her ability to grasp the great truths of Froebel and to interpret his philosophy and methods in the light of the great educators who preceded him, and that wonderful group of sciences which have practically arisen since Froebel's day. These will open her eyes, as nothing else can, to the greatness of Froebel, and yet will keep her from being blinded to those limitations which must accompany the revelations of any human mind.

Last, but not least, her personality must be studied, her influence and ability with the children, her generous relations with her classmates, and her attitude of independence and respect toward the different members of the faculty.

Third. Under the third head—that is, the necessity for a long apprenticeship with children after graduation—the supervisor has her opportunity to discover what she considers good material for future training teachers.

In my own work, where I have the double duty of training the teachers and supervising our kindergartens as well, the opportunity comes to me to study the kindergartner in her work with children after her graduation. Here is the final test of ability as a future training teacher, and certain qualities must be exhibited as indications of this future.

She must give evidence of her ability to see and relate our work in the kindergarten to the grades that follow and to education as a whole.

She must manifest a tendency to continue study and investigation after graduation, showing a desire to broaden her intellectual horizon from year to year by studying with other teachers as well as kindergartners, affiliating with the great body of educators generally and not confining her intellectual intercourse to kindergartners alone. We need to study with other teachers the general principles of education, to leave temporarily our own little corner with its problems and get something of the broad sweep of the whole, thus bringing back new inspiration, and a broader scope, which will enable us to apply large principles to our own department of education with intelligence and zeal.

A receptive mind open to conviction should be one of the essential requirements of a future training teacher. There is no better test of her future possibilities in this direction than her attitude toward criticism—her poise and equilibrium while either facing or encouraging criticism of her own work or that of the kindergarten at large.

In her work with the children, she must be able to do her own thinking and work out her own problems and methods independently, with no slavish adherence to everything taught previously in her training school. She must be able to work wisely and well under a good supervisor, without leaning unduly upon her;

and must subordinate her own impulses and idiosyncrasies when necessary, while maintaining her own independence and right to think and apply from her own convictions.

She must have a sincere enthusiasm, born of a genuine love for children; and also a deep conviction and broad conception of the value of her own great calling, rather than that fanatical enthusiasm which is the result of a narrow conception of kindergarten as a panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir.

She must be able to meet the modern tendency in education to offer schemes, fads, and various ingenious devices, with that sound discrimination and common sense which is founded upon a general knowledge of psychology, philosophy and pedagogy, combined with her own convictions and experience in practical work with children. This general knowledge and her own common sense should fortify her against the evils creeping into all the new schemes of education, while at the same time keeping her open to receive the best that progress offers.

If student or volunteer teachers from training classes are practicing with or under her, she must give evidence of insight and ability to analyze their work, combined with fairness and tact as a critic teacher.

She must be fair enough to see, acknowledge and get the good in the ideals and work of other kindergartners, who disagree with her as to means and methods employed in different training schools. She ought to be able to adapt herself to, and work harmoniously with, people who see and believe differently, and learn to "agree to disagree."

She must have the ability to keep out of ruts, in either theory or practice, by looking upon Froebel and his great work, not as completed fifty years ago, but as a vital, ever-changing, ever-growing system of education, by striving to climb nearer to those inspiring ideals held before us by Froebel, where he says (Education of Man, page 17), "Man, humanity in man, as an external manifestation, should therefore be looked upon not as perfectly developed, not as fixed and stationary, but as steadily and progressively growing, in a state of ever-living development, ever ascending from one stage of culture to another toward its aim, which partakes of the infinite and eternal."

Dr. Jenny B. Merrill, supervisor of kindergartens, New York city, being called upon at the conclusion of Miss Hill's paper, spoke of the necessity for establishing an ideal standard, not only as a guide to those preparing themselves to become training teachers, but as a guide for those who are selecting a training school. Professors in colleges have a published record. Examinations are not to be all on one side. The requirements for teachers' licenses of every grade in New York city are published, and have become already, to a considerable extent, a standard for preparation. The requirements include the following factors in all cases:—

1. Academic training.
2. Professional, both general and special.
3. Experience (record).
4. Personality. In the case of a kindergarten training teacher, the examination would include also:—

1. The history and principles of education.
2. The subject matter of the kindergarten.
3. Methods of teaching the specialty.
4. School management.

Graduation from college or university courses would be required as evidence of the necessary academic training. The number of years of experience required would be less for a college graduate than for one not presenting a college degree. This matter has not been fully determined. It will probably be at least four years for a college graduate, and seven or eight for others, if indeed others are accepted at all. Miss Merrill said that it is especially necessary to teach a number of years before attempting to train others, in order to get away from one's own training, to grow strong enough to be original. She quoted a former report of Mrs. Putnam's in which she said: "No work can be enduring which is stamped with a borrowed stamp."

Miss Merrill said that she would offer a slight criticism upon the subject under discussion if it implies that the training is to be done by a single teacher. There must be a faculty, and it is better to have specialists in kindergarten training associated with members of a general faculty if possible.

Mrs. Page recalled to the audience the great influence which the I. K. U. had had in elevating the course of study for training classes and the standard of admission. "Now ought we not to take up the question of the training teacher

and raise the standard in that direction also? The whole future of the kindergarten rests upon the quality of the training; and unless that training is more consciously understood and raised year by year, the quality of the kindergarten will not be what it should. Many of you know undoubtedly that there are many young women who graduate from their training schools, never having studied at all some of the things that most of our oldest leaders have considered absolute essentials,—the A B C's of kindergarten training. I heard not long ago of a young woman who wanted to know what the Education of Man was. She had never heard of it, yet she had a certificate of graduation from a well-known training school. It is time that we make the subject a matter of such common discussion that everybody shall agree that there must be as high a standard as we can possibly secure."

The topic next considered was:—

WHAT SHALL BE THE STANDARD OF REQUIREMENTS AND EXPERIENCE FOR SUPERVISORS?

By Fanniebelle Curtis.

After training teachers have sent out kindergartners, and kindergartens have multiplied in towns and cities, there is a need of organization of kindergarten forces, a working together for a common good for inspiration and development. So the supervisor is abroad in the land.

What shall be the standard of requirements for a supervisor of kindergartens?

Certainly we will agree that, from the standpoint of scholastic education, she should have a high school training or its equivalent, and college or university work, with special courses in psychology and history of education. The course in psychology should lead to an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the active growing child and his psychic processes, and the history of education should open a wide view of those educational stages which have preceded our own. To these should be added specialized training in the theory and practice of the kindergarten and a persistent study of Froebel's philosophy.

These are the preliminary requirements. Now let us take a step further and let us consider the things that are required to make a full-fledged supervisor of kindergartens. (Locality and environment modify these requirements to some degree.)

In a section in which the population increases rapidly and new accommodations are being provided, the supervisor must know many things practically, for instance, the best special construction for kindergarten rooms. Previous to this, she, no doubt, has created the demand for the best rooms. If she is a supervisor in the public schools, she deals to-day with the department of buildings and decoration; to-morrow, the department of kindergarten supplies. Prosaic? Yes, at times; but a requirement for a supervisor is that she deal patiently with details.

It is required of a supervisor that she know the best methods of organizing kindergartens. At times, rather nice personal adjustments must be made if she is to assign kindergartners and assistant kindergartners to the schools in which they will fit best.

It is also required of a supervisor that she be a just custodian of the rights of the individual kindergartners whom she supervises; constantly, unceasingly arranging conditions, upholding the things that make for the best kindergarten work, and relentlessly opposing the things that retard it.

It is really required of the kindergarten supervisor that she be high priest and judge and arbitrator. Are there experiences or is there any line of experience that will educate or equip a supervisor of the future to meet these requirements?

The question may not be one of attainment for any, but is certainly one of pressing toward a goal. To meet, even in a measure, these necessary requisitions, involves a previous personal contact with each and every phase of practical kindergarten work.

The young kindergartner has recently graduated, and with the glow of enthusiasm takes her first position. The supervisor, too, has been a kindergarten assistant. There is that first mothers' meeting, when the young kindergartner wondered if she would be able to express all that she wished. In the visits in the homes the young kindergartner meets sociological conditions that may give her a vision of what the kindergarten ideals may mean to the life of the community through her little kindergarten. The supervisor sympathizes with every phase of experience that her kindergart

ners may have, for she has passed along the same road, and she knows it is worth the traveling.

It is to be hoped that every supervisor has had, at some time in her experience, a two-session kindergarten, or has worked with young, restless, vitally interested children both morning and afternoon. We would not wish her to have had this experience long, but just long enough to give her a fair trial of the weariness, the discouragement, the impossibility of spontaneous work, that press upon a fine-grained young woman when she has more than three hours of work a day with young children. Is there a supervisor whose experience does not convince her that two sessions over-stimulate the children and the kindergartner, and that the reaction tends, in time, to make the kindergarten formal and mechanical, and to lower its standard? A two-session kindergarten is the cross upon which kindergarten principles and ideals of nurture are in danger of being crucified.

The training teacher who gives her well-trained pupils into the care of the supervisor should require, nay, demand, that the supervisor should make it possible for these younger workers to have the incentive to succeed.

The supervisor is not a person of unlimited power but of great opportunity; and if she is to have the loyal support and cordial co-operation of her kindergartners in the life of service, she must have the courage of her convictions; and without fear or favor she must stand for those kindergarten principles which have been tried and are standing the test.

Miss Mary McCulloch of St. Louis began her remarks about the standard of training for supervisors by recounting the conditions favorable for the making of the ideal kindergartner, from early childhood to the time when the position of well-equipped and fully developed kindergartner who had passed through the various grades and experiences of kindergarten work had been reached. Being then placed as supervisor over a large body of kindergartners, she is at first appalled, then rallies through the inspiration which comes to her from Froebel's beautiful symbol of the tree as expressive of organic unity. She aspires to the realization of such unity in the organization under her charge. For this to be achieved, each individual must be imbued with the same inner principle; for each individual the conditions of growth must be favorable; there must be a constant renewal of life, a constant refreshment through noble ideals. Much of all this must come to the organization through the supervisor. She must have a sympathetic appreciation of the development possible in the nature and powers of a mature person, as well as in those of a little child. She must carry within herself cheer and encouragement, and dispense to those whom she visits the wisdom gathered by the way. When faults of omission or commission in the kindergarten work call for criticism, this must be given frankly, in a sympathetic spirit. The ideal of unity must permeate the kindergarten organization in every part.

Miss McCulloch closed by quoting a little verse which she thought indicative of the ideal supervisor's spirit:—

> "Make my mortal dreams come true
> With the good I fain would do.
> If there be a weaker one
> Give me strength to help him on.
> Clothe with life the weak intent,
> Let me be the thing I meant."

Before the time for the appointed meeting at Arlington Street Church, the overflow audience from Emmanuel chapel gathered there and listened with interest to Mr. Cady as he gave to them also his suggestive discourse on music.

PARENTS' CONFERENCE would have been an apt name for the second Round Table, at half past ten. This was under the leadership of Mrs. Margaret J. Stannard of Boston, chairman of the Mothers' Committee of the I. K. U. An overwhelming audience was present, filling the regular seats of floor and galleries, occupying footstools in the aisles and chancel, and even sitting on the rounding stairways leading to the high pulpit from which most of the addresses were delivered. The general subject was Home Discipline. Six addresses were given, with some discussion interspersed.

The addresses follow here in the order in which they were delivered.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

By Earl Barnes.

All things in this world move in rhythms of action and rest. We are living in a period of educational rest. The year 1870 was a period of new and great

ideas, — of the higher education of women, of manual training, of the public kindergarten, of the new nature study, of source work in literature. To-day we are assimilating these ideas into an organic whole. In this assimilating process there are three great tendencies plainly visible. We have decided that those who are to be educated shall include both sexes, all races, and all ages. It is no longer a period of life which is subject to education, but all the years from birth to death. As to pedagogical theory, it must in some way recognize growth and development; evolution is the dominant note in all our theories. As to the source of knowledge, we are all agreed that it must be sought in the study of reality, and the one reality with which educators deal is children, from babyhood to old age.

Rewards and punishments deal with the pathology of education. Were I dealing with the hygiene of education, I should speak only of love and moral suasion; I am dealing, however, with the medical aspect of the subject.

This world of ours is dominated by inviolable law. Effects produce their inevitable consequences; and what a man sows that shall he surely reap. Why then do we take it upon ourselves to step in between a child's acts and their inevitable consequences and punish and reward? It is because the consequences are so slow in coming and the world is so complex that the inevitable results would often come too late to correct conduct, and might not even be recognized when they came. Hence, we governing adults have to act as representatives of Deity, anticipating results and giving them to the children in terms of punishment and reward which they can understand.

If this is true, then we must speak a language which will be understood, and minds at different points of their development understand different kinds of rewards and punishments. To trace these stages we must examine the growth of correction in the race and in growing children.

In the history of the race we have three distinct stages in the development of punishment: Punishment with savages rests on revenge,—it is getting even with the offender; later on, in civilization, it rests on the attempt to frighten the offender and all would-be offenders, thereby protecting the law-abiding; among still more highly civilized people it tends to become a remedy,—a means of instructing or curing imperfect or diseased minds.

If we examine a group of growing children, we find the same general steps in their development. If we place before classes of different ages a hypothetical case, dealing with a child's life, we find that the youngest children resort to immediate physical reactions, when asked what they would do, and this is as true in highly refined homes, where the whip is unknown, as in the homes of the poor and ignorant. Little children understand, and tend to speak, the language of immediate physical force. With every advancing year the percentage of children who would resort to force dies out and is gradually supplanted by appeals to reason and higher motives.

In our treatment of children to-day, I take it, no one would uphold punishment inflicted simply to get even with the child; revenge is unworthy the man who has the care of a child in his hands. So, too, any punishment inflicted simply to frighten a child would be considered unworthy of any intelligent parent or teacher, unless the fear aroused was looked upon as an element necessary to the child's well-being or to the protection of his fellows. All punishment, we say, should be remedial in its nature; hence, any punishment which leaves the child in a worse state of mind than it found him—which leaves him ugly and revengeful, or cowardly and hopeless—is wrong, and, from the point of view of the intelligent teacher, has been a failure. What the child ought to feel has nothing to do with the case. Our problem is the same as that of the physician: How has the remedy which we have applied actually affected the patient? Has it left him better or worse than he was before?

Our study seems to show that young children understand and will respond to immediate physical force in punishment, and that this should be gradually supplanted by reason. But in this paper we are discussing only pathology; we are seeking medicine, not food. If either the physical or the moral nature of a child becomes diseased and needs medicine, it is because the parents were ignorant or careless. Since we are none of us omniscient, we shall continue to have disease, and medicines must be used. Our business is to prevent the need; if we fail in that, we must use remedies that are effective.

MORAL SUASION.

By Mrs. Robert H. Chapin.

In the story of Prometheus the authority of Jupiter is overthrown by the willingness of Prometheus to suffer.

Whenever authority is based on punishment we take this risk, and in proportion as the will of the child is developed the risk of this overthrow becomes greater. Moreover, if a child chooses to suffer to gain its point and we are baffled in our authority based on punishment, it is too late to resort to moral suasion based on love.

Again, in the history of Judaism and the coming of the Messiah, we see law giving place to mercy and compassion as a means of educating the race. Development through moral suasion is ideal education. Punishment is the inevitable destiny of an evil tendency that has not been overcome. Moral suasion is the best means of overcoming evil tendencies.

The vital essence of moral suasion is love; therefore moral suasion is peculiarly the maternal method or the method of those who have the gift of sympathy, and such are the only true educators.

A right attitude on the part of the parent is the great necessity. I am convinced that a calm, gentle firmness in regard to the right invariably prevails; but I do not think that calm, gentle firmness can cause wrong to prevail, nor that vehement, aggressive insistence helps right to prevail; and herein lies the protection of the child. Two great necessities for an educator are to be right and to feel right, but one does not necessarily imply the other. To be on the defensive suggests being in the wrong. To assert too vehemently assumes opposition and so creates it, and punishment is resorted to to overcome this opposition.

As an illustration of this, I will cite a personal experience which I believe to be typical. It was my custom to send my three-year-old boy to bed by affectionate suggestion rather than command, and he had always responded. On one occasion, due to the influence of a believer in the assertion of authority, I said with emphasis: "Baby, go to bed!" For the first and only time in his life he turned and said: "I won't!" The believer in authority based on punishment was present. I felt that my theory was put to the test. I paused, feeling that it was a critical moment. Then, with all the tenderness and affection I was capable of, I held out my arms, saying; "Baby, come to mamma." He rushed to me. Taking him on my knee, I began to tell him of all the things which love had brought him, meaning to make an appeal to him to do something for love. Before I reached the point of appeal, he looked into my face with a radiant smile and said: "I guess I will go to bed." I have had no occasion to change my theory since.

I have observed that parents are apt to punish the children they do not understand or those who are unsympathetic to them, and rarely the children whose temperament they do understand and whom therefore they more readily excuse; or that they punish the children whose faults reflect most discredit, although these are not necessarily the most serious. Children are punished for mistakes their parents have made. There is a strange severity that goes with righteousness, and a strange non-resistance and apparent yielding to evil which goes with much loving.

The Apocrypha says: "The desire of discipline is the beginning of wisdoms." I remember an instance of a boy who had been much loved and carefully guided, who said to his mother when he was thirteen: "I want to be disciplined," and to whom the mother answered: "Let me help you to discipline yourself." I do not believe that punishment for wrong-doing would ever bring a child to that attitude; rather does it inspire a fear of discipline. I would recommend that in a child's happiest, most loving moments he should be given something hard to do, for love's sake; and so, when difficult and painful duties arise, they would be performed instinctively for the same motive. For we wish to teach no lower truth than the highest that we know. The reward of every difficulty overcome is a greater; and the greatest punishment of hopeless sinning is that no punishment is felt.

MORAL SUASION.

By Rabbi Samuel Hirshberg.

While agreeing with the leading speaker that punishment is a question of "medicine rather than hygiene," I should say that it is a medicine which should be administered first of all upon the agents of its administration, parents, rather than upon its helpless victims, children.

I am of the opinion that severe and stern methods of discipline, wherever they are effective, are so to the neglect of more gentle methods which might have been adopted and which would have proven, in most instances, far more effective. I can scarcely imagine a circumstance, where a child is punished in some severe way, that a similar result could not be accomplished by an appeal to his reason, his better sense and sentiments, his whole "better self," as we say. The trouble is, that most of the punishment inflicted upon the child is inflicted not with the immediate conscious view of its corrective effect, of its benefiting the child, but with the view rather of avenging upon him the fracture of some rule of conduct, more or less wise, which we have set for his observance. We are angry that he has had the temerity to balk our will, to do something which, whether consciously or unconsciously with him, displeases us; and straightway in the heat of the moment we subject him to some painful and humiliating form of discipline: while, if we had waited until we could take a calmer view of his offense, the chances are that we should have pursued a saner and gentler mode of bringing him to see, confess, and make good his fault.

Could we look into the child's mind and heart after we have imposed upon him some harsh penalty for a misdeed, well might we tremble, in most instances, at what we should find there! A spirit of mutiny and rebellion is most commonly what our harshness engenders. The child is usually far more rational than we give him credit for being, and demands that if there is to be any penalty for a misdoing on his part, it should be a penalty that stands in some necessary and appropriate connection with the wrong that he has done. In this regard he has some prevision of nature's method of enforcing discipline; of the natural and fitting penalty that it exacts in each instance. But when, on the contrary, the child finds that a buffet and a blow are the regular form of penalty, between which and his offending he can discern no natural and proper connection, he is almost of a necessity constrained to feel that his smallness and weakness are being taken advantage of, and that if he were only bigger and stronger, things would be,—yes, would have to be,—different. Emerson finely describes this state of mind in those words doubtlessly familiar to you all: "If I am merely willful, he (the child) gives me a Roland for an Oliver, sets his will against mine, one for one, and leaves me, if I please, the degradation of beating him by my superiority of strength." Or, if it be not this spirit which is awakened in the child by severe methods of discipline, it is the no less pernicious one of obedience from a motive of fear. As President Eliot said last night, we have no right to apply any motive in a child's life that may not properly be applicable in later years. Ours it must be, then, to see that the child is taught from the very outset of his career the habit of respect and obedience to the right from some other motive than that of fear,—from the motive of love, if you will. This we can only do by the gentle, gracious, winning influence of moral suasion, by constantly keeping before us the recognition, as Emerson again puts it, that "if I renounce my will and act for the *soul*, setting that up as umpire between us two, out of his young eyes looks the *same soul*; he reveres and loves with me."

CONFIDENCE AND CO-OPERATION BETWEEN PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

By Arthur A. Carey.

We know that a teacher cannot teach effectively unless he is all the time learning; for, unless he is taking in at the same time that he is giving out, what he gives out will most likely be hard and dry and condescending. It is the conscious or unconscious fellowship in learning that makes teaching sympathetic, effective, and delightful.

It is the same with parents as it is with teachers; and this sense of fellowship between parents and children creates a social atmosphere which, in itself, is like fresh air and sunshine.

Principles are absolutely necessary, precepts are necessary, and authority is necessary; but, in one family, we shall find principles laid down in a dry and formal way, and, in another, in a way to appeal to the imagination of a child. We may find precepts held up in so artificial and lifeless a spirit that they mean no more to a child than the precepts we used to copy in our copy-books meant to us when we were children. Again, a child's idea of authority may vary from that of a hard, unintelligent task-master to that of warm and delightful friend-

ship with a mother whose authority is manifest because it springs out of the quality of her daily life.

This influence, that springs from sincere right living in the mother at the same time that she requires right living in the child, produces confidence in the child, makes principles, precepts, and authority seem like living things, and makes it possible for the child to respond with warmth and interest to her guidance.

We must not claim infallibility in our relations to our children; we must not pose as perfect beings; we must not be afraid of acknowledging our faults. If we are sincere and in earnest, the children will feel this and will give us their confidence; and when we try to make them see their faults in order to abandon them and grow in wisdom in proportion to their age, they will feel that we are not shams, but that we know how hard it is ourselves, and have a right to teach and guide them.

It is easy to command; it is not so easy to gain cheerful and happy obedience. The former anyone can do; the latter requires an honest life devoted to the same law to which obedience is demanded in the child. This obedience of our own to the laws which we require our children to obey will protect us from all small and unnecessary exactions of superficial obedience. For, by living it in our own lives, we shall keep in touch with the inner spirit of obedience, and shall not feel bound by the letter of the law unless it is also a vehicle for the spirit.

The sense of companionship in trying to be good, the sense of reciprocal help and coöperation, is the very air of freedom for the growth of strong, self-reliant, loving boys and girls.

After all, this is only the Golden Rule. If we love our neighbor as ourselves, we must, in the truest sense, love ourselves as we do our neighbor; and, if we serve our children by teaching them a free and happy obedience to law, we must obey the law freely and happily ourselves.

Let us not forget that we are all subject to the same law, and that our children are among the nearest of our neighbors.

FREEDOM IN DEVELOPMENT.

By Mrs. Grace Call Kempton.

We must recognize in education the power and certainty of cause and effect; therefore, such reflection as we are now giving to punishments will afford orderly help. But is there not danger of our overlooking the fact that influences which we do not plan and select for their effect upon our children are in reality quite as effective as those which we do select? Until this realization is established, we may take away with one hand what we give with the other, as in cases where children of wealthy parents are pressed to deeds of generosity and then subjected to the influence of seeing the cook's child receive food of a poorer quality than their own; or where they hear it said that such a garment is worn out—ready to be given away. We wish our children to be brave. We carefully plan to direct them to right opportunities to become brave. Perhaps we spend much thought upon grading these efforts. Suddenly we find ourselves in an emergency which requires the practical bravery of both ourselves and the child. He is ready and spontaneously starts forward, but we check his action. All further attempts to lead him to knightly conduct are of lessened influence. At best, what we do for our children is limited by what we ourselves are.

Many times a complete analysis of cause and effect would show that it was not the carefully planned punishments which had prevailed with our children, but the conditions around the punishments; not the long stay in bed when sent before the regular time, but the sound of the father's voice when he is told what has happened, coupled with his mature acceptance of his own part of the deprivation; not the confinement of the room or closet, but the sight of a familiar garment belonging to the parent who has directed the isolation, and associated with some experience of a contrasting nature.

The acknowledgment of the broad and almost endless disciplinary influences of life would seem to be the best preparation of parents for their responsible work in guiding children, and this would lead to more intelligent practices, to more genuine thinking, to more sincere action.

Coöperation in discipline deepens the relation between parents and children and is also a step toward a higher plane of life. The old way was to take from a child the toy which he was misusing. The new way is to require him to put it away. This is a bald instance, but are there not many opportunities of a finer sort which we are not embracing and in which we might increase our coöperation

with the child and free ourselves from personal methods which are only burdensome?

To adopt universal rather than personal modes of procedure one has to be quite sure of one's own desires and ideas. One must ask one's self: How consistent am I ready to be? How enduring? How genuine and sincere? We must let the child appear what he is, and be willing patiently and trustfully to see him through his experiences. If they are very sad or hard ones, we invariably have ourselves to blame. Recognition of universal laws and processes leads us to see that growth, to be genuine, must come eventually from the heart. We may from personal arrangements so discipline a child as to make him conform externally to the requirements of right conduct; but he will not become habituated to this conduct until a desire for it grows within him.

Few thoughtful mothers but embrace, at least partially, the opportunities offered by the love of the little girl for her doll; and yet, falling to the personal method, such mothers say to the child: "Do not try to put Dolly to bed to-night, dear, you are too tired!" Of course, there may be instances in which the germ of motherliness, which is universal with children, must be temporarily neglected for the sake of some important issue at hand; but in recognition of its deep and broad influence we should move so carefully as not to make neglect of this or any other law necessary.

We have for years studied the active disciplinary forces, but wider attention to laws which prevail universally will lead us to new and influential agents which are passive in their requirements, while the consequences which result are of an active character. I shall mention but one of these. I refer to the use of the power of quietness,—quietness which is not brought about by constraint but is genuine, and which has been so naturally developed as to be agreeable to the child. This kind of quietness is an assistance in the training of children which cannot easily be estimated. It is a training in itself, which should be begun in the earliest days of infancy and become a habit as early as the need of its help comes to the child. Such a basis for the child's treatment of himself brings its temptations, but the very poise we have helped him to attain keeps before us our truest ideals and leaves us more free to employ our own highest endeavors.

MORAL INFANCY.

By Joseph Lee.

There is one idea of Froebel's which I think especially important at the present time,—a message from him that I think the American people may well consider. This idea is that the child should be treated as a child, as a member, and a subordinate member, of the family, and not as an isolated independent unit. Some of us have, I think, taken too literally the statement in the Declaration of Independence that all men are *born* free and equal. When the baby first makes his appearance we take him by the hand and treat him as a man and a brother, ask him what he would like to drink, consult him on whether the family shall go to the seashore for the summer, and otherwise treat him as though he were a complete and independent human being. Froebel's idea of the proper treatment for children was very different. It is an aggravating perversion of truth that Froebel should be spoken of by writers of authority as though he of all men were responsible for our modern—and, as it seems to me, perverse and irrational—individualistic conception of the child. His idea of parental authority went as far as to lead him to hold that the father stood to the child for God. The American sense of humor will, I think, prevent the American father from taking just that view of his function, or at least from taking exactly that way of stating it. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which even that statement is absolutely true. There is a sense in which the father has that place to fill, and in which, whatever his inadequacies and misgivings, he cannot get out of it.

In the first place there are some matters on which there should be absolute and inflexible law to which the child shall have to submit. However we state it to him, we must make it evident that there are some things which he must and some which he must not do. We are already learning to do this in matters affecting his physical health. We make him go to bed at bedtime, take his meals at mealtime, get up when it is time to get up. I think we can carry the same system a little further to advantage. There are also social laws which ought to be observed. If a child undertakes to make mud-pies with the oatmeal, or to play blocks or ball with the china, he should be prevented.

And it should be made certain to the child that the laws that we lay down are laws. The child ought not to be taught to go to bed because he loves his mother. That is not the real reason, and we ought not to let him think that it is. The reason why he must go to bed is that it is bedtime. He would have to go to bed even if his mother had died or if he had never had a mother. The principle illustrated by Miss Blow's instance of the kindergartner's suggesting the clock game when a child came late is the true one. The thing about a clock is that it is inexorable. The pendulum will swing at exactly the same speed whether you laugh or cry. You cannot persuade it to go a second faster or a second slower by looking cunning or by making a fuss about it. What the clock says is: "It is seven o'clock; time to get up." "It is nine o'clock; time for school." "It is six o'clock; time for bed." You have come, here, in contact with the law of the universe, and it is you that will have to conform; the law will not budge. Emerson has been quoted here as saying that you must not set up your arbitrary will against the child. Very true, it must not be your petty personal whim against his petty personal whim. But the alternative is not between those two. There is a third way of speaking, namely, to speak to him as the mouthpiece of inexorable law, of the law of a moral and incorruptible universe; and when you so speak he recognizes that the law is in him also and is authoritative. He looks in your eyes and he says, "That is true: that is I; that is God."

I believe that the whole of the terrific controversy that rages perpetually around the question of obedience turns upon the further question of whether or not you recognize that there is such a thing as infancy. Both parties to this controversy wish the child to obey not arbitrary but lawful authority, not the voice without but the voice within. What those who think they do not believe in obedience will not at present admit is that the voice of a parent may sometimes represent the inner voice, that the child ever in his heart knows that he ought to obey. But he does know it. He knows it because, in truth, there is such a thing as infancy, because there is such a thing as a child; and he is it. The difference between man and the animal is that the animal is born ready-made, complete, with instincts each finished, each having its definite, practical end. The young animal can walk and seek his food and take care of himself almost from the first. Man is not born in that condition. The characteristic of man is that he is born without ready-made knowledge, but with an infinite capacity for learning. He is the learning animal, and it is to that fact his pre-eminence is due. That is what we mean by infancy. Infancy is the learning period, the time for receiving impressions, the time for the child to find out what sort of a universe this is in which he finds himself.

And the principal method by which the child finds out is by trying. He tries all possible things, moves in all possible directions, and learns which things are good by the elimination of the rest. He touches a hot stove, and decides that that is not one of the paths that he cares to follow. He drops something on his foot, and makes up his mind that that also is to be for him a closed door. And as with the physical, so with the moral universe. He makes experiments of an infinite number of courses of action and finds out by actual experience which course is socially permissible and which is not. This peculiarly human characteristic of the human young is the explanation of what some people call a child's tendency to mischief. It is in the main a tendency not perverse but purely catholic, not towards mischief, but in all directions, some of which are mischievous and some are not. His idea—or rather the unconscious principle he represents—is to try all things, prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.

If the function of infancy and the method of investigation of the child are such as I have described, it follows that it is all-important that the child should find a solid and truth-telling universe surrounding him. He is like a man prodding in the snow with a stick trying to locate a ledge of rock. It is essential to his progress in ascertaining the relations of things that when he encounters a social law it should not deceive him by being as soft as the rest. It is essential to the child's accomplishing of the end which all this experimenting is designed to accomplish that he should find a firm, a vertebrate universe; that he should not encounter what Emerson has called "a mush of concession."

And, as Mr. Barnes has pointed out, firmness is pleasant to the child. When a child is doing everything he can to aggravate you, when he seems to be pos-

sessed of a spirit of perversity and contradictoriness, it is frequently because he is trying to find out whether you represent anything real, whether there is anything to which you will not submit, anything in you that is solid, reliable, safe. He is trying to "get a rise" out of you, to see whether there is any solid structure to this social universe in which he finds himself. He is tired, homesick, for a little authority, for something firm, something that he can trust. My own experience confirms what Mr. Barnes has said of the way in which a child likes a firm restraining grasp of the hand, the coercion of a strong arm. It is like a home-coming, a touch at last of bed rock, a feeling that the universe can be relied upon after all; and the child thankfully lays aside the toils and responsibilities of the office of despot which his parents' abdication had imposed upon him to resume the character of subordinate and learner for which he is by nature adapted.

As I see the facts, there is, then, such a thing as infancy; there is a period during which the child is a child, a learner; as learner implying a teacher, as child implying a parent—a parent who shall be not an equal but a superior, an announcer of the law. And if this view be right, if the parent has such office to fulfill, let him, in what he announces, represent the world and social obligation as it really is. The child is feeling about, trying to distinguish the true from the false, the socially permissible from the socially forbidden. Let us present a truthful and therefore solid universe to his investigation, so that his experiments may encounter the truth, so that he may discover that this is an orderly world, a world of law whose operation is independent of our likes and dislikes, and so that we may not, by disguising the truth, permanently falsify his reckoning.

The discussion elicited by the views of these speakers was characterized by earnestness and vivacity. Those taking part were Miss Susan E. Blow, Mrs. Grace C. Kempton, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, Mrs. Mary B. Page, Mrs. James L. Hughes, Mrs. Robert H. Chapin, Mrs. James B. Brown, and Prof. Earl Barnes. For this discussion, stenographically reported for the I. K. U., see its next Annual Report.

THE THURSDAY AFTERNOON MEETING began at half-past two, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam presiding. The two papers took opposite views of the chosen subject, and were as follows:—

CONSTRUCTIVE WORK IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Bertha Payne.

This term, constructive work, is merely a new name for making. If we set aside school parlance and use the terms of ordinary custom in art and industry, we might classify all hand work of the kindergarten and school under the heads of making, modeling, "picture-making," designing, and writing. It is so much simpler to thus unite the work of society, school and infant school. This helps us to see the social value and psychological significance of our exclusive Gifts and Occupations. In childhood, as in the adult world which we call society, the process of education goes on through the activities which living together necessitates. In the kindergarten this living together does not, as in the school and in society, bring its members face to face with the problem of providing the necessities of life, and so educate through real work. Because play impulses are dominant, the being together stimulates them and does not prematurely force upon the children a sense of the real need of solving the problems of providing the necessities of life. Nevertheless, the impulses to play are stimulated when a child is placed in a community, and these impulses are largely toward the imitation, or re-creation of the activities of older people. Heretofore, schools have existed primarily that children might gain knowledge. Kindergartners, too, have unconsciously perpetuated the old tradition. The school of the future will recognize that knowledge must inevitably come when, in the school community, the first impulses gratified are impulses to do, to accomplish, to achieve results. This desire for achievement is strong in the heart of every child, and he will surely fall short of the best development that school can give, if we fail to use it and make its use the fundamental principle in our work.

While the Gifts and Occupations of the kindergarten are looked upon as ma-

terials from which a child may, first, learn facts of form and number and, second, express them, the natural processes of his mental working are reversed. His great longing is to do and to make. Gratify this desire, and if we are careful in guiding the choice of what is done, and the manner of its doing, knowledge must of necessity come also. The Gifts and Occupations are planned most wisely to give materials for expression, finely adapted to a little child's feeble power of construction, suggestive just when he most depends upon suggestion, easily adapted to meet the change of purpose which comes so frequently in little children, and which ought to be recognized. In addition, they furnish opportunities for progressive discoveries of facts of form, and of number-relations. They make progressively greater demands upon skill and power of expression.

The Gifts are peculiarly useful in revealing facts of form and number, but the objects made with them are not lasting. This is not quoted as an objection, for this is the prominent mark of most play, that it is for the satisfaction of present impulses that do not look to the future. The Occupations in general give a more lasting medium of expression. Often they make a link from day to day, a future to be realized. When finished, something is realized that the "I" achieved, something that gets a measure of its value in being referred to the "other" one for approval and recognition. Do we need anything more? If kindergarten children are given a chance to express themselves continually in building, modeling, picture making, and designing, through the medium of the Gifts and Occupations, what more can the constructive instinct demand? What more can the social instincts need? Nothing, provided they continue to be satisfied with play constructions, and provided there be not more stress laid on the conventional and decorative side of the Occupations than children of that age need; nothing if enough can be made that satisfies the growing demand for reality and use.

Study the psychology of a child's expression and you will find three distinct moments. If the Gifts meet the last of these as well as they do the former, then we need nothing more.

First: a period which we might call the sense-perception stage; a stage almost outgrown when a child enters kindergarten. It is now that he is caught and held by the sensible properties of objects; he is sorting and classifying his world of objects and getting their meaning by testing their density, sound, weight, and possibilities of combination. Then comes the dawn of the imitative and constructive stage, when he finds, by chance combinations, that he has hit upon a likeness, and is joyful at the discovery of himself as a creator. He is encouraged to repeat this performance and to initiate new ones. He begins to make over his world of things into idealized combinations; he uses the thing not so much to get its reaction to sensation, but to get new meanings, to vivify familiar objects out of old uses and into new uses. Much of this transforming activity is prompted by the force of suggestion. It matters not that his playthings are tumbled into a box when the half hour's play is over; that his buildings are taken apart and neatly piled into cubes. All is for the present; each moment has its own motive and its own content. This is the great playtime, this growing time of constructive power. But by and by the table or house of blocks ceases to satisfy; they are not real and they are too easily made. The difference between "play making" and "really making" is felt, and the little child stretches his ambition toward becoming that person who really makes.

There seems to be a need here for something that I do not find in cardboard sewing or in cutting and to but a small degree in folding, cardboard modeling, weaving, and clay modeling;—namely, occupations that from the beginning as well as in the end give the child a sense of accomplishment. There comes a time when every child of vigorous mind wants to know that he is making something not merely pretty and not simply decorative; something that has a use, not a play utility, not a sham; not a sop to his ambitions but a use that the world of other people will recognize and appreciate. The paper boat was good, it was his own creation, it satisfied his play impulse, it used to the full his skill and perception for that time; but the occasion comes often and often before he leaves the kindergarten when he perceives the gap between this mimic thing and a more real one. He sees that it lacks in points most essential to a child's mind. The paper boat will not float, it will carry nothing; he cannot use it himself nor can his neighbor; hence it falls short in most worthy char-

acteristics. If his social instincts have grown as they ought, he will require of his structures that they form a link between him and his companions. That is no argument against the real play with the Gifts in the kindergarten. That kind of play has first place, as I have before indicated, when fingers are feeble and images vague though vivid. Yet as soon as he himself longs to make a thing that has more than a hint of resemblance to reality, as has the folded paper wagon, he should be helped on and not hindered. He wants a wagon that will behave as a wagon should. It must both hold and carry; it must unite distant points. With a wagon possessing these qualities his play is fuller, his union with the large world more complete. Without doubt the demand on skill and invention is greater. Then comes the critical question: Is he ready yet to plan the thing proposed? Has he the power to make it from start to finish, so that he and not the teacher will get the training in purpose and imagery? Too often materials outside the Froebelian materials are adopted without any discretion as to the measure of a child's power or initiative. Something new and attractive is seen; it appears at first sight to be admirably calculated to satisfy a child's desire for built-up work, and the psychological point of view is utterly forgotten.

At least three questions should be asked before any piece of work is adopted. First: Will the children feel the need of this? Second: Can they think out the plan? Third: Can they execute it, mastering the difficulties of the material? To illustrate: tin dustpans are fascinating, they meet the first requirement, for children all want to make and use them. They meet the second requirement,—five year old children can easily see the necessary points in their construction, and plan a way of making them from the sheet of tin. But the third requirement is not met unless the tin be so pliable that very tender fingers can bend it. Making doll-clothes is another most attractive kind of work, but again the strain is too great upon eyes and fingers. The worst travesties upon constructive work are those which are almost entirely the result of the teacher's planning,—like the boat that I saw in a kindergarten. The teacher brought out the flat boat-shaped pieces of wood, the rounded sticks cut the right length, the squares of cloth for sails. The children obediently and willingly and with much help cut each cloth square diagonally for sails. They bored the holes joyfully and stuck in the masts. Then the teacher fastened on the sails. I leave you to judge of the amount of initiative, planning, and skill exercised by the children.

The same kind of boat was achieved in another kindergarten. First came a talk of coming excursions, of the lake and its many boats and what they carried,—fruit from Michigan, lumber, and coal. The wish to make came naturally next, as a result of the teacher's adjustment of conditions. Of what should it be made? Paper? Blocks? Wood? Then the teacher's assistance came in to help in the planning by suggestions and questions. A general plan was agreed upon, points in it being furnished by both teacher and children. An oblong of thin wood was given to each child. This was then planed smooth and triangles were marked on it, to point the bow. These triangles were measured by the older children and drawn for the little ones. Each child did his own sawing, even the youngest needing but little help with this. They bored the holes for the masts and measured and cut the sticks which the older ones rounded with plane and sandpaper. Pictures of boats were then examined to see how the sails should be made. Each child cut out his sail from a bit of white muslin. Then came the joy of the first trip to the pond to test the floating possibilities of each bark. Had you seen the whole process I think you would have said with me that it had every element of educative imagery and execution: motive, seeing conditions to be met, planning ways to meet them, and realizing the full joys of production, even to really using the thing produced.

The Gifts seem to me most useful from the time a child first begins to want to construct or to put his ideas into form, until he demands some degree of permanence and usableness of his built-up forms; yet I should want to use Gifts in the second grade, and woodwork at the baby table, if the whole need in each case would be better ministered to by so doing.

During the third, fourth, and fifth years of the average child, play is in full swing but a gradual growth is going on. At first he delights in doing for the sense it gives of power; his carelessness of definite result is shown in his readiness to act upon new suggestions. He has small power of shutting out new stimuli and holding to purpose.

Here is the place for building and re-

building; for changing not for fixing. Here he learns, at an enormously rapid rate, facts of form and number, as he handles the Building Gifts. He does not yet care to have every phase of reality embodied in his inventions. But soon he prefers to build a chest that has a cavity, rather than a solid chest. Soon much discriminating work can be done by making fitness to use the measure of criticism, a use either real or imagined. For instance, the throne must be high enough to allow all the subjects to see the queen; the steps must not shake under the tread, nor the dyke give way at a slight pressure. Then proportion comes in also as a standard of fitness. "This chimney is too big for my house;" "Your stove is too large for that kitchen." Then when a boy says to me, "I want a wider cupboard—as much wider as that," I am sure that he is ready for conscious use of the standards of measure. I give him a ruler and show him how to tell me the desired length in inches. He is ready to do less with the partially shaped materials of the Gifts, and to use his invention and knowledge of form in shapeless material which he can shape from beginning to end of the process. He can hold a plan in mind from day to day, without losing interest in its completion. He prefers to make an object all himself, and it should, when finished, bear some relation to his life with others. Nor do I want him to be sent out of the kindergarten to do this work. No one stage is ever wholly over and done with; the second grade demands play, the kindergarten needs the element of work. I know a most capable second-grade child who brought his dearest possession to show to his teacher. You would never guess what it was,—a plaster bird in a wire cage! It shared his apple at luncheon and its water-cup was filled, and then emptied to make believe the thirst had been really satisfied. The boy did no less strong work in number when it was necessary to multiply the quantities used in one portion of blanc-mange by twelve to serve a party. He was quite as skillful as the others in his science experiments, and quite as thoughtful. Froebel tells us that it is most pernicious to regard each stage of childhood, boyhood, and youth as distinct entirely from the preceding. In direct connection he says: "Give to each stage that which the stage calls for." Oh, the simple old creed, "Come, let us live with our children!" Do we ever relax our hold on preconceived opinions long enough to find out what the stage really is demanding, and what we must do if we live with the children and up to the best in them?

CONSTRUCTIVE ACTIVITIES IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

By Anna W. Williams.

The conviction upon which the remarks of the preceding paper are founded is that the value, means and method of all education can only be rightly determined by constant reference to their effect on development.

Fearing to deserve the criticism of Lowell's candidate in the Biglow Papers, as having a mind

> "tu fair to lose its balance
> And say w'ich party hez most sense;
> There may be folks of greater talents
> That can't sit stiddier on the fence,"

I shall try to show reasons for my convictions in simple phrase, and shall keep near the surface, leaving the deeper things for others.

I am not unaware that this paper reads like an attack; but in our educational effort at unity we must admit diversity. It may be better, too, that the sisters have a "fallin' out in meeting." It will at least clear the atmosphere, and we can "build the world anew" in our bosoms. There are two rival theories in the application of the manual work of kindergarten.

The "Constructive Work," as the making of simple toys and useful articles is called, concerns itself largely with the product of the artisan rather than with child development. It may subordinate education to technical skill. Its product is one thing; the result is scattered and broken ideas, since the objects to be manufactured are unrelated to each other. The child requires guidance at every step of the way, producing a gradually growing dependence on the teacher. It makes use of a natural expression that belongs to a later stage, and thus hastens development. It limits the resources of the child. Through the "showy" work produced at five years it may arrest work at seven years. It shows a completed result, but a narrow, limited development.

The Froebelian Gifts and Occupations, on the other hand, lead the child to do this and that, not for the sake of the product, although that may be duly valued, but for the sake of the doing and the reaction it will have upon the child. The result is consecutive development, and the reaction is the lifting of himself through continued process to higher and higher ideals. They use the activities that are uppermost at the kindergarten stage. The block and the ball offer a paradox. They make haste slowly, while the basket and box seem to progress faster and further. The child's power of resource is great. Although the work is crudely symbolic, it is the basis of that which more nearly approaches life at a later stage. There is no temptation to say "I did it all myself" when the coöperation of the teacher has been more than a spiritual stimulation. They are fit for class work, hence more economical; and, lastly, they exemplify in the highest way "the glory of the incomplete."

"What dazzles for the moment, spends its spirit;
What 's genuine shall posterity inherit."

In laying stress on the "making things" idea, do we not ignore the early power of adaptability, and bind the child to hard and fast lines of detail? Which knowledge is most worth (at from three to six years of age), that which obliges the child to imitate a wooden bracket which can never lead out to any analogy or relationship and can speak only from its own limitations, or that knowledge which is the result of a crude paper bracket that may be a basket, a pocket-book or a thousand other things? Is it not premature to chain the child to such perceptive detail at the imaginative stage when a room, without any transformation, may be at one moment a parlor, a kitchen, a school, or a store? Are not children's questions, as manifestations to us of their power of thought, concerned with subjects of universal rather than particular character, questions that often lie too deep for any philosopher? How common to hear: "Who made me?" and immediately following: "Who made God?" Is not infancy the time for obtaining large relationships not only to the universe but to the material things about us?

The necessity for vivid, clear, accurate perceptions is unavoidable among wild animals and in savage life. You recall the story of Raggylug. Mollie Cotton-Tail was such an excellent mother because she taught her children how to avoid snakes,—practical from the beginning. The Indian is able in his hunting expeditions to subtract the view and with his eye follow the little gray jack-rabbit through all his devious windings in and out of the forest, while the white man's vision of the rabbit's course is obstructed by the sight of the tree, river, and sky. The child is in the savage state, perhaps; but if we give emphasis to training along one line, we shall leave him in the savage state. He may track the object, but he loses the inclusive view. As long as human beings are on the material plane, the senses, more than thought, are the apparatus; but with advancing civilization we have learned that only as power deepens should it become restrictive.

There are acknowledged grades of creative power. The great creative power of the world is language; and while one task of the kindergarten is to prepare a child for use of language in after school life when that becomes largely his medium of expression, yet when a child is chained so long to a concentration of motor activity in his manufacture of cardboard furniture his power of expression in other directions is arrested. He produces but one thing, and his desire to attach a name to each new thing and new action is limited. As so much is involved in the preparation, many articles cannot be finished in a week, a month, or a year. The raphia basket that occupies hours for two or three months entails no necessity of thought. Work becomes automized. Education, while it may produce the skill in word, must produce other things also. The production of one difficult thing demands a power of attention beyond the ability of the child. With simpler, cruder materials many things are produced many times.

Every future depends on every past. The fact that we are dealing with such a small thing as the Gifts and Occupations of the kindergarten does not invalidate the truth. Through the scattered, broken ideas induced by making anything and everything,—things that do not succeed each other by regular gradnation of difficulty,—the development of true reasoning power is arrested; learning to make *this* does not aid in making *that*, in any true sense. Is not all the purpose of man-training, in any educational institution, to induce sound thinking, and the power of generalization which is the result of gathering simple percepts into concepts? If a child ex-

presses himself in material or language, he must relate it to some previous expression, or else it becomes an isolated fact and soon fades from memory. Of all the criticisms that the kindergarten receives to-day, is not that the most damaging which pronounces it a place of the dissipation of energy, where mental forces are scattered, leading to unfruitfulness in after life, a place where there is a great deal of action but little mental result? As the accidental home environment supplies a sufficient number of unrelated ideas for mental confusion, would it not be well for education, even at the beginning, to assist the child in the separation of the mass of sense perceptions of this "big, buzzing, blooming" universe, by providing types around which he may group his ideas? Is not the world full of unreasonable beings going to and fro, up and down, viewing life on the irrational plane?

The constructive activities belong to an age beyond the kindergarten. You recall the plays of home at the kindergarten stage discussed in every kindergarten training class as an introduction to the Gifts and Occupations. Because they are taught so early in our career, we may have learned to disregard them. Children string spools, cranberries; build with stones, cardboard; lay beans, buttons, pennies, in rows and patterns; lay sticks and twigs in pictures, etc.; and, through these natural activities, learn something of form, number and process, facts of transformation, qualities of materials, and gain some slight notion of the industries of man. The kindergarten Gifts and Occupations respond to the needs of this stage of childhood. They achieve the same result as the play materials in the home, while they bring about a vast addition of creative power, language, expression and consecutive training.

If we allow children to experiment with material of any sort with instructional rather than educational assistance, are we not allowing mental progress to move approximately at the rate at which the race has traveled? Does not the "constructive activity" method—which uses the activities belonging to a stage, say, anywhere from seven to thirteen years (making rag dolls, denim slippers, mittens, muffs, etc., that may be made at home with the assistance of any deft person, whether mother, nursery maid, bachelor uncle, or maiden aunt, having no training),—does not the "constructive activity" method, when put into the kindergarten, make premature development if any,—a development "soon ripe, soon rotten"? Does it not induce care, worry, and responsibility as to result, these coming in the way of the little child and becoming a habit—for instance, before the bedroom set with its wall-paper decorations is finished?

The pursuit of unrelated objects, moreover, leads to a greater dependence on the teacher, janitor, or carpenter at every step of the way, and disregards the training of independence upon which all his after school life makes such urgent demands. Is not one of the criticisms of the average primary teacher—that the children who come from kindergarten require too much individual help—the result of the fact that the kindergarten may attempt to push a child beyond his powers of working alone, and also that the primary school, as interpreted by such a teacher, makes no connection with the child's past school career? A child anxious to read so many pages of her First Reader for sake of reaching the end of the book, spelling or asking the form of every other word and losing thereby the meaning of the story, is in the same condition of mind as the child who, for the sake of production, loses gradual independence of thought.

The recent experiment at Jena in teaching children to read proves that much that is done with great expenditure of time in earlier school life, can be done with much less effort and work at a later stage. Children who began to read at ten years read more fluently at eleven years than those who began at six years, and the reading of the latter was more mechanical.

The story of Ruskin's childhood comes constantly to mind. You recall it. "I was never weary of building, unbuilding, rebuilding, with my blocks, the Waterloo Bridge. This inconceivably passive, or rather impassive, contentment in doing or reading the same thing over and over again, I perceive to have been a great condition in my future power of getting thoroughly to the bottom of matters. Some people would say that in getting these toys lay the chance that guided me in an early love of architecture. To be sure, in the present age people do not give children toy bricks but toy 'puff-puffs,' and the little things are always taking tickets and arriving at stations without ever fathoming the principle of 'puff-puff.' I not only mastered the prin-

ciple of 'puff-puff,' but also by help of my well-cut bricks mastered very utterly the law of practical stability in towers and arches by the time I was seven or eight years old."

Do not let us forget that we have used the Gifts and Occupations for several years (I say it with bated breath, that kings and potentates may not put us on the annuity list), some of us many years. We grow somewhat restless with their, to us, crude expression, and, I fear that our attitude reflects itself in our work; but remember that our children are fresh to them each year, and it may be true that we must "earn them anew" each year to possess them.

I continually remind myself that it is easier to see the limitations of a subject than to give it full appreciation. Although we admire the daring that leads to discovery of new and untried fields, and realize that without this attitude of mind we should become as fixed as the sinner of Inferno, to use a strong figure, we must not be led away from time-honored methods until new ones of the same import to us fill their places. Change is not necessarily improvement. "Progress and conservatism are not antonyms," says Mr. Bryan. In education as in religion, it is wise to prove all things but hold fast to that which is good. Let us regard the danger that confronts us, so that in making incursions we do not lose the vantage ground now held, and expend our forces and our equipment on too venturesome enterprises.

Bear in mind that the true kindergarten is educative, and that it is industrial only in making use of tools of industry to accomplish its purpose.

Those taking part in the animated and very able discussion aroused by these papers were Miss Susan E. Blow, Miss Patty S. Hill and Prof. Earl Barnes. The discussion was stenographically reported for the Union and will appear in its forthcoming Annual Report.

THE TRAINING TEACHERS' CONFERENCE in Arlington Street Church on Friday morning at ten o'clock was led by Miss Lucy Wheelock. The subject was, Kindergarten Training in the Light of General Educational Principles. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Thomas M. Balliet, superintendent of schools, Springfield, Mass., Mme. Marie Kraus-Boelte of New York, Mrs. James L. Hughes of Toronto, and Mr. Arthur O. Norton, instructor in the history of education in Harvard University, who took the place on the program of Prof Paul H. Hanus. Mr. Norton's paper may be expected later in KINDERGARTEN REVIEW. Dr. Balliet's is here given in a somewhat condensed form, as is also that of Mme. Kraus-Boelte. The participators in the discussion were Mr. C. F. Carroll, superintendent of schools, Worcester, Mass.; Dr. Jenny B. Merrill, supervisor of kindergartens, New York city; and Mr. W. H. Elson, superintendent of schools, Grand Rapids, Mich.

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING IN THE LIGHT OF GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION.

By THOMAS M. BALLIET.

The principles of education are the same for all grades of schools from the kindergarten to the university, but their application differs in each grade. These differences of application are in many cases so great that a superficial observer would find it difficult to recognize the identity of the principle underlying them. It is for this reason that familiarity with the problems of one grade of educational work does not necessarily imply familiarity with another.

It is a general principle that education is possible only through the self-activity of the person to be educated. The child is educated by what we can lead him to do, both with mind and with hand, and the test of education is not what he knows and can tell so much as what he can do. This is a principle which Froebel and the kindergarten have taught us and it is getting to be recognized, at least theoretically, even in the colleges and the universities.

It is a general principle in education that all instruction and indeed all training must appeal to the interest of the children. This word "interest" has many meanings and may easily be taken in a sense which wholly misses the point of the principle. It is not the interest inspired by rewards or prizes that is meant, nor the interest of a much higher kind which is communicated by the teacher through infection to the mind of the pupil, but it is the interest which the pupil feels in the subject matter itself.

It is only the last kind of interest that determines motive and becomes a part of character.

But there is a better way of stating this truth in order to show the significance of interest. These deep intrinsic interests in actions and in things which children have, and to which we must appeal, are nothing more nor less than the racial instincts which are the results of ages of mental evolution developed through the process of adjustment of mind and conduct to the environment. These old racial instincts through which a long line of ancestors are active in the mind of the child, making the boy, as has been said, truly a "quotation from his ancestors," must form the basis of education both intellectual and moral. All our education must be grafted on these racial instincts in order that it may get a hold on the roots of character and of intelligence. No instinct in the human soul, no impulse of the human heart, is intrinsically wrong. Sin consists in subordinating the higher instincts to the lower; it is not identical with the lower instincts. The deepest problem of moral education consists in transforming the lower instincts and lifting them on to a higher plane.

It is a recognized principle that we must educate for society, that the school must make a close connection with life. This is necessary for three reasons. First, because the school ought to fit the child for self-support in the world. Secondly, it ought to train him to render a service to his fellow men. This is only in part identical with the first. There is between the two all the difference between egoism and altruism. In the third place, the school must connect closely with life for the purely educational reason. Education is co-extensive with life. The process of education extends from the cradle to the grave. It may begin before that and may continue after it. We are educated by everything that touches our lives and fashions our thought and character. Of this large process of education the school forms but a small part. Its significance lies in the fact that it does its work when mind and character are plastic and that it determines largely the after influences of the education of life. The school is an artificial environment whose function is to prepare the child to be afterwards educated by the environments of life. As has been forcibly stated, the school is not only a preparation for life but it is a part of life. It must educate for life in the sense that it must begin processes of development which may afterwards be taken up and continued by the environments of life. The education of the school and the education of life ought not to be opposed to each other; they ought to form one and the same process. The school ought to connect so closely with life that when the pupil leaves school he will feel that he is not taking a step into the dark, into an unknown world, but that life is only a larger and a more real school and that the transition from the one to the other is perfectly natural and normal. The school must give the child the key to the meaning of life. It must also give him the self-control which will enable him to resist the temptations of life, and the altruism which will prompt him instinctively to acts of service and self-sacrifice.

In our discussions of education values we must not leave out of account the effect of a particular study on the after life of the pupil. The curriculum must be made up of such studies as connect closely with the problems of life which the pupil will meet when he graduates from school. Contrary to what is commonly supposed, the younger the child the larger the number of studies which he may profitably pursue at any one time. A little child in the kindergarten may nibble at all the sciences in the course of a half-hour's walk with his teacher through the fields. He picks up a pebble or a crystal, examines it for a moment, throws it away; he plucks a flower, treating it in the same way; now he observes a butterfly, a bird, or a squirrel, and transfers his interests rapidly from one to the other in like manner. Young children comprehend only the surface of things; more mature pupils can comprehend the deeper relations of things; hence young children ought to be allowed to study many things superficially, and older pupils and students ought to be obliged to concentrate their interests on a few things and study them in their less obvious relations. From this it follows that the course must be broadest and shallowest in the primary school, and narrowest and deepest in the university. In the university the student must be confined to a few closely related subjects of interest.

Lastly, it is a fundamental principle in education that there must be unity.

Knowledge becomes power and a part of character only when it is unified and properly related. It is absolutely essential that knowledge in the individual mind should be thoroughly unified. In a different sense it is also essential that the education of large groups of individuals, members of a school or an institution, be unified. But we must make a sharp distinction at this point between unity and uniformity. So far from being identical, the two are direct opposites. Unity is consistent with variety, uniformity is not. Unity is consistent with life and growth, uniformity is not. A tree has unity and it is its life which gives it this unity; a telegraph pole has uniformity because it is dead. If in education we aim at unity, we shall secure life and growth; but if we aim at uniformity, we shall secure only dead routine. The kind of supervision which aims at unity may become the life and soul of a large system of schools; supervision which aims at uniformity may rest upon a system of schools like a blight.

As there had been some uncertainty with regard to the ability of Mme. Kraus-Boelte to attend the convention, her name did not appear on the final program; but the possibility of having a few words from her had been much anticipated. When she appeared before the audience, the winning graciousness of her presence was felt by all, and strangers as well as kindergartners were glad to greet with enthusiastic welcome this wise and gifted kindergartner, one of the earliest in the American field.

SELF-ACTIVITY.

By Maria Kraus-Boelte.

The law of self-activity is asserted in plants as they are growing self-actively. Such productive, creative self-activity was Froebel's ideal for the child's education and development. The child, in his playful work, is in the process of doing this according to law, thereby awakening the understanding of law in the degree that he becomes conscious of the same, just by working naturally under the law, leaving out all arbitrariness.

In this manner the child learns to manifest "creative energy," bringing out inner purpose through continuous change, developing ever new forms. Imperfections will be evident. What does it matter—if the child's freedom of thought, will-power and action, guided by law, gradually gain in right growth? By such means the kindergarten becomes an educational place where the laws of life —God's laws—begin to be understood, making the kindergarten an ideal nursery by the discipline in freedom, laying thus a sound foundation for future true manhood and womanhood.

Froebel pointed out the natural method by the use of simple laws, enabling the child to develop his creative powers by means of his own activity. Through this liberating thought the child is not obliged to fit himself to the kindergartner's thoughts. Rightly guided, the "play-means" will lead the child to perceive the law of development, which at first is applied unconsciously, and later consciously. The child also gains an understanding of the idea of continuity, which necessarily includes Froebel's fundamental thought of simplicity. The aim of the kindergarten, however, is never instruction, but always development.

The kindergarten stands to-day in the very front rank of the world's best educational thought, and the opportunities for this education have never been greater than at our present time. The rush in the present life and attitude of our kindergartners is based upon the fact that "the table is spread too bountifully to secure a healthful digestion." In many cases, kindergartners are scarcely willing to obey the laws of nature expressed in the saying: "*First* the blade, *then* the ear, and *after that* the full corn in the ear." The true blessings of the kindergarten can come to the children only by giving our devoted kindergartners more restful moments, when ideas, resolutions and convictions will take a deeper hold on life, when ideas and their meaning will become clearer, as cannot be the case in the rush and hurry of life, and the individual will become stronger and more helpful. The existing rush and over-fullness may gradually lead towards ignoring the kindergarten spirit as conceived by Froebel; for there is no time to think. The possibilities for our young kindergartners will be great, if they can be set free from the superabundance of lectures, discussions, meetings, reports, etc. Then there would develop a generation of healthy, happy and successful kinder-

gartners, freed from the curse of nervousness and overwork, growing by their own effort,—by self-activity,—to be that which by nature they are intended for,—observing, thinking, acting out their own thoughts on required subjects, guiding the child thus equally. Concentration of mind is the goal.

To be mentally in a hurry means death to all good work; and no human being can attain a high state of development merely by the "taking in" of knowledge. Absorption, assimilation, self-expression, is Froebel's method. Accordingly the aim of the kindergarten is for the child to apply in his own way, and in the measure of his own feeble but ever growing power, those ideas which he is constantly acquiring. Continual change is required because of the constant growth. And the kindergartner, understanding these truths, will utilize the play-means in order to reach the desired result, without making *them* the aim and the end. To leave out the continual application of, for instance, "the law of contrasts," would prove a non-understanding of Froebel's idea,—which was, *to make his means originative and genetic.*

The kindergartner makes the kindergarten; she is reflected in it. A superficial knowledge of things will not do for her. She must go back to first principles. The kindergartner's success rests less in the ability to plan a program, than in knowing how to apply a program properly *for the development of the children.* It is not by her ability to plan, but by her ability to understand rightly the child's nature and powers that the kindergartner can be judged in regard to her understanding of Froebel's underlying principles. The kindergartner is to assist the child in representing that which is already in his mind; and the play-means help to classify and make this clear; and thus the child gains standards from which to proceed, and to which his manipulations return, thereby acquainting him with nature's laws, which are also those of his own being.

Instead of grouping our work around certain centers, it should be centered *around the child,* his experiences and his needs. At the beginning of a season *no* kindergartner can say, how much of each Gift and Occupation she can plan for her children. This will determine itself in and by the manifestations of each child. Gifts and Occupations are not illustrations. On the contrary, they must so be used as to become the expositions of the child's inner self. It is not that the child makes certain forms, looks at certain pictures, sings certain songs, builds in certain routine; but *how* he does this,—from his own impulse, freely willing to do so,—until such free action becomes the expression of his own true nature. And even though this were done with but feeble results at first, the exertion of being self-productive in will-action influences the young mind, bringing out individuality as intended by nature. *The effort* is of the greatest importance!

Many criticisms have made havoc with the kindergarten idea. Discussions have dealt with *the means* rather than with the principal idea. By readjusting views, there can be little doubt that the revelation contained in Froebel's ways and means will be accepted in their original and pure simplicity. The point is, however, not to lean too much on a given form of thought, permitting others to do our thinking for us; but, instead, to learn and find within ourselves true resources. Ideas in the mind are produced and interpreted according to an individual's education, and no two minds have like ideas, this being caused by the difference of impressions made. Helping to such a renewal means becoming God's co-worker, in these progressive days.

PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL PREPARATION OF THE KINDERGARTNER.

By Mrs. James L. Hughes.

First of all, let me say that you have just seen and heard my kindergarten mother. If I am anything in the kindergarten life, I owe it to Mrs. Kraus; and I am glad that she is willing that I should claim to be her spiritual child.

I want to plead for two things which seems to me very necessary in our kindergarten training: First, the physical development of those young girls who come to us trainers to be prepared for their life work. I have noticed a great weakness on the part of many of our kindergarten students. They have not the proper control of their bodies; they have weak and useless voices. There is no reason why a woman should not be heard easily in public speech, and should not be able to use the slightest whisper and yet have a voice vibrant enough to reach

the limits of any hall which any man can fill. I believe it is in the power of our young people to develop, if they begin early enough, the power to use the human voice so that it may be to them a help when they have a message to deliver to the world. If we neglect it in the early days, we cannot supply it later when we have the mature thought which we wish to give and which the world would be glad to listen to. Let us make that one of the elements of our kindergarten training,—the development of the body so that it shall be responsive to every emotion of the soul, the development of the power to speak so that one may meet the gentlest conditions of life with tenderest tones and at the same time be able to speak powerfully. I am always glad of one thing,—that I have inherited a good voice; so that even if what I say does not amount to anything, everybody goes away a little rested. I do not want to urge upon you any of the wishy-washy physical training, but I do desire that every woman shall keep every muscle in her body in good control so that it shall be expressive of her soul. If your digestion is impaired, if your lungs are weak, you cannot think the highest thoughts; you are occupied with your body. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

In training we have several things to consider: what these young students are when they first come to us, what they are to become, and the process by which they shall reach their goal. Most of the young women who come into the kindergarten work are girls who are fresh from school. They have been filled and filled and filled and filled with mental food. How much they have digested remains to be seen. How much they have digested always depends upon the way in which the food has been given to them. Spiritually, they are unawakened, as a rule; they are sleeping spirits. They are alive physically, but too often—well, notice how many kindergartners shake hands like this (illustrating with raised hand) when they first come into the kindergarten. That expresses the whole thing. They have been given over to conventionality. Women are being spoiled by the thousands every year—spoiled as a power in the world—by the foolishness of social convention. I plead for naturalness. I do not mean rudeness; I do not mean vulgarity; I do not mean disrespect; but I do mean that a young woman should be as free and natural at eighteen and twenty as she is at six,—though many of them are spoiled before that.

One of the most important things we have to develop in the minds of our kindergartners is a recognition of the absolute divinity of the child. We talk about it, and we think we know about it, but we have n't begun to comprehend it. As I think over all the experiments that are being tried with children to-day, I say: "Well, thank the Lord, I have n't a child small enough to be experimented on!" God within the little child is trying to give a message of divinity to the world, and I cannot compass that message with my narrow limited power of vision.

We training teachers must help kindergartners not to feel too much responsibility. I think sometimes that training teachers are really glad, at the end of a year's course of lectures, to see how absolutely careworn and depressed their classes have become. The students feel the responsibility of their position; their appetites are gone, and their whole being seems demoralized and broken down with their sense of responsibility. Let them feel first and foremost—and I say it with all reverence; don't imagine that it is with one particle of irreverence,—that God's equipment of the human soul for its self-development is infinite in variety and divine in quality. You do not have to give it to the child. Will you tamper with it? Hands off! Stand back and see the glory of God reveal itself in a human soul! That is the one thing that we should say to kindergartners perhaps oftener than anything else. Get science all you like, and pedagogy all you like, and everything else all you like, for yourself; but do not heap all that mass upon the children. Remember that God is within that human soul working for divine expression; and, since his power has shown itself through all the past ages in which he has developed the whole race, the children may be trusted to him if people won't get in their light. Think oftener, with thankfulness, that God is letting you have this means of revealing you to yourself. It is one of the greatest marks of God's care and love for us that he gives us this opportunity. Enter into the life of the child; do not make the child enter into your life; enter into the life of the child by letting your own emotions flow freely and richly; and you cannot do that without a good body and all the attendant requirements. Love ideals yourself, and you will not need to define

ideals in wordy phrases that are hard to comprehend. Recognize the ideals coming from the past that have built up the race. Recognize also the ideals toward which we strive, whether in clear vision or not. Live the ideal yourself, but do not heap it upon the child, because God has thousands of ways by which he will reveal that ideal, and you are one of God's instruments for revelation—not for overpowering. One would think sometimes that God had gone away and had left us in charge, by the intensity of our feelings in regard to the work we are doing. We are earnest in this, but God has not left his little ones. He is working for them and with them; and, as he has developed humanity through all the past ages, he is going right on with his development of it, and we need never feel depressed or troubled about things that seem in opposition to us. That is God's way of developing things; that is God's way of urging us on to new efforts; and we have no right to fall down and say that everything is all going into darkness because of this opposition. He means that it shall force us to action, force us to prove ourselves right or wrong, and most times we ought to be willing to be proved wrong, because the vision is so limited for any one human soul.

We are not such benefactors of the race as we imagine. The world has been full of benefactors, and they have lived and died, they have eaten and slept and gone about the streets, just as people do to-day. We reckon them as great elements in our lives; but there have been others and there are to be others, and we are to-day only a tiny part of the mass of humanity which God is working with.

Another point,—one which I think Mrs. Kraus brought out very strongly,—is, do not hurry things. Be glad when people will "go slow." I heard the other day about a woman who is so struck with the lecture craze that she keeps two spans of horses to carry her to and from the various lectures. Some one was lamenting over such extravagance; but I said to the woman who was sitting beside me when I heard the story: "They need not be sorry; because if that woman were left to ferment in one little small household, what a terrible commotion she would make!" It is well that there is a great wide field for some people.

Let us remember this. However much you may pour upon people, however much you may put into their ears, however much you may surround them with an atmosphere of what we call truth or what we call culture, no one has it consciously within himself until it is revealed to his inner soul. We have made hypocrites of thousands of young women, unconsciously to themselves, through advocating the thing which they do not live, which they cannot carry out, simply because it is an external life which we have heaped upon them and not the internal and eternal life which unfolds itself in the presence of God. We must each climb the mountain to get the far-reaching view. We may help others by our inspirational life, if we have a higher outlook than they, and by our loving sympathy; but each one must live and struggle for himself. That is true of all life. Remember, there is the struggle if there is the life. I do not mean the struggle for bread and butter, I do not mean the struggle for clothes, I do not mean the struggle for place, and I do not mean the struggle for wisdom; but I do mean that struggle in life in which the individual takes upon himself his own outgrowth, recognizes something that must be reached, something which, through the training of all his inner soul and power, he determines to reach. If you have not that struggle, that tragedy, in your life, then you are not living up to the completeness of your possibilities. Look for your struggles; face them; be glad of them, but be sure that you are not struggling with some little inferior matter that cannot uplift you. You cannot carry the view from the mountain top to anyone; but if, having seen the view, you live a more vibrant life, that shall stir the spiritual atmosphere for others.

THE LAST SESSION of the I. K. U. was held in Trinity Church instead of Huntington Hall, and the wisdom of this change, as far as the accommodation of numbers was concerned, was made manifest by the attendance, which was estimated at 1800. The Round Table subject was the Training of the Will. Miss Harriet Niel of Washington, D. C., was the leader, and the speakers were Miss Susan E. Blow, Miss Patty S. Hill, and Mr. Joseph Lee. Miss Hill's paper was entitled Punishments. Owing to the proportions which this report has already assumed, the publication of this paper is necessarily postponed; but those who have had the pleasure of hearing or read-

ing Miss Hill's Thursday morning address (see page 624) will be glad to know that this paper is in the REVIEW's storehouse for future use. Miss Hill's Punishments was discussed in an interesting manner by Mrs. Marion B. B. Langzettel, a kindergartner who carries on a somewhat unique work in connection with her private kindergarten in New York city. This work began by the formation of a mothers' class for earnest study. The course has developed into a connected one of three years, and some of the three-year mothers are now proposing the addition of a fourth year for their benefit. Each class has from ten to fifteen members, and the lessons are given regularly one each week.

Miss Sarah L. Arnold, whose name was on the program and whose address would have been much enjoyed, was prevented by illness from being present.

The subject of The Cultivation of Purpose, treated by Mr. Joseph Lee of Boston, vice-president of the Massachusetts Civic League, and an enthusiastic promoter of playgrounds and vacation schools, will be more amply discussed by him in an article reserved for the September KINDERGARTEN REVIEW. The excellence of this expanded article will reward the deferred hope of any who had anticipated seeing his address in this number.

Miss Blow spoke on How the Kindergarten Begins the Training of the Will, and with this as an admirable climax the meeting closed, to be followed by the final business meeting with which the last session of the I. K. U. convention for 1902 was brought to an end.

THE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TRANSACTED in the business meetings of Thursday and Friday, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam in the chair, may be summarized as follows:—

The report of the committee on outlining the financial policy of the Union (Miss C. T. Haven, chairman), was accepted and its adoption was left to the discretion of the incoming board of officers.

The committee on the proposed revision of the constitution (Mrs. M. B. Page, chairman) presented a printed copy of suggested changes. It was voted that the committee should continue its services, the suggested changes to be further considered and acted upon at the next annual meeting.

It was also voted that a new plan for the nomination of officers, and the adoption of the Australian ballot in voting for officers, be added to the list of suggested changes. The new plan for nominating is to have each member nominate for each officer on a ballot on which is printed a list of the official titles. These unsigned ballots, filled out with desired names, are then collected in the Branches, and the three names receiving the highest number of votes for each office are sent to the Executive Board as an expression from that Branch of officers desired. From the names thus sent in by the Branches, the ticket would be made up.

It was recommended that a half day session of the annual meeting be set apart for business and that the committee on revision suggest this, with the other proposed changes.

It was voted that printed copies of the suggested changes in the constitution be sent to the secretaries of the Branches for distribution and consideration.

To expedite the business at these sessions it was voted that Branches send to the Board notice in writing of such items as they wished to have discussed or brought before the assembly.

The question of closer affiliation with the N. E. A. was brought forward, but no plan was adopted. The proposal chiefly favored seemed to be that of biennial meetings held in connection with the N. E. A., just before or after its dates, with the meetings of the intervening years held independently.

A gift to the Friedrich Froebel Memorial House in Blankenburg, Germany, was voted. Three hundred dollars was voted from the treasury; but as this was considered insufficient, pledges were given amounting to about as much more from a number of individuals, for themselves or for Branches which they represented. All of these contributions, however, are to be given in the name of the I. K. U.

A committee, consisting of Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Dr. Jenny B. Merrill and Miss Ella C. Elder, was appointed by the president to consider a future memorial gift to the Elizabeth Peabody House, with power to act subject to the approval of the Executive Board.

The I. K. U. having had great influence in raising the standard of entrance requirements for training schools, it was voted that the Executive Board, with the training teachers of the country and the

supervisors of kindergartens in cities in which the I. K. U. is represented, should present for discussion next year a plan of standards and requirements in training work.

The committee on necrology (Miss Mary Jean Miller, chairman) expressed the grief of the Union at the death of Col. Francis W. Parker, Miss Mary J. Garland, Mrs. Louise Pollock; and also of Prof. Dr. Eugen Pappenheim and Frau Ida Seele Vogeler of Germany.

The committee on resolutions (Mrs. M. L. Van Kirk, chairman) gave grateful recognition of all that had been done for the I. K. U. in connection with its Boston convention, specifying a long list of those who had bestowed favors.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, Chicago; vice-president, Miss Laliah B. Pingree, Boston; 2d vice-president, Miss Nora A. Smith, New York; cor. secretary and treasurer, Miss Fanniebelle Curtis, Brooklyn; recording secretary, Miss Evelyn A. Holmes, Charleston, S. C.; auditor, Miss Harriet Niel, Washington, D. C.

The next place of meeting will be PITTSBURG!

This announcement, we are sure, will give hearty pleasure to all.

THE FESTIVITIES.

"One of the pleasantest receptions I ever attended," was the verdict one lady uttered and in which many doubtless concurred as they left Radcliffe College after being entertained by Mrs. Louis Agassiz, honorary president, Miss Agnes Irwin, dean, and Miss Mary Coes, secretary. Instead of the formal greeting and immediate passing on, the guests, in most cases, had opportunity for a bit of refreshing chat with the genial and distinguished hostesses; and Fay House, the oldest building of Radcliffe, was hospitably open for inspection.

The luncheon, "for all members of the I. K. U. and all visiting kindergartners," was a very sociable affair and apparently much enjoyed. It was served at the Vendome and the Westminster. Sprigs of mayflower from Plymouth and Hyannis were handed to the entering guests, the flowers from Hyannis having been gathered by students of the State Normal School of that place. An evening reception given by the education department of the Twentieth Century Club was held at Hotel Somerset, in the handsome and spacious suite of rooms devoted to Prince Henry's use during his Boston visit. The receiving group consisted of Mrs. Charlotte B. Ware, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Rev. Charles F. Dole, and Dr. E. M. Hartwell of the Twentieth Century Club, and Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, Miss Fanniebelle Curtis and Miss Laliah B. Pingree of the I. K. U.

There were beautiful decorations of palms, bountiful refreshments, and every courteous attention from the hosts. Frequent introductions and a lively buzz of conversation in all quarters gave proof of the enjoyment of the guests.

At the College Club reception, in the Grundmann studios, the company was received by the president and vice-president, Miss Sarah Yerxa and Miss Ellen Griswold. Brief addresses were given by Miss Mary D. Runyan, Miss Bertha Payne, Miss Anna W. Williams, Mrs. M. B. B. Langzettel, and Mrs. James L. Hughes. Refreshments were served, and the occasion was a delightful one.

Wellesley College also was most hospitable toward the I. K. U. guests, as those who made a Saturday excursion thither can well testify. Not only were the kindergartners received by Miss Hazard and entertained at luncheon, shown over the chief buildings of the place, including the art museum, with carriages to convey them where the distance was taxing, but there was added a fine half-hour organ recital by Professor McDougal in Houghton Chapel.

The Concord and Lexington party numbered one hundred and twenty-four cheerful people who started off soon after eight A. M. in spite of threatening weather. Happily the thunder showers exhausted themselves in a few hours and clear weather prevailed thereafter. Dr. A. E. Winship, who accompanied the party, did everything possible for their comfort. Anyone who has made a trip to these historic sites knows how richly rewarded the kindergartners were for their courage in setting out.

The visitors to Plymouth, eight in number, were entertained for the day by a descendant of two colonial governors, who was formerly an active kindergartner. Carriages were furnished to take the guests to the woods to pick mayflowers; the sights of the town were shown to them by those who knew every stock and

stone; and, to give full flavor to the occasion, they were received and served with lunch at the old family homestead by the hostess and some of her friends, all attired in veritable great-grandmother costumes, with court plaster beauty-patches on their faces, and high-combed, powdered hair. Certainly, the Plymouth visit and its many pleasures will be long remembered.

Two kindergartners took advantage of the Salem trip, and had a good time seeing that quaint old town and lunching in Danvers with Miss Anne Page, whose ancestral home is seen so prettily pictured in the back part of the REVIEW.

The car trip "Seeing Boston" proved very popular, and gave to many an idea of Boston and its surroundings that they will be glad to have in memory.

For the excellent transportation arrangements with regard to all these trips, credit is due and is most cordially and gratefully given to Dr. A. E. Winship, who acted as chairman of the transportation committee of I. K. U. in Boston this year. Not only did he serve ably and indefatigably in all matters pertaining to the transportation, but he was cheerfully active on every occasion during the convention when his kindly help could avail. To say this hearty "thank you" is a sincere pleasure.

Pittsburg, 1903!

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

TO BE HELD AT MINNEAPOLIS, JULY 7–11, 1902.

Papers to be given at the N. E. A. meeting, which will be of interest to kindergartners, are: How the School Strengthens the Individuality of the Pupil, Dr. W. T. Harris; A Comparison of Kindergarten Methods for Deaf and Hearing Children, Mary McCowen, supervisor of special schools, Chicago; New Lines of Attack in Child Study, discussion by Miss Clara Mingins, Detroit; Possibilities in Art Education with Relation to Manual Training, Prof. Ernest Fenollosa (a discussion of like elements seen in child and race development). At the Kindergarten Department meeting, the speakers will be Miss Elizabeth Harrison and Mrs. A. H. Putnam of Chicago, Miss Cecelia Adams of Denver, Miss Mary May of Salt Lake City, the president, and others. Dr. Kiehle of the University of Minnesota will also speak. The general topic will be Language in Relation to the Work of the Kindergarten. Another session will be held jointly with the Elementary Department, at which Agriculture and Gardening in Relation to the School, and The Uses of Myth and History will be discussed. Kindergartners who will take part are, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Miss Stella Wood of Minneapolis, and Miss Corinne Marcellus of Chicago. Kindergartners who intend being present and who have worked on the subjects to be discussed are invited to send their names to the president, that she may call on them to join in discussions.

C. GERALDINE O'GRADY,
Teachers College, N. Y.,
Department President.

Rates and Ticket Conditions—A rate of one first-class limited fare for the round trip, plus $2.00 membership fee, has been granted by the railroads and boat lines on the Lakes. The dates of sale will provide for arrival in Minneapolis on July 6, 7 and 8.

Tickets are limited on the going passage to reach Minneapolis not later than July 8; and returning, to leave Minneapolis not later than July 14, with the provision that tickets may be extended for return at any date, not later than September 1st, by depositing the same with the Joint Railway Agent at Minneapolis on or before July 12, and paying a deposit fee of twenty-five cents.

Many interesting side trips will be arranged; there will also be a Natural History Excursion and a Geographical and Geological Excursion. Headquarters will be at the West Hotel.

The regular commercial rates will prevail during the convention; diagrams and printed price lists will be furnished upon application to A. W. Bronson, manager of the West Hotel.

Other hotels on the American plan may be found at from $2.00 to $3.00 per day; on the European plan, rates vary from 50 cents to $1.50 per day. First class family hotels located in the best residence districts of the city will have accommodations for from fifty to one hundred persons each, at $1.50 to $2.50 per day, American plan.

The local committee has a large list of approved rooms which have been tendered for the use of visitors, in first-class boarding houses and private homes, at prices ranging from 50 cents to $1.00 per day for each person, with an additional charge of 25 cents each for meals. The committee will be ready to make assignment of parties to rooms after June 1st, and will take pleasure in locating all members of small parties in the same house, or in the same neighborhood.

Application should be made at the earliest possible date to Wallace G. Nye, chairman of the local committee, 533 Andrus Building, Minneapolis.

KINDERGARTEN NEWS.

The kindergarten teachers of the public schools of the Oranges (N. J.) held a meeting April 24 and organized the Kindergarten Union of the Oranges, electing the following officers: President, Miss Ada Westerman of Orange; secretary and treasurer, Miss Marietta Bernard, also of Orange; executive committee, Miss Cora Webb Peet of East Orange, Miss Julia Abbott of East Orange, Miss Sara Barrows of South Orange, Miss Lulu Whiting of West Orange, and Miss Elizabeth Barber of Orange.

A new kindergarten has been opened in Epworth chapel, Minneapolis, Minn., under the direction of Miss Kate Burwell. This will be kept open all summer. The good work is planned by the women of Hennepin Avenue M. E. Church, who for several years have maintained an industrial and Sunday school in this little chapel.

Mrs. May E. Paine, teacher in the Maplewood, Mass., kindergarten, has tendered her resignation to the school board. Miss Rowell of the West school kindergarten is to take charge of this kindergarten.

The annual meeting of the New Orleans Kindergarten Club was held April 5, and Miss Kate Eastman was elected president; Miss Fanny Randolph, first vice-president; Miss Helen Dunbar, second vice-president; Miss Louise Thiborger, recording secretary; Miss Daisy Russ, corresponding secretary, and Miss Margaret Rykoski, treasurer.

The London (Ontario) Normal School students invited the Froebel Society to the Normal School on May 1st for an evening of games. The program was arranged so that the normal students and kindergartners alternated in taking charge of a game. A very enjoyable evening was spent by the hundred and twenty-five players. A maypole was wound, and among other games played were The Willow it Will Twist, I put my Right Hand so, The King of France, Ladysmith, Transformation Game, Scotch Tag, Send the Ring to Killarney, The Stream, The Snail, Bowing Low, English Tag (three deep), Wind Games (Weathervane and Windmill), Ball Games, Sense Games and Soldier Boy. The refreshments served were prepared by the lady students in the Domestic Science class.

Forty thousand dollars has been given by a prominent man of New York city to the New York Kindergarten Association as an endowment fund. The interest from this fund will be used to carry on for all time the work of the Frances Dana Walcott Kindergarten, at No. 239 Spring street, which the donor has been maintaining in memory of his daughter. This is not only the largest single gift ever made to the Kindergarten Association, but this is the first kindergarten in New York to have a permanent endowment fund. It will be sufficient to train fifty children a year. By the members of the Kindergarten Association it is hoped this gift will not only do good in making absolutely per-

manent the work of the kindergarten, that has been depending from year to year on its founder's generosity, but will serve as an example to others, calling attention to the great need that exists for the extension of kindergarten work in certain sections of the city. It is believed that more than one hundred thousand children of kindergarten age in New York are practically neglected.

The Summer School of the South, to be held at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, June 19 to July 31, is organized in three departments. Each of these departments offers a great variety of courses. The department of the common school lays special emphasis on kindergarten work, nature study and manual training, but includes all the subjects. Miss Burton of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Patty Hill will conduct a model kindergarten, a normal class for primary teachers, another for trained kindergartners and a round table for mothers and club women. A most attractive feature of the school will be the popular lectures of great educational thinkers and eminent scientific men. All Southern and Southwestern railroads have granted a rate of one fare for the round trip, and the expense of living at the university and in Knoxville are very moderate. Tuition is free, and the only charge will be the registration fee of $5.00, paid on entering.

In memory of his friend, John Ruskin, Mr. Henry Willett of Arnold House, Brighton, has made an interesting and valuable gift to the Ashmolean Natural History Society of Oxfordshire. It consists of a piece of ground about five acres in extent, comprising woodland, marsh, bog and water, and containing many local and rare specimens of animal and vegetable life. Mr. Willett's wish is that the land shall be known as "The Ruskin Plot," and that it shall be kept for all time in its natural condition.

At the annual meeting of the section on kindergarten, department of pedagogy, Brooklyn, N. Y., Institute, held May 1, Miss Fanniebelle Curtis was elected chairman and Mrs. Mary E. Waterman, vice-chairman. There was much discussion of work for next season, it being finally settled to have ten lectures from Miss Susan E. Blow, lectures once a month by prominent kindergartners, and a convention of mothers' clubs in March.

The free kindergarten in connection with the Children's Home at Bay City, Mich., was opened April 14. Nineteen little ones were enrolled with Miss Field in charge, assisted by Miss Bessie Marsh and Miss Mary Fenton. The children entered into their work with an energy that speaks well for the success of the kindergarten. At a recent meeting of the Free Kindergarten Association, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Wm. McCloy; first vice-president, Mrs. A. M. Miller; second vice-president, Mrs. R. B. Taylor; recording secretary, Mrs. W. W. Williams; financial secretary, Mrs. Charles Hill; treasurer, Mrs. M. Howe; auditor, Mrs. M. A. Root.

Kindergartens will soon be established as part of the school system of Janesville, Wis. The adoption of the system will do much to relieve the overcrowded condition of the primary departments of the schools.

Herkimer, N. Y., is to have a public kindergarten. A number of Herkimer's leading women have interested themselves in the work, and already a fund has been started for the purpose.

The April meeting of the Jenny Hunter Alumnæ Association, New York city, took the form of a birthday party. After the business meeting a grand march was formed, headed by Miss Hunter, honorary president, and Mrs. Foster, president. With lightly tripping step the members passed the large decorated bowl and each dropped into it her birthday gift to the association inclosed in a small sealed envelope bearing on the outside the motto:—

> "On April twelfth a tea there 'll be
> Where kindergartners will welcome thee.
> As many pence as you 're years old,
> Or more (if that seem not too bold),
> Bring with you; or should you not attend,
> By some kind friend or postman send."

The pantomime Mary Jane, enacted by the Misses Morgenroth, Mercedes O'Leary and Florence V. Field, caused a continuous bubble of mirth. The usual birthday cake contributed its share of amusement.

There are at present eighty-two children in the Livermore Falls, Me., kindergarten. So large a kindergarten necessitates another kindergartner, and Miss Mabelle Smith of Kents Hill has been secured for the position.

At a recent meeting of the board of trustees of the Latter-day Saints University, Salt Lake City, it was decided to establish a kindergarten as a regular department of the institution. This will enable the university to give a kinder-

garten training course for teachers. The kindergarten is to be an auxiliary of the normal school, and will be used in giving practice to the students who are preparing to teach in the public schools. The kindergarten will occupy, for one year, or until a department building is erected especially for its use, one of the large rooms on the first floor of the Young Memorial building.

Miss Lida Beck of Everest, Kan., has been appointed kindergartner at the Green Bay, Wis., Indian school, and Miss Maggie Neff of Emporia, Kan., at Seneca Indian school, Wyandotte, I. T.

The new kindergarten which has been opened at Haverhill, Mass., with about forty children, is being conducted with satisfactory results. Miss Dacey is principal with Miss Leonard as assistant. The kindergarten on Locust street has also a large attendance. Miss Johnson is principal, and Miss Ford assistant.

The five kindergarten departments of the public schools of Rome, N. Y., are in an overcrowded condition, every one of them having forty small children under the care of one kindergartner.

At the last meeting of the season of the Philadelphia Society of Froebel Kindergartners held April 12, Miss Jane Campbell of the Philadelphia Normal School for Girls read a paper on Stories of Famous Song.

Des Moines, Ia., held its first vacation school last summer under the auspicies of the Froebel Association and its success was such that it will be undertaken again this year with better equipment. Arrangements were made for seventy-five children at the beginning of last year's session but there were so many applications that more than twice that number were admitted and many were turned away.

A Froebel club has been formed at Chattanooga, Tenn. The club will meet weekly and will discuss questions in relation to child culture.

Miss Mabel Laubenstein has opened a kindergarten in the Rentz building at Ashland, Pa.

The committee on kindergartens, vacation schools and children's playgrounds of the Civic Club, Portland, Me., is preparing for its summer work. The North School yard is already watched by the children who played there last summer, and as soon as school closes the place will be besieged by the boys and girls.

Henry W. Maxwell, for several years one of the most useful members of the Brooklyn board of education, died on May 11, at his country estate, Oakdale, Long Island. His magnificent philanthropic contributions and labors, and his devotion to the interests of public education, were recognized by Columbia University by the conferring of the honorable degree of Master of Arts upon him. The flags on the board of education building and on all the Brooklyn schools were at half-mast on May 12, as a mark of respect to the memory of the noble citizen whose life had closed.

On September 24 what is known as Highland Avenue Kindergarten at Pittsburg, Pa., will open under a new name, the "Chatham School," so called in honor of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Miss Blanche H. Boardman is the principal, while the teachers include Miss Alice B. Richards, Miss Harriette W. Patterson and Miss Louise G. Taylor.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kindergartners who are willing to change their location for a better salary and advanced positions, should address Mr. Orville Brewer, Teachers' Coöperative Association, 100 Auditorium Building, Chicago. Mr. Brewer has frequently been called upon to fill such positions as principal or assistant in the public kindergartens of Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Covington, and other large cities, as well as private kindergartens. He prefers those with large experience, but often has positions for beginners who have had a thorough preparation.

Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1900. Highest Award, Pan-American Exposition, 1901.

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Across the Fields
Whistler's Mother
Return of the Herd
The Washerwoman
Soul's Awakening
The Wave
Avenue of Trees
Sir Galahad
Romeo and Juliet
Beata Beatrix
Children of the Shell
Mozart Singing His Requiem
President McKinley
President Roosevelt
Queen Victoria
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A written examination of applicants for licenses as kindergarten teachers in the city of New York, will be held by the Board of Examiners, on Tuesday, June 10, 1902, beginning at 9 A. M., at the hall of the Board of Education, Park avenue and Fifty-ninth street, borough of Manhattan; and an oral examination for such licenses at the call of the Board of Examiners.

To enter this examination, an applicant must have one of the following qualifications:—

(*a*) Graduation from a high school or an institution of equal or higher rank, or an equivalent academic training; and graduation from a school for the professional training of teachers having a course of two years, at least one of which has been devoted to the theory and practice of kindergarten work. (Applicants presenting qualification (*a*), who are not graduates of high schools, may be required to pass an academic examination.) (*b*) Graduation from a four years' course (including a kindergarten course of two years) in a State normal school or a college. (*c*) Graduation from a school for the training of kindergartners having a course of at least one year, together with successful experience in kindergarten teaching for not less than two years. (Applicants presenting qualification (*c*) must pass, in addition to the examination described below, an academic examination, unless they are college graduates.)

All applicants must pass written and oral examinations embracing the following subjects:—

(*a*) Theory and practice of kindergarten teaching; (*b*) free-hand drawing; (*c*) singing and piano playing; (*d*) physical exercises appropriate for the kindergarten.

Each applicant must be at least eighteen years of age and of good moral character.

Each applicant will be required to report for a physical examination, within ten days after the date of the written examination, to one of the physicians authorized by the Board of Education. The fee, three dollars, is to be paid by the applicant, to whom it will be repaid after acceptance of appointment. No person will be licensed who has not been vaccinated within eight years, unless the examining physician recommends otherwise.

The licenses issued under these regulations hold for the period of one year, and may be renewed for two successive years in case the work of the holder is satisfactory. At the close of the third year of continuous successful service, the City Superintendent may make the license permanent.

WILLIAM H. MAXWELL,
City Superintendent of Schools.

The kindergarten question in Chicago is still under discussion, and no decision has yet been reached by the school board. Many plans have been suggested by which sufficient funds may be secured for the support of the kindergartens. Mrs. O'Keefe advocates that two weeks be cut off the high school term and Mayor Harrison indorses her policy. The mayor says flatly: "Cut down the high school term in order to save money to keep the kindergartens open throughout the year." Thomas Brenan, chairman of School Management Committee, says that the kindergartens must be kept open and that some steps will be taken for retaining them. He also favors closing the high schools two or three weeks earlier in order to save the money necessary for the kindergartens, as sixty-five per cent of the children of Chicago never get beyond the primary grades, and only four per cent reach the high schools. A Central Kindergarten League composed of two delegates from each of the thirty-five wards has recently been organized. This league will keep up a constant agitation against the closing of the kindergartens. Twenty-nine societies of the Chicago Turners have joined in the campaign and have adopted strong resolutions in favor of the continuance of the system. Chairman Clayton Mark of the Finance Committee of the Board of Education has made the welcome announcement that twenty kindergartens located in the poorer districts of the city will not be closed. The School Board hope to open that number the first of September, but the others will have to wait until there are funds. If the money which will be due the Board of Education on the payment of uncollected taxes should come to the board it would solve the whole question and the entire eighty kindergartens would be kept open.

At the annual meeting of the Utah State Kindergarten Association, held April 19, Miss Mary C. May, as president, gave her annual address; Mrs. Har-

riet Brewer Sterling spoke on What Kindergarten Means to the Mother, and Professor Stewart of the university, on What the Kindergarten Training Means to the Young Woman.

The Pittsfield, Mass., Kindergarten Association will clear about one hundred dollars from the course of four lectures given during the winter.

New private kindergartens have recently been opened at the following places: Oriskany, N. Y., by Miss Minnie Krebs; South Framingham, Mass., Miss Myra Wheelock; Monroe, La., Miss Eva Parker; Goshen, Ind., Miss Nettie Savage; Lowville, N. Y., Miss Adele Parker; West Covington, O., Miss Margaret Gibson.

The second annual convention of the Connecticut Congress of Mothers was held in Jewell Hall, Hartford, April 16. There was a large attendance, and both the morning and afternoon meetings were intensely interesting, many matters of public interest being discussed. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Frances Sheldon Bolton, New Haven; first vice-president, Mrs. D. A. Markham, Hartford; second vice-president, Mrs. Carrie Capen, Willimantic; third vice-president, Mrs. W. B. Ferguson, Middletown; fourth vice-president, Mrs. E. L. Ames, Rockville; recording secretary, Mrs. Caroline J. Taylor, Bridgeport; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mabel P. Stivers, West Haven; treasurer, Mrs. Homer S. Cummings, Stamford; auditor, Mrs. Wilbert N. Austin, Plymouth.

The kindergartners of Syracuse, N. Y., gave a delightful reception April 6 to the first year teachers of the city at the Willard School. The kindergartners took part in marching and games, the idea being to show the primary teachers some of the work of the kindergarten. After the games the guests partook of dainty refreshments.

It is proposed to place in each classroom of the schools in Greater New York a small library, proportionate to the numbers in the class, carefully selected to correspond with the grade. Picture books are to be part of the kindergarten library and works of higher literature to be introduced as the grades advance. The books are to be shifted twice a year. The children will be encouraged to use the books freely. In Buffalo the plan has worked very successfully.

Worcester, Mass., has now 12 public school kindergartens with 600 pupils enrolled. Of these 600 children, 250 are five years of age or over; and Supt. Carroll justly states that in estimating the comparative expense of the kindergarten and first primary grade, "the cost of instruction for these 250 pupils should be deducted from the kindergarten budget and added to the expense of primary schools," since the kindergarten, in caring for children of five and over, is doing work which the primary school is legally expected to do.

"Too much tutor and too little father: too much clothing and too little mother; too much boarding school and too little home," is the way Percival Chubb summed up the misfortunes of the children of the wealthy, at a recent meeting of the Society for the Study of Life, in the Tuxedo, New York city.

"Our wealthy children are disreputably clean," said Mr. Chubb. "They are little patterns of anæmic primness. They exist merely for their clothes. A good roll in the mud is what they need. Mud pies, that blessed institution of happy normal children, would be their salvation.

"A plush civilization is not the one for children. The home on whose walls the very pictures are crying out for space is not the home for children. Parents must decide whether the upholsterer, the tailor or the child shall rule the home.

"Many Fifth Avenue houses," he said, "look like the 'place of tombs' or of lost souls. The children have also the great misfortune of not going to the public schools. The private schools have too long vacations, during which the hotel piazza disease fastens itself upon the children."

The equipment and work of all departments of the Teachers College and the Horace Mann Schools, New York city, were on exhibition May 26-29.

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